June 30, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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29	30	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Fritz Weaver, Carol Lynley, Paul Shyre, Geraldine Page, Curt Dawson, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All Over Town—A carelessly carpentered farce by Murray Schisgal. Direction by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—Twenty-four young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Dance with Me—*A comedy with music, written* by Greg Antonacci, who also plays the lead. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—A revival of Arthur Miller's 1949 play, with George C. Scott (who also directed) and Teresa Wright. Previews Wednesday, June 25. Opens officially on Thursday, June 26, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 24. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. Starting Monday, June 30, Anthony Perkins and Thomas Hulce will replace the Messrs. Hopkins and Firth. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 2, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, July 4.)

The First Breeze of Summer—The Negro Ensemble Company's wonderful production of Leslie Lee's interesting play about a crucial weekend in the lives of a fairly prosperous black family. Under Douglas Turner Ward's masterly direction, all the acting is good, and that of Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, and a young man called Reyno especially so. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The National Lampoon Show—A sharp-witted, brutal, often dirty, and often funny revue. The four young men and one young woman who wrote and perform it are energetic and accomplished—John Belushi in particular. (New Palladium, 120 W. 51st St. 974-6740. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday at 8 and 10:15; Saturday at 7:30, 9:45, and midnight; and Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 29.)

The Ritz—A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rodgers & Hart—A veritable cataract of R. & H. standards, which, oddly, has the force of a trickle. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rubbers and **Yanks 3 Detroit 0 Top of the Seventh**—The management is extending the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 13.)

Same Time, Next Year—A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin are the cast, and they are wonderful. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St.

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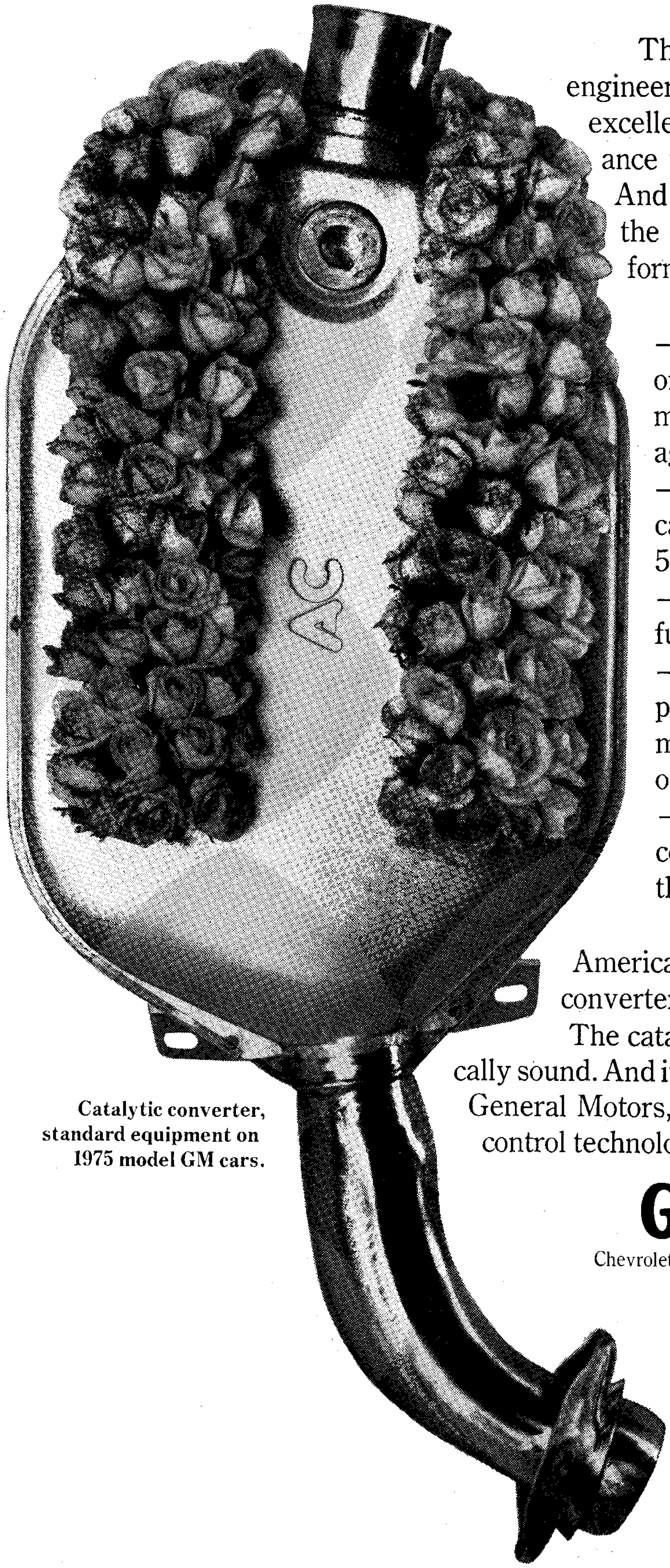

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757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—The great detective is played by John Neville, and Clive Revill is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

What Every Woman Knows—An agreeable revival of the J. M. Barrie play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

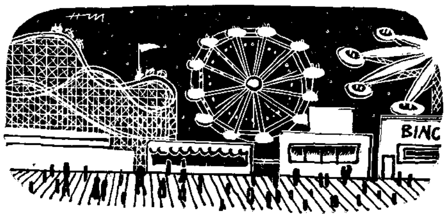
The Wiz—A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,313 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; starting Tuesday, July 1, curtain time will be 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Samuel E. Wright, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM** will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, June 25-27, at 8; Saturday, June 28, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 29, at 1 and 7.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a six-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Aug. 9. Tuesday evening, July 1 (New York première—a benefit performance; for tickets, call 757-7035); Wednesday through Friday evenings, July 2-4; and Saturday matinée, July 5: "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 5: "La Bayadère," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Pillar of Fire," and "Concerto." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées at 2.)



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29	30	1	2	3	4	5

Nikolais Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, June 25, and Friday, June 27, at 5:30, and Sunday, June 29, at 7:30: "Temple," a *divertissement*, and "Cross-Fade." . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 25, at 8:30; Thursday, June 26, at 5:30; and Sunday, June 29, at 3: "Sanctum Suite" and "Scenario." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 26, at 8:30; Saturday, June 28, at 7:30; and Monday, June 30, at 5:30: "The Tribe." . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 28, at 3: "Foreplay" and a second *divertissement*. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For information about tickets, call 598-3067.)

Manuel Alum Dance Company—"Ilanot," "East—to Nijinsky," "Era," and "Yemaya." (New York University School of the Arts Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. Wednesday through Friday, June 25-27, at 7. For tickets, call 242-3900.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—Final performances—Thursday through Sunday, June 26-29, at 8: "Pas de Quatre," "Carmen," "Go for Barocco," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 2:30: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, July 3-6, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Siberiana," "Snowflakes," and "Carmen." (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. For tickets, call 675-0498.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—When **JIMMY ROWLES** materialized two years ago for the first time since the late forties, he knocked New York on its ear. Such delicate and poetic and brainy piano playing had not been heard hereabouts since Teddy Wilson and Jess Stacy first came to town. In his most ruminative—and sometimes longest and slowest—solos, Rowles led us through harmonic woods and melodic meadows that unfailingly enveloped and instructed and delighted. And the rest of the time, pulling tune after tune from the Great Deep of his repertory, he was witty, startling, fresh, and learned. Nothing has changed. Here are the lilting, unexpected single-note figures with their curious tipped-up ends, the rich, revolving chords, and the constant, loping swinging. Rowles will be here with the fine bassist Bill Takas through Saturday, July 12. Never mind the coterie; it brushes easily aside. From about ten until two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, **JAKI BYARD**, a mansion with many rooms, is present with Major Holley. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Still another fine singer has reappeared. She is **NANCY HARROW**, whose first appearance, if such it can be called, took place in the early sixties, when she made a couple of recordings and sang briefly in public; she then retired to rear children. She is a good singer—a Mildred Bailey-Billie Holiday singer, with a small, direct voice, a genteel vibrato, and a neat, canny way of phrasing. Her delivery is perhaps too prim and fragile, but she rightly reminds us—we *lumpen* in the audience—just what performing is: an act of skilled and sustained bravery. Her unsurprising fright keeps her teetering between swinging and non-swinging—phrase after phrase starts to flow and stir and then dwindles—but on her first night, the more she sang the better she became. (She is working Sundays only; singing Sundays and Mondays would allow her to gain momentum, to say nothing of giving the indefatigable Helen Humes another day of rest.) Nancy Harrow is backed by the accomplished impressionist Richard Wyands, who came up through the Charles Mingus school of hard knocks, and by Richard Davis, who believes that the words bass and boss are synonymous. . . . ¶ The rest of the week is given over to **HELEN HUMES**, now in full form, with everything in perfect alignment—the voice, the phrasing, the timing, the confidence. On Tuesday, July 1, she will be moonlighting at the Newport Jazz Festival, and Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford, composers and singers, will sub for her. Music from eight-thirty to one. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—**LEE KONITZ** has put together a nine-piece band that plays here on Sundays and at Stryker's on Wednesdays, and it is, as they used to say at *Musical Courier*, a gas. (Konitz himself appears with a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays at Gregory's. Busy.) The band includes two trumpets, two trombones, two reeds, and three rhythm, and there is a nice balance between youth and age. The neophytes number the trumpeters John Eckhardt and Dave Berger (also a fine arranger), drummer Jimmy Madison, and baritone saxophonist Kenny Berger, while the old folks include Konitz and the trombonists Jimmy Knepper and Joe Randazzo. It is a heedless, flying, joyous group that has plenty of bottom and an assortment of grand soloists, the best being Konitz and the great Knepper, who has become the premier trombonist in jazz. Each of his solos offers unexpected, *thinking* notes, surrealistic phrases, and his rare gullying tone, and each is a delight. Eckhardt and Dave Berger are among the superb new crop of young and imaginative trumpeters. The band's materials include repertory numbers from the book of Chuck Israels' National Jazz Ensemble (four of the players are from the band, too) as well as new materials arranged by Knepper and Konitz and Dave Berger. This is the sort of marvellous group that appears once in a while in New York and, like as not, pines away from lack of favor. Take note. . . . ¶ Guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** works with a trio on Wednesdays and Thursdays; **ROY HAYNES'** Hip Ensemble, a youthful, energetic quintet, runs through some familiar and still moving material on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

•

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—The Monday-night home for five or six part-time Dixieland musicians—known very locally as the Grove Street Stompers. After they've put eight nonmusical hours into other pursuits (such as earning a living), these energetic traditionalists set about resuscitating "Buddy Bolden's Blues," "Jubilee," "Fidgety Feet," and the like; from nine-fifteen to one. The rest of the week, singer and pianist Mabel Godwin is at her post from nine to three, flanked on three sides by a makeshift bar. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—**IRENE REID**, a powerful, expressive singer who did blues and ballads with the Basie band in the early sixties, is here belting blues and rhythm-and-blues with her trio; through Saturday, June 28. On Monday and Tuesday, June 30-July 1, trumpeter Rex Allen fronts a quintet, and, beginning Wednesday, July 2, tenor saxophonist Charles Rouse will perform with his quintet. The action commences at nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This four-hundred-seat club is a very good place to see those performers who, in the recessionless past, might have played concerts exclusively. OLIVER NELSON, who mostly writes jazz themes for TV programs, finishes up with his eight-piece West Coast band and petite pop singer Teresa Brewer on Wednesday, June 25. Singer LEON THOMAS, another ex-Basie powerhouse, opens the show for Nelson's orchestra. On Thursday and Friday, June 26-27, Ben E. King alternates with organist Larry Young and his new band, Fuel. Batdorf & Rodney, a West Coast-rock duo, performs Saturday and Sunday, June 28-29, opposite a good, solid Woodstock-rock outfit, the Rhinestones. Monday through Wednesday, June 30-July 2, the master Chicago bluesman MUDDY WATERS, one of the foremost authorities on honeybees, rolling stones, and mojos, sings with his latest blues band. On Thursday, July 3, two members of the younger generation of urban bluesmen—BUDDY GUY and JUNIOR WELLS—begin a four-day stint. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Buddy Rich's sleek new club seems to attract a larger share of tourists than his previous, uptown one did. It has also attracted ever-electrifying DIZZY GILLESPIE, who has brought along a big band. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Supper. Closed Sundays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Singer and pianist BOBBY SHORT, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, vigorously pays his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Nightly at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one through Saturday, June 28, when Short, Peer, and Sheridan begin their summer leave. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar. Nightly from nine through Saturday, June 28.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which is a low-keyed and controlled assemblage, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, July 1, tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, usually found uptown at the West End Café on weekends, sits in with the regulars. Pianist Red Richards plays all night from seven; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—CECIL TAYLOR, a strenuous, long-distance pianist, tests the limits of his piano, his trio, some of his listeners, and jazz. With saxophonist Jimmy Lyons and percussionist Andrew Cyrille, from around ten. On Mondays: DAVE MATTHEWS' twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese and American food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alto saxophonist LEE KONITZ, who worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way, is here Mondays and Tuesdays with bassist John Beal and pianist Dick Katz. His playing has not diminished. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist BROOKS KERR, who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman RUSSELL PROCOPE and drummer SONNY GREER. The trio is not to be missed. AL HAIG, one of the first and best bop pianists, performs alone from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by Sam Brown, an interesting guitar soloist, and bassist Jamil Nasser from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—ROY ELDRIDGE is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to the fastidious piano musings of Lance Hayward. He is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Nothing about the way RED NORVO plays the xylophone and the vibraharp has changed; the delicate, quiet style, with its whispering runs and spidery double-time figures and love of melody, is intact. On hand with him are pianist Norman Simmons, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Mousey Alexander; through Saturday, June 28. On Tuesday, July 1, Tania Maria, a Brazilian singer-pianist, begins working with her trio. Music from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

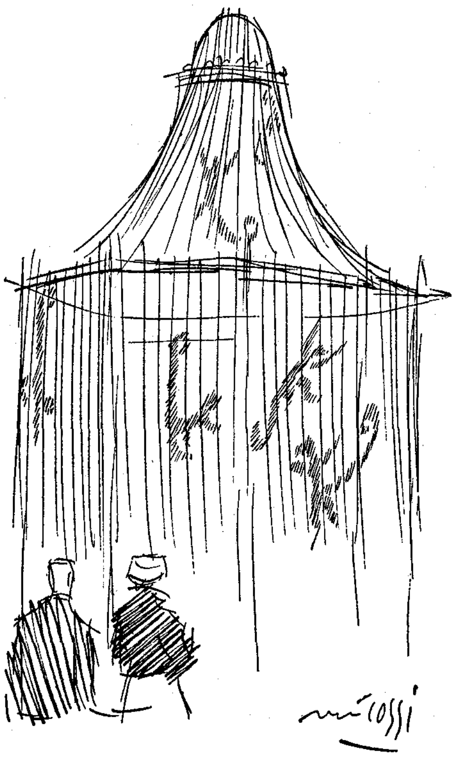
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant with an enclosed sidewalk gallery and a generally relaxed atmosphere. Vibraharpist Roy Ayers conducts a quintet until Saturday, June 28. Bassist Gordon Edwards takes a capable quintet through some refined, unadulterated rhythm-and-blues Sunday through Thursday, June 29-July 3. On Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, guitarist Joe Beck heads a quartet that features altoist Dave Sanborne.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—PATTI SMITH, a poet, singer, actress, composer, and female incarnation of Dylan, Lou Reed, and rock and roll in general, performs Thursday through Sunday, June 26-29. From Tuesday through Thursday, July 1-3, Flatbush's most famous cowpoke, JACK ELLIOT, ambles through these parts, grunting and picking folk and blues in his kindly way. Beginning Friday, July 4, some folksinging Village locals take over the stage. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—EARL HINES, one of the more important musical developments since the invention of the piano, leads his little band, with vocalist Marva Josie, at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty every night, except Sunday. Dining and dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The SY OLIVER orchestra plays for dancing, listening, or just gawking out the window. From seven, every night but Sunday. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—L.A.-based, Motown-inspired singers Captain and Tennille, whose recording of "Love Will Keep Us Together" has been No. 1 on the Top One Hundred charts for the past few weeks, take over these usually subdued surroundings through Saturday, June 28. On Tuesday, July 1, singer Mary Bracken Phillips, who has toured with Michel Legrand, begins trading sets with David Patrick Kelly and his folk-rock assemblage Toivo. Shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.



St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A small, triangular club that occupies the cellar of a tiny white-brick building south of Sheridan Square. Pianist Hod O'Brian, bassist Cameron Brown, and drummer Beaver Harris take over the rhythm-section duties for trumpeter-vocalist CHET BAKER on Baker's nights off from Stryker's, his northern stamping grounds; Wednesdays through Sundays. On Monday and Tuesday, June 30-July 1, reedman ARCHIE SHEPP drops by with his quintet. Music from ten to three.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. On Mondays and Tuesdays, CHET BAKER calls it home, as he works with and inspires a relaxed, smooth, neo-fifties ensemble. Wednesdays are given over to the LEE KONITZ nonet; trumpeter HOWARD MCGHEE'S quartet turns up on Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, guitarist Eddie Hazell leads a trio; the following weekend—July 4-5—Warren Chiasson arrives with a vibraharp and a trio. CHUCK WAYNE and JOE PUMA exchange some lyrically exciting guitar solos on Sundays. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three; and Sundays from nine to two.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Heavyweight, unrestrained music in a modest, Spartan ground-floor SoHo loft. The musicians—drummer RASHIED ALI, James Vass on alto and soprano saxophone and flute, Charles Eubanks on piano, bassist Benny Wilson, Alim Mustasta on tenor sax, and blues singer Royal Blue—play intense sets, each soloing for fifteen minutes and longer every night but Monday from ten. Soul food and soft drinks.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tablefuls of openmouthed, dumbstruck youthful guitarists (their guitar cases lying next to their feet) make up much of the considerable audiences for JIM HALL and his bassist Jack Six; through Sunday, June 29. Starting Wednesday, July 2, bassist MICHAEL MOORE takes command of a trio. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays and Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—ELLIS LARKINS has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The fine Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—This medieval-looking music fortress is currently (through Sunday, June 29) presenting Ahmad Jamal, a rhapsodic jazz pianist, and his quintet. A somewhat funkier group, Lonnie Liston Smith and the Cosmic Echoes, arrives on Tuesday, July 1. Music from ten to two.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave., S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Superbassist RON CARTER ends a stint here as leader of a quartet on Sunday, June 29. On Tuesday, July 1, thunderbolt drummer ELVIN JONES descends the stairs with his quintet. On Mondays, the THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS seventeen-piece collective celebrates summer with three hot and humid sets. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Closer to the docks than to the boonies, this dark, sawdusted café is still cashing in on the late-sixties soul-food bonanza. The music—piano-bass duets, for the most part—is considerably more citified, and begins at eight. Mondays through Wednesdays, Richard Sussman works at the keyboard supported by a bassist; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Nat Jones performs with *his* bassist.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

(666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Four-string tenor guitarist **TINY GRIMES**, once an important component of the Art Tatum trio, now heads his own bluesy, bebopping threesome on Wednesdays and Thursdays, with Shelton Gary, and with Ted Sturgis on bass. Fridays, a bop quintet takes the stand; and on Saturdays and Sundays a quartet calling itself 2 Tenor Boogie—Paul Quinichette and George Kelly, tenor saxes; **SAMMY PRICE**, piano; and Ditto, drums—storms the stage. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

Newport Jazz Festival-New York—An abridged schedule of ten days of concerts that will be *taking place in four halls and on a ferryboat.* For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate, on Friday, June 27, at 7:30: "The New York Jazz Repertory Company Plays the Music of Bix Beiderbecke," with Panama Francis, Milt Hinton, Dill Jones, Jimmy McPartland, Marian McPartland, Bucky Pizzarelli, Zoot Sims, Warren Vaché, Joe Venuti, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 11:30: "Jam Session with the New York Jazz Repertory Company," with Lisle Atkinson, Cecil Payne, Billy Taylor, Freddie Waits, Jimmy Owens, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8: "Tribute to Mahalia Jackson," with Marion Williams, the J. C. White Singers, Dorothy Love Coates, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at midnight: "Schlitz Presents Midnight at the Oasis," with Maria Muldaur, Milt Hinton, Benny Carter's All-Stars, Hank Jones, *Grady Tate, Frank Wess, and others.* (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: A Hudson River boat ride on a ferryboat with Bob Crosby and the Bobcats, featuring from the original Bobcats Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, and Eddie Miller, plus Balaban and Cats. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 8: Harry James and his orchestra, Buddy Rich's band, and the Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 30, at 8: "Jazz on the Hammond," with Jack McDuff, Rhoda Scott, Don Lewis, and Larry Young. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 30, at 9: Count Basie and his orchestra and an orchestra from Japan, Miyami's New Herd. (Roseland Ballroom.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1, at 7:30: Dizzy Gillespie's quartet and Freddie Hubbard's quintet. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1, at 7:30: "The Schlitz Salute to Jazz and the American Song," with Chet Baker's quartet, Cy Coleman, Johnny Hartman, Ellis Larkins, Helen Humes, Zoot Sims, Jim Hall, and Maggie Whiting. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1, at 11:30: "Piano Solo," with Eubie Blake, John Lewis, Dorothy Donegan, Cedar Walton, Barry Harris, Roland Hanna, Harold Mabern, and Bernard Peiffer. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1, at 11:30: Miles Davis. (Avery Fisher Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

Rolling Stones—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Final performances Wednesday through Friday, June 25-27, at 8.

Smokey Robinson and **Thelma Houston**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, June 26, at 7:30.

Maxine Sullivan's Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, June 29, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Friday, July 4.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Winston Branch—Oils and gouaches by a young St. Lucia-born artist whose works reflect both his Caribbean heritage and the influence of Francis Bacon; first one-man show in New York. Through July 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Open Friday, July 4.)

Marc Chagall—Graphics, plus six paintings. Through Saturday, June 28. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Janet Culbertson—A series of large ink-and-charcoal drawings that have a curiously pebbled-looking surface quality and involve the female figure. Through Saturday, June 28. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

George Grosz (1883-1959)—A selection of watercolors and ink drawings from the Berlin period *(prurient Prussians, mostly), and a* few domesticated-looking oil portraits of the same era. Through Saturday, June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Bronze and terra-cotta figures, plus some drawings, by this well-known Expressionist sculptor. Through July 31. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Norman Rockwell—A benefit loan show of his slick, all-American magazine-cover designs, oil sketches, and other works. Through Saturday, June 28. (Gallery 1020, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

David Smyth—Eleven drawings, done with a few ruled pastel strokes on a dark background. Through July 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Neat, small-scale abstract watercolors, and a few larger oils. Through July 12. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Sculptures by Willard Boepple, David Smith, and Anthony Caro, together with paintings by Olitski, Matta, and others. Through July 31. . . . **ALEXANDER**, 26 E. 78th St.: Prints by James McNeill Whistler, Childe Hassam, Mary Nimmo, and Thomas Moran, on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. Through Friday, June 27. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by Lionel Gilbert, Frank Metz, Alice Valenstein, and others. Through July 31. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painters and sculptors whose recent work is on exhibit include John Wesley, Charles Arnoldi, and Isaac Witkin. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by five new talents. Through Friday, June 27. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings completed in the forties and fifties by eight first-generation Abstract Expressionists from the New York School: Brooks, Gottlieb, Gorky, Hofmann, Kline, Pollock, Reinhardt, and Tomlin. Through July 18. . . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by a group including Motherwell, Stella, and Poons. Through July 31. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Janet Fish, Malcolm Morley, and Dan Flavin are among the painters and sculptors whose work is on view in a show of highlights from exhibits the gallery has held over the last twelve years. Through July 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by Pierre Alechinsky, Horst Antes, Asger Jorn, and other gallery artists. Through Friday, June 27. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Flora and Fauna," a show of cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and watercolors by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, *William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney* Tobey. Through July 18. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by all the members of this artists' coöperative, among them Jill Spelman, Phillip Schreibman, and Barbara Phillips Perle. Through Thursday, July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An exhibition in honor of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the National Academy of Design, with works covering the full span of years by artists associated with the academy. They include A. H. Wyant, Hiram Powers, and William Glackens. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Among a group of realist paintings by artists who haven't had solo shows is one by Fred Gutzeit that brings the viewer face-to-face—nose-to-nose, really—with a large, questioning-looking Labrador retriever who sits on a pavement strewn with ripe bananas. Through July 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Odd bits of nineteenth-century French figurative art, with smatterings of Ingres, Chassériau, Puvis de Chavannes, and so on. Through Saturday, June 28. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Works in a variety of mediums. Through Monday, June 30. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Maurer, Ganso, Maillol, and others. Through July 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Edward Hicks (1780-1849)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings by the American folk artist, who turned out sixty or more versions of the Peacable [*sic*] Kingdom, several of which are included here. Through Saturday, June 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Late paintings. Through Friday, June 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Claudio Marzollo—Mirrored shadow boxes filled with orderly patterns of small geometric objects—cubes, balls, parallelepipeds—that glow and glimmer in the dark, changing colors and intensity in an arhythmic pattern of light. Through Friday, June 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Muller—Large abstracts: waterfalls of color, mostly muted in tone. First solo show in New York. Through Friday, June 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Polished and sandblasted stainless-steel sculptures, 1958-74. Through Friday, June 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Tapestries, sculptures, and paintings by Norman Laliberté, Kosso Eloul, Jeff Hoare, and others. Through Sept. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: A showing of works by gallery artists who will have one-man shows here later in the year, among them William Fares (geometric abstractions), Ed Kerns (collages), and Nina Yankowitz, who is represented by a painting done in rows of colorful acrylic drippings (they look like musical notations) on a coarsely woven, unstretched fabric. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Regular gallery artists, including Philip Pearlstein and Joan Brown, along with guest exhibitors. Through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings (one or two apiece by each artist) by, among others, Mary Cassatt and Eugène Boudin. Through Thursday, July 3. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: The American West depicted in various mediums by Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, and others. Through July 7. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Margit Varga, William Palmer, and Robert Vickrey. Through July 31. . . . **SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary Aubusson tapestries by (for instance) Sonia Delaunay, Alexander Calder, and Man Ray. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Three artists (Lloyd Hamrol, Anne Healy, and Athena Tacha), who usually show outdoor sculptures, are here exhibiting models, studies, slides, and photographs of their projects. Through July 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Peter Capurso / Peter van der Does—Large, neatly balanced designs involving conventionalized elements (water, bricks, turtles). / Sombre abstracts achieved by mixing roofing tar with sand or sawdust and applying it to board. Through Saturday, June 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

M. C. Escher (1898-1972)—A show (entrance fee: $1) of original prints, many of them being seen here for the first time, by this Dutch artist. Through Sept. 30. (Vorpal, 465 West

Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Beverly Pepper—Three big, angular steel sculptures, plus models and photographs of other works by this artist. Through Friday, June 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)... ¶ Three large pieces. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ARIADNE**, 410 West Broadway: Oil paintings by seven new talents. Through Saturday, July 5. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: A huge checkerboard pattern in bright colors, ten feet high and thirty feet long, by Robert Swain, dominates a showing of paintings and drawings by gallery artists. Through Saturday, June 28.... **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, Edwin Ruda, Joel Shapiro, and others. Through Saturday, June 28.... **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Four sheaves of pale color done in vertical brushstrokes directly on a white wall, by Ken Wade, and a wall construction nearly forty feet long, by Ralph Hilton, that makes a convincing stab at formulating a bird language, are among the works being shown here by a group of invited artists. Through July 18. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) ... **SOHO 20**, 99 Spring St.: A variety of mediums by nine invited women artists. Through Saturday, June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **YU**, 393 West Broadway: Works by nine artists include paintings of huge, overflowing jelly spoons, by Kaoru Veda, and of outsize tropical fish, by Wendy Meng, plus inventive bronze-and-stone sculptures, by David Phillips. Through July 9. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

James Denmark—Watercolors. Through July 15. (Acts of Art, 15 Charles St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.)

Anne Tabachnick—Paintings and drawings of still-lifes and landscapes. Through Monday, June 30. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Mondays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—Photographs taken during the last fifty years by a Mexican artist. Through Saturday, June 28. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Paul Diamond / Bernard Pierre Wolff—Autobiographical photographs. / Photographs of India by a French-born artist who makes his home here. Through Friday, June 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Eikoh Hosoe / David Freund—A series of narrative landscapes taken in Japan, most of them including a man costumed and made up as a Kabuki actor. / Suburban views of houses and trees. Through Saturday, June 28. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Irving Penn—Fourteen large platinum-print portraits, all done between 1972 and 1974, of cigar and cigarette butts. Through Aug. 3. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Frederick Plaut—Photographs, some of them portraits, taken in many parts of the world. Through July 30. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

W. Eugene Smith and Aileen M. Smith—An exhibition chronicling the long struggle of the victims of "Minamata disease"—mercury poisoning from industrial wastes dumped into the sea—to get reparation from the plastics company responsible. Through Sunday, June 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.)

Dan Williams—Prints of the human figure and landscapes, based on social themes. Through July 16. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A survey of landscape photography—on loan from many institutions—of the American West, 1860-85, with examples by Carlton E. Watkins, Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Eadweard Muybridge, A. J. Russell, William Henry Jackson, and William Bell. Also on view are such items as a glass-plate camera from the period and stereo cards mounted in hand-operated viewers. Through July 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: The subject of the sixty photographs in this group show is the Middle East in the last century. Through July 11. (Closed Mondays.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: An exhibition on varied themes by nine artists. Through Sunday, June 29. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition—part of a cultural exchange with Russia—of artifacts recovered from tombs of pre-Christian nomadic cultures. Included are ornate Scythian gold carvings (almost all for personal adornment) and objects of bronze, wood, felt, horn, and iron. Through July 13.... ¶ Recent paintings, among them eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through July 6.... ¶ "French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibition jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for instance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Through Sept. 7... ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Southeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ An exhibition of landscape photography of the American West. Through July 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the sculptures of the British abstractionist Anthony Caro, including about thirty large-scale pieces (mainly painted steel) and a few table pieces. Through July 6.... ¶ An exhibition of photographs by Irving Penn. Through Aug. 3. (Weekdays, including Friday, July 4, from 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free. Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28.... ¶ An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworkov. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, including Friday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A restoration—in spirit, anyway—of the old, Eighth Street, Whitney is the setting for a survey of American painting from 1900 to 1932. The exhibition traces the development of the museum since its inception in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Studio Club, where members of The Eight and later luminaries, like Guy Pène du Bois, Edward Hopper, George Bellows, and Reginald Marsh, gathered for evening sketch classes. As time went on, the Whitney Museum became *the* channel for the mainstream of American art, and practically all the masterpieces of that early era are on view here. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ The influence of the sea and the shore on artists is the subject of a show of works (seventeenth century to twentieth), ranging from folk art to oil paintings, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Sept. 9.... ¶ Twentieth-century drawings (including watercolors) from the museum's collection, by George Ault, Georgia O'Keeffe, Alexander Calder, and others. Through July 13.... ¶ Oils by Jo Baer. Through July 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays and Friday, July 4, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of about fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10.... ¶ Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through Sept. 1... ¶ More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with works by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31... ¶ Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Aug. 17... ¶ A loan exhibit of thirty handwoven Egyptian tapestries. Through July 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, most of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Among the works on display are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings, as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lamar West.... ¶ Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances" and John Cage's "Three Dances." Both exhibitions through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, from 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime."... ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—"Three Centuries of the American Nude," an exhibition stretching from a few works on classical themes by West, Peale, and Copley to the Pop and superrealist work of Ramos, Rivers, Wesselmann, de Andrea, and Pearlstein. Through July 13.... ¶ Contemporary Spanish painters. Through Sunday, June 29. (Wednesdays through Sundays, except Friday, July 4, from 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, from 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and drawings by a realist, Arthur Coppedge. Through Monday, June 30. . . . ¶ Photographs by Dan Williams. Through July 16. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, except July 4, from 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424.)

Bolshoi Opera—Opening performances in a four-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 19, by this company of four hundred and fifty (including its chorus and orchestra), appearing here for the first time. Wednesday evening, June 25: "Boris Godunov." . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 26: "The Gambler." . . ¶ Friday evening, June 27, and Saturday matinée, June 28: "Eugene Onegin." . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 28, and Monday evening, June 30: "Boris Godunov." . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 1: "The Gambler." . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 2: "Pique Dame." . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 3: "Eugene Onegin." . . ¶ Friday evening, July 4: "Boris Godunov." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 5: "Pique Dame." . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 5: "The Gambler." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 1:30.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting the final performances in a two-week series of "Rug Concerts," at 8. The orchestra is in the round (some of the audience is seated on the floor), and divided into varying sizes. Thursday, June 26, orchestra of seventeen (with Myor Rosen, harp, and Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano); Friday, June 27, orchestra of ninety (no soloists); Saturday, June 28, orchestra of seventeen (with Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; Eliot Chapo, violin; Paige Brook, flute; and Julius Eastman, reciter); and Sunday, June 29, orchestra of ninety (no soloists).

Susan Davenny Wyner and Yehudi Wyner—Soprano and piano, in a program of American vocal works, from Ives to the present. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesday, July 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 24—Saturday, June 28, at 7:30: Stephen Stills. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1, at 7:30: Gordon Lightfoot. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 7: Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 9: Leonard Bernstein conducting the Boston Symphony and acting as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Neville Marriner conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 2:30: David Zinman conducting the Boston Symphony, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 24—Saturday, June 28, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Miriam Fried, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort, in a program of music of Elizabethan England. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra in the first of two performances of Francesco Cavalli's opera "L'Ormindo," with Patricia Brooks and Catherine Malfitano, sopranos; Andrea Velis, tenor; Dominic Cossa, baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 5:30: The Guarneri Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Thursday, June 26: Eric Clapton and Santana. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29: Stephen Stills. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 1: Arlo Guthrie and Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 2: The Pointer Sisters, with Jimmy Walker. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4: Blood, Sweat, and Tears (with David Clayton-Thomas) and Return to Forever (with Chick Corea). . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5: Bee Gees. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 7; through Monday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by Linda DiBona and Chris Jensen, the Theatre Dance Collection, and Chiang Ching. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday, July 1, at 7:30; Wednesday, July 2, at 8:40; Thursday, July 3, at 3; Friday, July 4, at 8:40; and Saturday, July 5, at 3 and 8:40. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season—Thursday, June 26: Raymond Johnson and Ze'eva Cohen. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 27-28: Dance Theatre of Harlem. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 2: Elizabeth Keen Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 3: Pauline Koner Dance Company and Nala Najan. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 4-5: Alvin Ailey Junior Company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Evenings at 8.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Pocono International Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, June 29, at 1.

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, June 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, June 27, at 8:05; Saturday, June 28, at about 2:15 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe DiMaggio, Willie Mays, Hank Greenberg, Eddie Mathews, Pee Wee Reese, Lou Boudreau, and other major-league stars of past years); and Sunday, June 29, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Chicago, Monday through Wednesday, June 30-July 2, at 8:05, and Thursday, July 3, at 2:05. . . . **yankees:** Vs. Baltimore, Friday, July 4, at 8, and Saturday, July 5, at 2.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 26. The Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, June 28; the Saranac, Sunday, June 29; the Juvenile, Wednesday, July 2; the Brooklyn Handicap, Friday, July 4; and the Tidal Handicap, Saturday, July 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, except July 4, between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4, between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The Monmouth Oaks, Friday, July 4, and the Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 5. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, July 28. The Kelly Olympic Handicap, Friday, July 4. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 19. . . . **woodbine,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 28.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 19. . . . **historic track,** Goshen: Monday through Friday, June 30-July 4, at 1:30. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Yachting—Start of the Newport to Cowes, England, race, Sunday, June 29.

ET ALIA

Auctions—Final auctions of the season—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Wednesday, June 25, at 2, and Thursday, June 26, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 2: Continental furniture and decorations, from many sources. Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, June 25-26, from 10 to 5.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

The Glorious Fourth—When in the course of human events, the hundred and ninety-ninth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence comes along, a decent respect for the occasion requires dancing in the streets (by a dozen ethnic groups), pageantry, marching bands, and so on, and that's what we'll have on Friday, from one to nine-thirty, beginning at the South Street Seaport, radiating to nearby historic sites, and culminating in a fireworks display off Battery Park. For details, call 472-1003.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **hamlet,** with Sam Waterston. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 19. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**central park's sheep meadow:** Tuesday, July 1, at 8:30 (rain date, July 3), "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Love, Robert Nagy, Robert Goodloe, and Robert Schmorr; conducted by Jan Behr. . . . **van cortlandt park,** Bronx: Wednesday, July 2, at 8:30 (rain date, July 3), "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 8:30 (rain date, July 6), "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Love, William Lewis, and Thomas Palmer; Jan Behr. . . . **marine park,** Brooklyn: Saturday, July 5, at 8:30 (rain date, July 6), "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Robert Merrill.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 10.)

Central Park Mall—Alfredo Antonini conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Atsuko Azuma, soprano. (Friday, July 4, at 7:30.)

Battery Park's Castle Clinton—Morton Gould conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in a program of American music. The second in a series of three free concerts. (Friday, July 4, at 7:30.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, June 25, at 7: Robert Klein and Jim Dawson. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 7: Peter Frampton and the James Gang. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 7: Earl Scruggs, Emmylou Harris, and Fred Soles. . . . ¶ Monday, June 30, at 6:30: The Pointer Sisters and the Brecker Bros. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 2, at 7: Dave Mason. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 7: Blood, Sweat, and Tears. (Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Rhythm on the River—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is the S.S. Duchess, and the music (four hours' worth) on Wednesday, July 2, will be supplied by Ray Barretto and Seguida. (Boarding at Battery Park at 7. For information about tickets, call 541-4235.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **oklahoma!,** with Thomas McKinney and Judith McCauley is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, June 26. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4.

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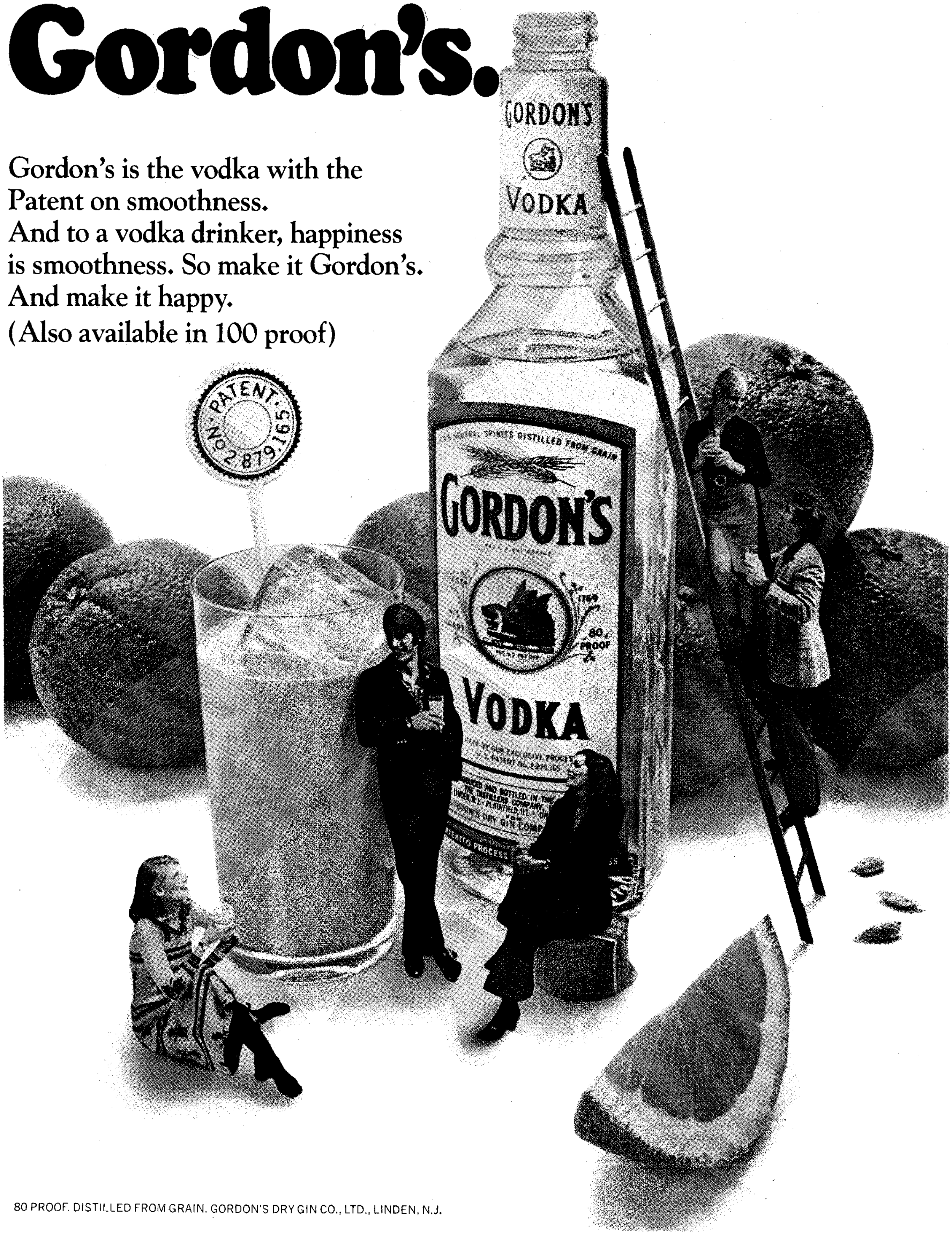
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Screech Owl, 4"x7⅛"h.
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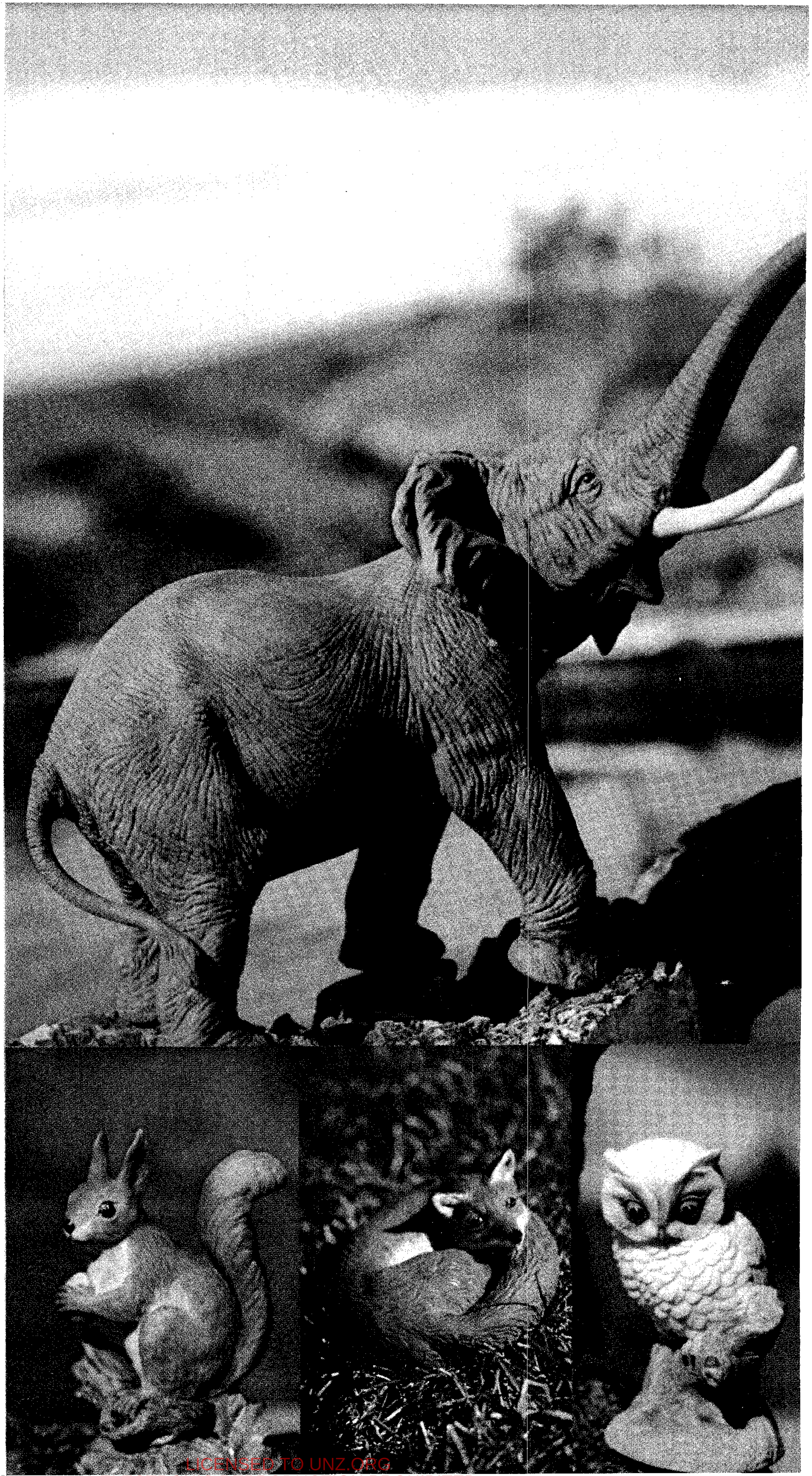

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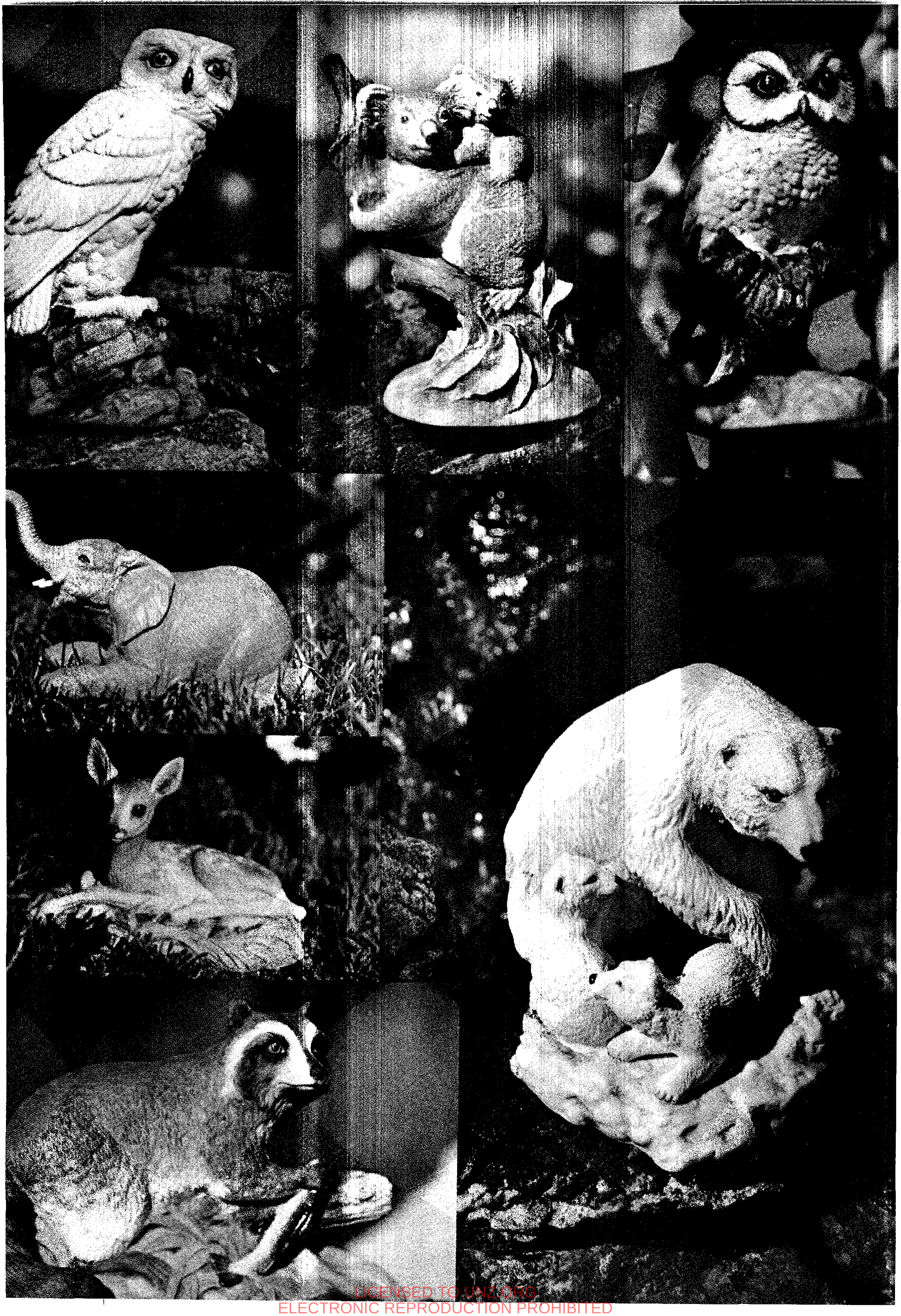

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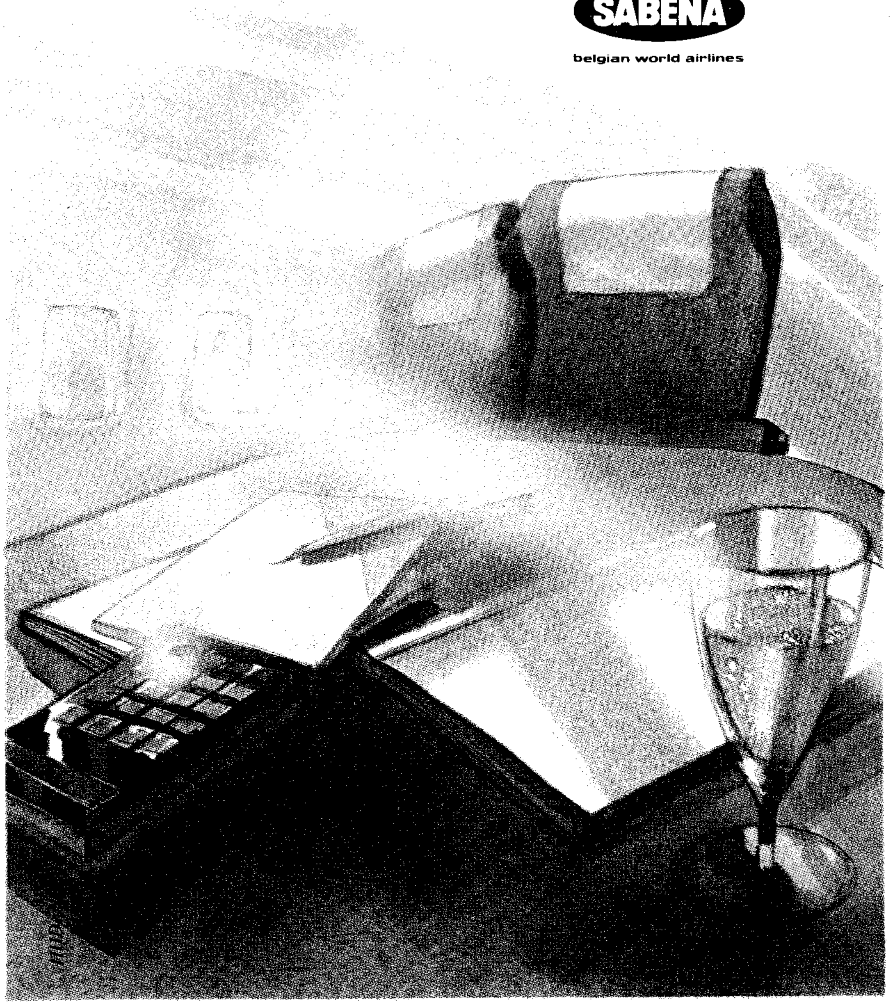

AIRLINES

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 1: "The Middle of the World" and "La Salamandre."
From July 2: "The Towering Inferno."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 25: "Waterloo Bridge" and "Johnny Eager."
June 26: "Min and Bill," "Emma," and "Tillie's Punctured Romance."
June 27-28: "Saboteur" and "Topaz."
June 29: "Bathing Beauty" and "Best Foot Forward."
June 30-July 1: "Gypsy Wildcat" and "Bowery to Broadway."
July 2-3: "There's No Business Like Show Business" and "Straight, Place, and Show."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through July 1: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Mean Streets."
From July 2: "The Godfather, Part II."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 1: "Saturday Night at the Baths."
From July 2: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 1: "A Brief Vacation."
From July 2: "Murder on the Orient Express."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"French Connection II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"French Connection II."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through July 1: "The Jungle Book" and "Swiss Family Robinson."
From July 2: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Cinderella."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Saturday Night at the Baths."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Flesh Gordon" and "The Groove Tube."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
June 25: "Murder on the Orient Express" and "Serpico."
June 26: "Ludwig" and "The Stranger."
June 27: "Persona" and "Scenes from a Marriage."
June 28: "Lacombe, Lucien" and "Murmur of the Heart."
June 29: "The Bride Wore Black" and "Stolen Kisses."
June 30: "Love and Anarchy" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
July 1: "Viridiana" and "The Exterminating Angel."
July 2: "Wedding in Blood" and "Les Biches."
July 3: "From Here to Eternity" and "A Man for All Seasons."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nashville."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Funny Lady."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Shampoo."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Love and Death."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Le Chat."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Drowning Pool."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 1: "A Brief Vacation."
From July 2: "The Godfather, Part II."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through July 1: "A Brief Vacation."
From July 2: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Eiger Sanction."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Once Is Not Enough."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Cooley High."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through July 1: "The Jungle Book" and "Swiss Family Robinson."
From July 2: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Cinderella."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
June 25: "Le Samourai"/"The Eagle"/"Women in Love."
June 26: "Le Samourai"/"Open City"/"Women in Love"/A program of Saul Turell films.
June 27: "Slaughterhouse-Five"/"Little Big Man"/"Women in Love."
June 28: "Painters Painting"/"Women in Love"/"Little Big Man"/"Slaughterhouse-Five."
June 29: "Destiny" and "Metropolis." (Standard double feature.)
June 30: "Our Daily Bread" and "Destiny."
July 1: "My Uncle Antoine" and "Our Daily Bread."
July 2: "Le Jour Se Lève" and "My Uncle Antoine."
July 3: "L'Avventura" and "Le Jour Se Lève."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through July 1: "Shampoo."
From July 2: "Funny Lady."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 28: "Le Secret."
From June 29: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "A Woman Under the Influence."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through July 1 at one or another of the theatres: "And Now My Love" and "A Man and a Woman"/"The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday"/"A Brief Vacation" and "Something for Everyone." . . . ¶ Through June 28: "Secret Agent" and "Blackmail." . . . ¶ June 29-July 1: "The Son of Monte Cristo" and "The Private Life of Don Juan."
From July 2: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 25: A program of old jazz shorts.
June 26: "King of Hearts" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."
June 27: "The Graduate" and "Midnight Cowboy."
June 28: "Day for Night" and "The Bride Wore Black."
June 29: One performance, at noon, of "A Man for All Seasons."
June 29-30: "The Boys in the Band" and "Carnal Knowledge."
July 1: "El Topo" and "Barbarella."
July 2: "The Phantom Baron."
July 3: "King of Hearts" and "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
"Crime and Punishment."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
June 25: "The Ra Expeditions" and "Pufnstuf."
From June 26: "Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
June 25: "The Wind and the Lion."
From June 26: "Bite the Bullet."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Rollerball."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 1: "The Jungle Book" and "Swiss Family Robinson."
From July 2: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Cinderella."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 1: "The Godfather, Part II."
From July 2: "Harry & Tonto" and "Claudine."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tommy."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 25: "Eléna et les Hommes" and "La Marseillaise."
June 26: "An American Tragedy" and "Crime and Punishment."
June 27: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
June 28: "The Ruling Class" and "What's New Pussycat?"
June 29: "Romeo and Juliet" and "Plisetskaya Dances."
June 30: "Les Carabiniers" and "Contempt."
July 1: "David Holzman's Diary" and "My Girlfriend's Wedding."
July 2: "The Gold Rush" and "The Strong Man."
July 3: "Doktor Mabuse."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Charlotte."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 28: "The Wizard of Oz" and "Babes in Arms."
June 29-30: "Sweet Bird of Youth" and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."
July 1-2: "National Velvet" and "Tom Thumb."
From July 3: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "Brigadoon."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 1: "The Long Goodbye" and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
From July 2: "The Towering Inferno."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd (877-3190), at one or another of the theatres: "Shampoo"/"The Prisoner of Second Avenue"/"Aloha, Bobby and Rose."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"French Connection II."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Eiger Sanction."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 1: "The Godfather, Part II."
From July 2: "Lenny" and "Midnight Cowboy."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of films directed by D. W. Griffith: June 26 at 5:30: "Lady of the Pavements" (1929), with Lupe

Velez and William Boyd. . . . June 26 at 8 and June 27 at 2: "The White Rose" (1923), with Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello. . . . June 28 at 3: "Lady of the Pavements.". . . June 28 at 5:30: "America" (1924), with Neil Hamilton and Carol Dempster. . . . June 29 at 5:30 and June 30 at 2: "The Battle of the Sexes" (1928), with Jean Hersholt and Phyllis Haver. . . . June 30 at 5:30: "Lady of the Pavements.". . . July 2 at 2: "Abraham Lincoln" (1930), with Walter Huston and Una Merkel. . . . July 3 at 5:30: "America." In conjunction with this series, the museum is showing (through Sunday, June 29) stills, posters, production records, music scores, scripts, and correspondence relating to Griffith's films, career, and working methods. . . . ¶ Other, non-Griffith, films scheduled during this period are: June 25 at 5:30: "Whistle at Eaton Falls" (1951), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Lloyd Bridges and Dorothy Gish. . . . June 27 at 5:30 and June 28 at noon: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . June 29 at 2: "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone. . . . July 1 at 2: "While New York Sleeps" (1920), directed by Charles J. Brabin, with Estelle Taylor and Marc MacDermott. . . . July 1 at 5:30: "1860" (1933), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti; English subtitles. . . . July 2 at 5:30: "While New York Sleeps." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—June 26-27: "Man Hunt" (1941), directed by Fritz Lang, with Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. . . . ¶ June 28-29: "The Big Sky" (1952), directed by Howard Hawks, with Kirk Douglas and Dewey Martin. (Showings Thursday and Friday at 3:30 and 5:30 and Saturday and Sunday at 3 and 5:30: A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Eisenstein, Jacobs, Smith, Micheaux, Griffith, Tatti, Chaplin, Warhol, Nelson, Kirsanov, Hill, Keaton, Landow, and others. Showings June 25 at 5 and 8:30; June 26 at 5, 7, and 8:30; June 27 at 6 and 9; June 28 at 2:30, 5, 7:30, and 10; June 29 at 8; July 1 at 6; and July 2-3 at 5, 7, and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—A thirty-five-year-old widow sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality. With Ellen Burstyn, Harvey Keitel, and Kris Kristofferson. Martin Scorsese directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 1. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting June 29.)

Aloha, Bobby and Rose—With Paul Le Mat, Dianne Hull, and Tim McIntire, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Loews 83rd St.)

An American Tragedy (1931)—This version of the Dreiser novel, scripted by Samuel Hoffenstein and directed by Josef von Sternberg, is best in the scenes relating to the poor factory girl, Roberta (Sylvia Sidney), and her drowning; Sylvia Sidney is so appealing that the pathos of Roberta's situation is intensified. However, the film vulgarizes Dreiser's conception of Clyde Griffiths (the handsome, long-jawed, blond Phillips Holmes, who died young), and turns his drives and actions into tabloid commonplaces. Von Sternberg shows surprisingly little of the feeling for psychological complexity that he had brought to "The Blue Angel" the year before, and Dreiser furiously protested this picture (he sued Paramount). Although the film respects his framework, it seems indifferent to what it meant in the novel. What's left—a tragic romance—is still affecting. Frances Dee is the rich Sondra (the role Elizabeth Taylor played in a later version, "A Place in the Sun"), and the cast includes Irving Pichel. Lee Garmes is the cinematographer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story. The man (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking. The girl (Marthe Keller) is rich but also honest. They meet because they have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (Quad Cinema; through July 1.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 3.)

Babes in Arms (1939)—This version of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical didn't retain much of their material, but it starred Judy Garland (it was her big year, the year of "The Wizard of Oz") and Mickey Rooney, and it has great charm. Busby Berkeley directed and choreographed; the direction is naïve and wobbly, the choreography is primitive-surreal. The songs (from an assortment of sources) include "Where or When," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "I Cried for You," and "You Are My Lucky Star." (Regency; through June 28.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Elgin; July 1.)

Bathing Beauty (1944)—More simperingly girlish than even Doris Day, Esther Williams had one contribution to make to movies—her magnificent athletic body—and for over ten years M-G-M made the most of it, keeping her in clinging, wet bathing suits and hoping the audience would shiver. This first starring extravaganza is simple compared to her later big splashes; it features Red Skelton and a nitwit plot about a man enrolling in a girls' college. The Johnny Green songs are sadly undistinguished. George Sidney directed; with Basil Rathbone, Helen Forrest, Ethel Smith, and Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29.)

Benji—The title role is played by Higgins, a dog. Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild; starting June 26.)

Best Foot Forward (1943)—No one who saw it is likely to have forgotten "Buckle Down Winsocki"—the best of all the school songs in all the cheery-silly, hip-hip-hoorah musicals. The women excel in this one, an M-G-M picture with a cast that includes Lucille Ball, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Nancy Walker, William Gaxton, and Harry James and his orchestra. Eddie Buzzell directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29.)

Les Biches (1968)—St. Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (D. W. Griffith; July 2.)

Bite the Bullet—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Music Hall; starting June 26.)

Blackmail (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed so that it became a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictorial style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who doesn't look very different now, played the artist who tries to rape the heroine; with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Calthrop. Hitchcock makes an appearance being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Quad Cinema; through June 28.)

Bowery to Broadway (1944)—After an hour or so of Jack Oakie and Donald Cook battling as rival Bowery showmen, Maria Montez turns up (dubbed, as usual) as a gorgeous European singer. This Universal musical, in economical black and white, features quantities of big, dumb vaudeville numbers, some terrible songs, and the dubious musical talents of Ann Blyth and Susanna Foster. Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan do a specialty number that briefly restores one's spirits. Charles Lamont directed; the cast includes Turhan Bey, Leo Carrillo, and Andy Devine as a priest. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 30-July 1.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (Elgin; June 29-30.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Elgin; June 28. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; June 29.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a resentful, beaten-down factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanitorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Juliet 1, and Quad Cinema; through July 1.)

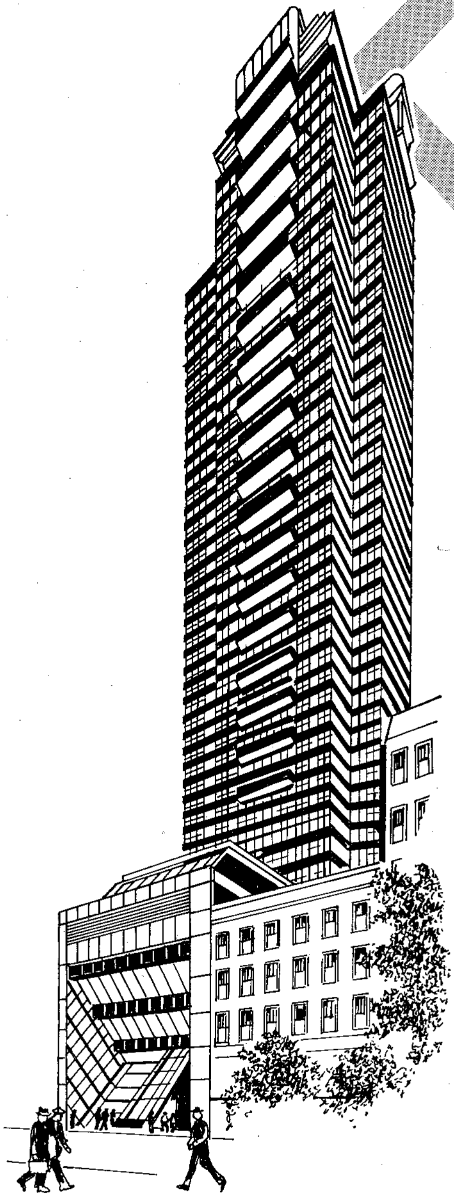
Brigadoon (1954)—M-G-M was having an economy drive, and this adaptation of Lerner and Loewe's musical fantasy, which was scheduled to be shot on location in Scotland, was instead done in the studio, and, also by executive decree, the director, Vincente Minnelli, had to do it in CinemaScope—which, for dance, in studio settings, was disastrous. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson play the two Americans hunting in the Scottish Highlands who stumble into Brigadoon, a magical village that went to sleep in 1754 and wakes for a day each century. Kelly falls in love with a local girl, Cyd Charisse, while Johnson maintains a cynical attitude. Probably the material was too precious and fake-lyrical to have worked in natural surroundings, either, but the way it has been done it's hopelessly stagey. The movie has one sensational sequence, when the action gets away from that damned idyllic village and Kelly and Johnson go to a jangly, noisy, Manhattan night club with Elaine Stewart; you can feel Minnelli's relief at being able to do something funny and bitchy after staging all those wholesome scenes with grinning men in tartans. (Regency; starting July 3.)

Les Carabiniers (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 30.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Elgin; June 29-30.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor

The Moment Has Arrived...



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looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Regency; June 29-30.)

Charlotte—With Sirpa Lane, directed by Roger Vadim. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Le Chat—With Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret, directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cinderella (1950)—A full-length Walt Disney animated film. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting July 2.)

Claudine (1974)—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll), with six children, is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Playboy; starting July 2.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 30.)

Cooley High—With Glynn Turman and Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, directed by Michael Schultz. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Crime and Punishment—A first-rate Russian version—made in 1970—of Dostoevski's great novel about Raskolnikov and the murder that he executed almost as if to explain an already existing sense of guilt. Raskolnikov is played by Georgi Taratorkin, a spidery, sock-et-eyed figure in a black stovepipe hat, Porfiry by the famous, correctly bland-faced Innokenty Smoktunovsky. The delicately drunken Marmeladov of Evgeny Lebedev is unforgettable, and the depiction of Porfiry belongs among the very best Russian performances on screen, ranking with those of the great Kachalov's that are visible in the records we have of Moscow Art Theatre productions long ago. Directed by Lev Kulijanov, with Dostoevski's own feeling for grotesque detail and for moments of suppressed farce. In Russian. (5/26/75) (Bijou.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—There's almost everything you can think of the matter with this Hollywood version, directed by Josef von Sternberg, but it has got a great Raskolnikov: Peter Lorre. He had only three roles that tapped his full talent—the child-murderer in "M," the hero in "The Face Behind the Mask," and this remarkably suggestive and witty Raskolnikov. Stolid Edward Arnold is embarrassingly miscast as Inspector Porfiry; if Harry Baur, who did the role in the thirties French version, had played opposite Lorre, the film might have caught fire. As the pawnbroker, Mrs. Patrick Campbell adds some distinction, but not much can be said for the Madonna lighting given to Marian Marsh's placid Sonya, or for the standard Hollywood performances of Elizabeth Risdon as Raskolnikov's mother, Tala Birell as his sister, and Gene Lockhart, Robert Allen, and Douglass Dumbrille. There's nothing Russian about them but the long-winded names by which they address each other. Lucien Ballard did the cinematography, in the stylized von Sternberg manner. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

David Holzman's Diary (1969)—About a young filmmaker (L. M. Kit Carson) who films his own life. The film, made by Jim McBride, is often rather barren in its self-consciousness, like an autobiographical first novel by a writer who hasn't lived much, but there's one lively sequence (caught by chance) in which a transvestite prostitute tries to pick up a customer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 1.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-

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Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Elgin; June 28.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

Destiny (1921; called "Between Two Worlds" when it opened in the U.S. in 1924 in a chopped-up version)—This magical fantasy-spectacle by Fritz Lang has a love story (Lil Dagover is the girl) and episodes set in ninth-century Baghdad, seventeenth-century Venice, and a whimsical China—where a magician creates a miniature army and a flying horse to entertain the emperor. The film has a German folkloric quality; the figure of Death suggests the work of Grünewald. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 29-30.)

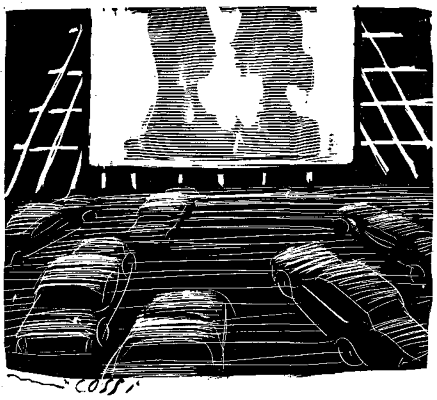
Doktor Mabuse (1922)—Fritz Lang's first film about Mabuse, the hypnotic genius-criminal who masterminds a secret organization of cut-throats and counterfeiters. Rudolf Klein-Rogge plays the demonic doctor, who dominates everyone around him and means to run the world. In Part I, he gambles, causes stocks to decline, and hypnotizes a young millionaire. In Part II, he hypnotizes the public prosecutor who is investigating him, but the police save the prosecutor, and Mabuse winds up in a madhouse. Not altogether coherent, but full of sensational material and suggestions of decadence, the film, which runs four and a half hours, was condensed to a generally incoherent ninety minutes when it was first released in the U.S. The version showing here is a little over three hours. It's still better than no Mabuse. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 3.)

The Drowning Pool—With Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and Tony Franciosa, directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

The Eagle (1925)—Rudolph Valentino as a Cossack turned outlaw in the time of Catherine the Great (Louise Dresser). Clarence Brown directed; William Cameron Menzies did the sets. With Vilma Banky. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 25.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it's entertaining—a marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

The Eiger Sanction—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (U. A. East, and Symphony.)



Eléna et les Hommes (1956)—Jean Renoir made this love-carnival film, set in France in the eighteen-eighties, in color and with an expensive international cast—Ingrid Bergman, Mel Ferrer, and Jean Marais. American audiences never got a chance to judge it properly, because it was released here in a botched, dubbed version called "Paris Does Strange Things;" Marais spoke in a gravelly baritone so far from his own voice that audiences laughed. Ferrer seemed weak even for Ferrer, and the picture had little besides Bergman's astonishing, ripe beauty to recommend it. The French version has considerably more, although it is far from a success. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 25.)

Emma (1932)—With Marie Dressler and Myrna Loy, directed by Clarence Brown. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26.)

Escape to Witch Mountain—From the Disney studios, with Eddie Albert, Ray Milland, and Donald Pleasence, directed by John Hough. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting July 2.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (D. W. Griffith; July 1.)

Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X-rated. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing) for her money. Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Coronet.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (Murray Hill, Trans-Lux East, and New Yorker.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—One of the few memorable American movies of the fifties. Fred Zinnemann directed this first-rate adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr. (D. W. Griffith; July 3.)

Funny Lady—As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. The picture is overproduced and choppily edited; a great deal of talent has been badly used. With James Caan. (3/17/75) (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting July 2.)

The Godfather, Part II—Far more complexly beautiful than the first film. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (12/23/74) (Playboy, and Olympia; through July 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; starting July 2.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl Charlie wins. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 2.)

The Graduate (1967)—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Elgin; June 27.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

Gypsy Wildcat (1944)—One more celebration of the wriggling topography of Maria Montez and the manly opacity of Jon Hall. In earlier pairings, Montez and Hall made contact at the bottom of a swimming pool and on a desert, this time they snuggle in a Transylvanian forest. She is the gypsy dancer, Carla, taken captive by the lewd villain, Douglass Dumbrille, before being restored to her rightful title (Countess) and her castle. The picture tries hard but it never rises to the wild camp of her "Cobra Woman" earlier that year; it's just *opéra bouffe* without music. With Gale Sondergaard, Leo Carrillo, and Nigel Bruce; directed by R. W. Neill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 30-July 1.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them, he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (Playboy; starting July 2.)

Jaws—From Peter Benchley's novel, with Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, and Richard Dreyfuss. Directed by Steven Spielberg. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Johnny Eager (1942)—Lana Turner, in her dimpled prime, as a débutante girl friend of a handsome, arrogant racketeer (the uniquely unconvincing Robert Taylor). This glossy, full-dress gangster melodrama from M-G-M is best known for Van Heflin's ingratiating, picture-stealing performance as Taylor's loyal friend. With Barry Nelson, Edward Arnold, and Glenda Farrell. Mervyn LeRoy directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 25.)

Le Jour Se Lève ("Daybreak;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty, and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 2-3.)

The Jungle Book (1967)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through July 1.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; June 26 and July 3.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 28.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Olympia; starting July 2.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 27-28.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; he gives an original, striking performance as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 1.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (D. W. Griffith; June 30.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set—as you might guess from the coupling of big concepts in the title—in the land of "War and Peace," of "Crime and Punishment," of "Fathers and Sons," though we turn out to be not so much in Russia as in Russian literature. Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this lovely picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings whose muzhik blouse keeps slipping about under his belt. We are in a very Slavic world of metaphysics and world-yearning, seen through the unique comic prism of Mr. Allen's mixture of the grandiose but hesitant. His firm belief that sex conquers all is deterred only by his fear for his ulcer condition and his herpes. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. Miss Keaton—with whom Mr. Allen gracefully goes halves in sharing many of the funniest exchanges—is a magnificent partner for him. (6/16/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

Ludwig (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (D. W. Griffith; June 26.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. A joy for children. In French. (7/22/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 1.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Quad Cinema; through July 1.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Elgin; June 29, one performance, at noon. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; July 3.)

La Marseillaise (1938)—Renoir, no political fool, shows Louis XVI coming back from a hard day's pleasure at the hunt and asking about the taking of the Bastille. "Is it a revolt?" he asks. "No, Sire, it is a revolution," says a courtier with a less limp grasp of the moment. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 25.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, and Robert

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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De Niro as Johnny Boy. (10/8/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 1.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Regency; starting July 3.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe has ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the finance for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," "The Blue Angel." (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 29.)

The Middle of the World—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. This is a film of tremendous simplicity with a complex intellectual underlay, directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. And also very funny at times, and truly erotic. A trailbreaker. In French. (3/31/75) (Art; through July 1.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Elgin; June 27. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting July 2.)

Min and Bill (1930)—Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, the wild-eyed battle-axe with a chest like a rolltop desk, playing rather against the text of a sentimental talkie about a pair of waterfront characters on the warpath about inroads of propriety. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Elgin; June 26.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. (5/5/75) (Plaza.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting July 2.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (D. W. Griffith; June 28.)

My Girlfriend's Wedding—Directed by Jim McBride. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 1.)

My Uncle Antoine (1971)—A good French-Canadian picture about rural Quebec, made by Claude Jutra. The sense of small-town society is accurately serious and funny—whispers, giggles, children spying, flurries of love affairs. Jutra himself plays a village-store clerk; it is a wonderful study in sheepishness tinged with truculence. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 1-2.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallacelike Presidential candidate. The film's feeling for America is as true-pitched as the voice of the heroine singing idol, played by Ronee Blakley; its lack of understanding of anything not home-baked is exemplified by a dopily drawn English girl (Geraldine Chaplin), who improbably introduces herself as "Opal, of the British Broadcasting Company." Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Intellectually, his film falls into some glib theories about the equation of pop-star worship with the Presidential system. But emotionally and technically it is triumphant. Wonderful performances by Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson, and some terrific music, with lyrics of intended hypocritical winningness running deliberately against the true, raw mood of the situations created by the screenwriter, Joan Tewkesbury. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet, and Cinema II.)

National Velvet (1944)—One of the most likeable movies of all time. The twelve-year-old Elizabeth Taylor gives a lovely performance as Velvet Brown, the heroine of Enid Bagnold's account of a little English girl who wins a horse in a village lottery and is obsessively determined to enter him in the Grand National. Directed by Clarence Brown, the film is a high-spirited, childish dream; like "The Wizard of Oz," it has a rare and memorable quality. Mickey Rooney plays the jockey who coaches Velvet, Angela Lansbury is her dreamy, out-of-it older sister, and Jackie "Butch" Jenkins is the little brother of everyone's dreams. Velvet's parents are played by Donald Crisp and Anne Revere in the all-wise, M-G-M parental tradition. (Regency; July 1-2.)

Once Is Not Enough—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (Loews Ciné.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 26.)

PASSENGER TRAFFIC TO BROOKLYN
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Our Daily Bread (1934)—About how a young couple (Karen Morley and Tom Keene) make a go of life on a bankrupt farm by turning it into a co-op. King Vidor borrowed up to his ears to make the movie, and it's innovatively well directed. He experiments with Russian ideas of montage and manages to make a grand finale out of the coöperative farmers digging a ditch to irrigate a cornfield—cheating only a little by heightening the scene with an orchestral score. But it's his purity rather than this slight corruption that is the problem with the picture. The earnest title indicates where he goes wrong: the film suffers from simplicity of thought and from the excessive goodness of its common-man characters. With John Qualen and Barbara Pepper. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 30-July 1.)

Painters Painting (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 28.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Quad Cinema; through July 1.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (D. W. Griffith; June 27.)

The Phantom Baron (1943)—Somehow or other, Cocteau got involved in writing the script for this silly romantic adventure, which was directed by Serge de Poligny and has little connection to Cocteau's own screen work. Set in the early nineteenth century, it's about a hidden treasure. Cocteau played the title role; possibly he inveigled Gabrielle Dorziat into appearing in it also. She looks as if she's not sure what she's doing there. With Alain Cuny and Jany Holt. In French. (Elgin; July 2.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The amazing red-haired Russian ballerina, who has a neck like a longbow, dances in a Russian documentary. Take any child who has a crush on ballet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 29.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd St.)

The Private Life of Don Juan (1934)—A relatively motionless Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in a rueful, satirical movie analogy to his then domestic problems. His Don Juan, past his heyday, is in his forties and has to watch his diet and sneak in a masseur. The story is about how he frees himself from the demands of philandering. It's one of those ideas that never really take off. With Merle Oberon and Benita Hume. Alexander Korda directed, and the picture features sumptuous Spanish costumes; some look cribbed from Goya. (Quad Cinema; June 29-July 1.)

Pufnstuf—Based on the Sid and Marty Krofft television series. (Guild; June 25.)

The Ra Expeditions—A documentary film of Thor Heyerdahl's voyage across the Atlantic. (Guild; June 25.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards.

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(6/2/75) (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia.)

Rollerball—With James Caan and John Houseman, directed by Norman Jewison. (Ziegfeld.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 29.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 28.)

The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming (1966)—Alan Arkin as a Russian sailor, and Carl Reiner as a vacationing New York writer in a comedy about a Russian submarine going aground on an island just off Cape Cod. Norman Jewison directed this pleasant entertainment, which was actually shot in Northern California. With Brian Keith and Jonathan Winters. (Elgin; July 3.)

Saboteur (1942)—A mixed-up and overloaded American spy thriller by Alfred Hitchcock, with the unengaging Robert Cummings in the lead and an unappealing cast, featuring Priscilla Lane and Otto Kruger. Nothing holds together, but there are still enough scary sequences to make the picture entertaining. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 27-28.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Art; through July 1.)

Le Samourai (1967; known as "The Godson" in the United States)—Alain Delon in a meditative thriller by Jean-Pierre Melville about a mercenary who kills for money without hatred and leaves girls without anguish. The film is cold, masterly, not pathetic or even particularly sympathetic, but it has the noble structure of accuracy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 25-26.)

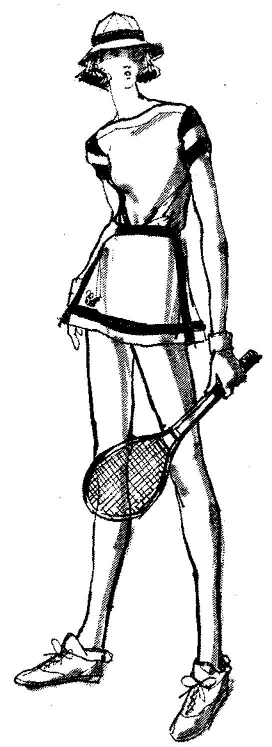
Saturday Night at the Baths—With Robert Aberdeen, directed by David Buckley. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through July 1.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 27.)

Le Secret—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marlène Jobert, and Philippe Noiret, directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 28.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fascinating partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a *cheerful little killer* who speaks in a Mexican dialect and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Young. (Quad Cinema; through June 28.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual



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round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 30.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (D. W. Griffith; June 25.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. The way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (Columbia II, and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Waverly; through July 1.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 27-28.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Quad Cinema; through July 1.)

The Son of Monte Cristo (1940)—The plight of the Balkan Grand Duchess (Joan Bennett), with the swordplay by Louis (crooked smile) Hayward and George Sanders. Roland V. Lee directed the traffic in the secret passageways. (Quad Cinema; June 29-July 1.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 27.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (D. W. Griffith; June 29.)

Straight, Place, and Show (1938)—The Ritz Brothers. Not at their manic, surreal best (that was "Kentucky Moonshine," the year before), and there's too much distraction from them in the horseracing story that involves Phyllis Brooks, Richard Arlen, and Ethel Merman, but still it's the Ritz Brothers. Merman has a twinkle in her hard eyes as she belts out "Why Not String Along with Me" and "With You on My Mind;" her belting wasn't nearly as brassy in those days—she's a knockout. She also gets to proposition Richard Arlen in a passage of double-entendre dialogue that became more famous when it was lifted for Bacall and Bogart in "The Big Sleep." David Butler directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2-3.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (D. W. Griffith; June 26.)

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The Strong Man (1926)—At the time this picture (his best) came out, Harry Langdon—innocent, moronic, infantile, saintly, cunning—was widely held to be in the class of Chaplin, Keaton, and Lloyd. It was his second long comedy and his last box-office success; perhaps not coincidentally, it was his last association with Frank Capra, who had been instrumental in shaping Langdon's comic character, and who was both the writer and the director. Langdon plays a Belgian soldier in the First World War who has become a pen pal of an American girl and comes to find her after the war; he eventually has to clean out the corrupt town she lives in. At one point he falls into the grip of a tough broad who is trying to steal some money from the lining of his coat; he misinterprets her action and gives a glorious rendition of outraged virtue. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 2.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Quad Cinema; through July 1.)

Sweet Bird of Youth (1962)—Paul Newman as the gigolo Chance Wayne and Geraldine Page as the battered, fading star Alexandra Del Lago, in Richard Brook's slicked-up version of Tennessee Williams' flamboyant pop fantasy. When Newman's bare chest isn't being fumbled at and crooned over by Miss Page, it's being pawed and picked at by Shirley Knight, who plays his fresh-faced girl friend, Heavenly Finley. This hysterical twaddle features a sadistic attack on Newman, engineered by Heavenly's father (Ed Begley), a crooked political boss, and a climactic telephone soliloquy by Miss Page (we hear her part of a long-distance conversation with Walter Winchell, who convinces her that, far from being a flop in her last picture, she has scored her greatest hit). Rip Torn and Mildred Dunnock are also involved in the madness. (Regency; June 29-30.)

Swiss Family Robinson (1960)—John Mills, Janet Munro, Dorothy McGuire, in a Disney-humanized version. Throw away your head, or throw up. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through July 1.)

There's No Business Like Show Business (1954)—The competent hoofing by Donald O'Connor and Dan Dailey isn't enough to compensate for a seedy plot about a family of vaudevillians and for performers like Johnnie Ray, who sings like a rutting cat and then—as if to win our indulgence—announces he is going to be a priest. Marilyn Monroe, Ethel "Iron Lungs" Merman, and Mitzi Gaynor perform without much distinction; there's no lift to this thing. The score is by Irving Berlin; Walter Lang directed, for Fox. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2-3.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—A six-reeler by Mack Sennett, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Little Carnegie.)

Tom Thumb (1958)—With Russ Tamblyn and Alan Young, directed by George Pal. (Regency; July 1-2.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature. A larger, slower, duller version of the spy thrillers he made in the thirties. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking romances, an Arrow-collar-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab facsimiles of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 27-28.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; July 1.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed. Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Art, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 2.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (D. W. Griffith; July 1.)

Waterloo Bridge (1940)—A great many people are inexplicably hooked on this weeper about the unlucky wartime love affair of a duke's nephew (Robert Taylor, trying to act aristocratic) and a dancer (Vivien Leigh). She becomes the saddest-eyed fallen woman ever. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, uses candlelight and rain more effectively than he does the actors. Adapted from a Robert E. Sherwood play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 25.)

Wedding in Blood (1974)—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (D. W. Griffith; July 2.)

What's New Pussycat? (1965)—The script for this lavish production, set in Paris, is by Woody Allen, and his oblique humor is occasionally weird and alienating in this expensive context. It's a frenetic but generally funny psychiatric farce. Peter O'Toole plays a fashion-magazine editor who consults a psychiatrist (Peter Sellers) about how to cure his susceptibility to the girls who pursue him; inevitably, Sellers goes berserk trying to discover the secrets of O'Toole's success. Sellers is in the Woody Allen role, but Woody turns up, too, and there is a trio of beautiful, zingy comediennes—Paula Prentiss (who gets to read a poem called "Ode to a Pacifist Junkie"), Romy Schneider, and Capucine. Clive Donner directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 28.)

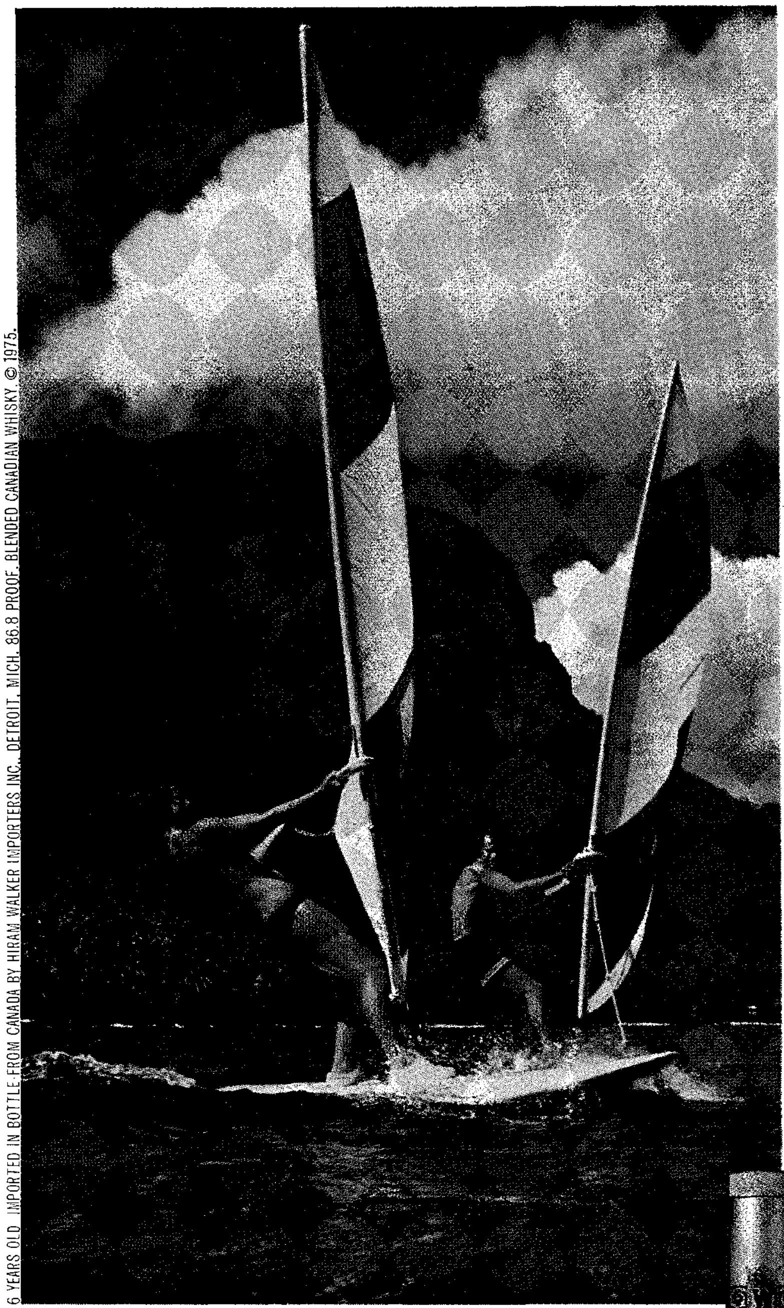
The Wind and the Lion—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (Music Hall; June 25.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Regency; through June 28.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 29.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through June 28.)

"Wind surfing the waves at Moorea is easy... if you happen to be a contortionist."



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TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
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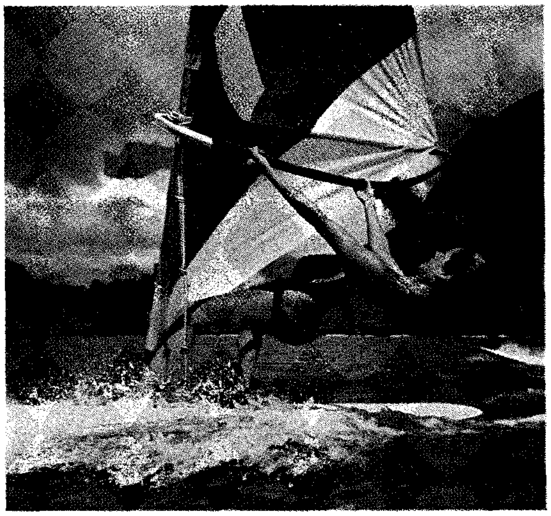
"In the Polynesian Pacific, the wind can be a devil. Because the breezes seem to blow from all directions. And when you're wind surfing . . . that means the wind keeps getting knocked out of your sails. So you have to be part tightrope walker, part acrobat and part contortionist.



"We were racing along feeling pretty cocky that we'd mastered the sport. Then, from out of nowhere, what seemed like a mini-hurricane struck . . . wiping us out. And two wind surfers suddenly became two deep-sea divers.

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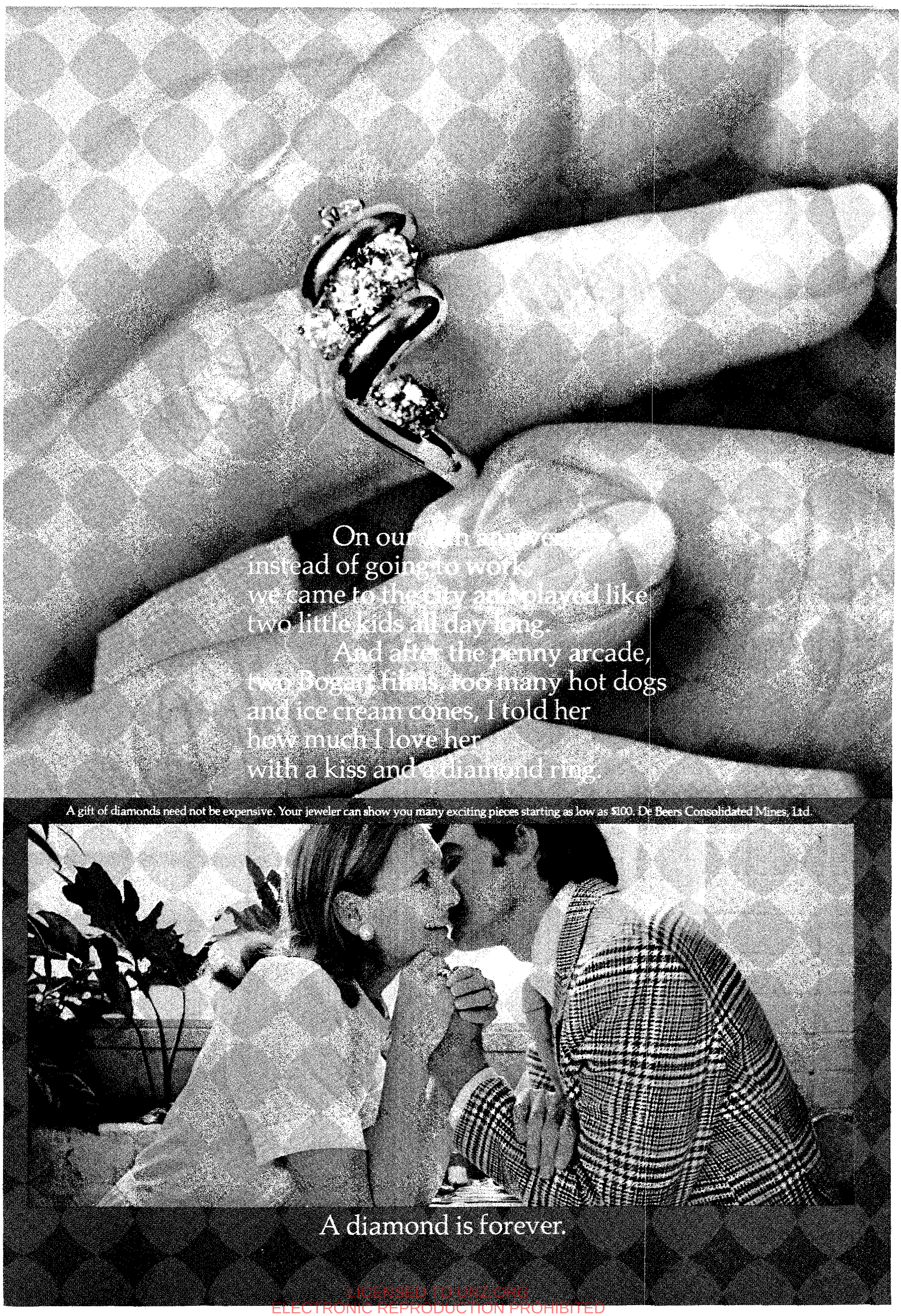
6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.



On our [illegible] anniversary,
instead of going to work,
we came to the city and played like
two little kids all day long.
And after the penny arcade,
two Bogart films, too many hot dogs
and ice cream cones, I told her
how much I love her
with a kiss and a diamond ring.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HOMINESS and deliberateness seem to characterize the Ford Administration, and we feel that these were nicely epitomized by a story we read a while ago in the *Times*. It was headed "FORD VEGETABLE GARDEN IS OFF TILL NEXT YEAR." Last fall, it may be remembered, President Ford exhorted Americans to grow vegetables at home in order to save money and energy, and people wondered if he meant to set an example by putting in a WIN garden on the White House lawn, which has seen more curious things: Woodrow Wilson had sheep graze there to dramatize the need for wartime woollens. This spring, though, the grounds remained innocent of as much as one row of green beans. When an Administration spokesman was pressed for an explanation, his reply was refreshingly candid: "We talked about it a lot and were going to, but the final decision was never made. Now they say it's too late. . . . But I'm sure it will be considered next year. Maybe then." About the only reaction to the White House procrastination has come from Derek Fell, the executive director of the National Garden Bureau, in Gardenville, Pennsylvania, who uttered the tight-lipped comment "Unfortunate." Well, Mr. Fell, we're with the President in this. We sometimes talk about it a lot and are going to, but the final decision is never made. Though we don't have a vegetable garden ourself, a lot of our friends have, so we know something about it. A garden is a lovesome thing, but it is most lovesome in November, when it's asleep. About two minutes after the winter solstice, the seed catalogues arrive, fat and snappy, with pictures of improved varieties for next year's growing season; by the time you've sorted them out, it's March, but the ground is still too hard. Then it rains for a month. Then it's just too late. And it isn't as if American gardeners had needed a Presidential model. Garden stores here are spreading like dandelions; the back pages of the Sunday *Times* Arts and Leisure section are hoarse with the cries of urbanites needing more growing space for sugar peas (solution: plant vertically); we've spotted a tiny stand of tomatoes and peppers in a disused corner of one of these offices—while beyond the city limits those with access to soil seem to be digging in with an industry unparalleled since the early days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Sure, a garden sounds fine as a symbol of something, but it certainly isn't an answer to the energy crisis. It *is* an energy crisis: vegetables are composed of pure energy—mostly the gardener's. As a political symbol, too, it's a mess—economically unstable, as unmanageable as the Pentagon, as implacable as the latest Gallup poll. Tomatoes are sabotaged from within, corn secedes or mutinies, cucumbers develop entangling alliances, squash blossoms fail to fulfill their productive capacity, weeds infiltrate, gophers spy, and, over all, there's a tendency for the whole thing to wither away, like the Marxist state. The world's first trouble spot was a garden, and that may help explain why more world leaders don't go in for horticulture (and also why there are world leaders). Real gardeners can't take long journeys to confer with foreign heads of state. Aside from a wish to gain a keener insight into the problems of the farmer, we can't think of any reason the President shouldn't stick to swimming and golf. A more appropriate symbol of the nation's progress, or lack of it, might be an uncovered strip mine on the White House lawn, next to that swimming pool.

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Pelé Olé

BIG-LEAGUE soccer hit the U.S.A. on Father's Day, and television audiences all over this country, Japan, Mexico, Canada, Costa Rica, Puerto Rico, Bermuda, Panama, Guatemala, Venezuela, Colombia, and Brazil turned their attention to a small patch of green-painted ground halfway between Manhattan and Astoria. Pelé, the King of Soccer, the Black Pearl, lured from Brazil by four million seven hundred thousand Yanqui dollars and his own sense of duty, was here to play his first game for Warner Communications' New York Cosmos, 3–6 on the season and trailing only the Boston Minutemen and the Rochester Lancers in the Northern Division of the North American Soccer League. The game drew a paying crowd of 21,278 locals to Randall's Island's quaint New Deal Downing Stadium, and this was the fourth-largest metropolitan Father's Day crowd, trailing only the Americana '75 antiques fair on Fifty-second Street, a Yankee bat day at Shea, and the second-ever Sunday card at Belmont Park.

Abandoning our cab to a previously unheard-of traffic jam at the Randall's Island exit of the Triborough Bridge, we clambered over a guardrail and joined a steady stream of eager aficionados heel-and-toeing it over the bridge from Harlem. Across fields of white clover, past chuck wagons vending *comidas criollas* whose proprietors were tuning in the Bronx Bombers on the radio, around Cosmos ticket booths doing brisk business in six-dollar reserved and four-dollar general-admission seats, to our own concrete perch, atop the only New York stadium adorned in fading stencil with the legend "KATΩ H XOYNTA," which means "BOO, JUNTA" in Greek. An unusual assortment of advertising signs around a field of play where bald spots are daubed with Kelly-green paint: "*En mi casa toman* BUSTELO;" Grand Marnier Liqueur; Ciro, Brooklyn's More for Your Money Store; DRESSLER Export Beer; Jack in the Box; Warner Brothers Jungle Habitat; and six Pepsi signs. Dressler's boast is "We're Keeping the Quality Up by Keeping the Sales Down." Pepsi has a worldwide promotional contract with Pelé. The two teams took the field—the Cosmos and Lamar Hunt's Dallas Tornado, starring ABC Superstars winner Kyle Rote, Jr. Last man on the field: New York's No. 10, Edson Arantes do Nascimento, who does business as Pelé, his right arm aloft in the victory salute.

It was Pelé's sixth day in New York. A superbly muscled, hugely smiling, and completely relaxed thirty-four-year-old, Pelé was five feet nine when he got to town, according to the papers, and then lost an inch of height a day in the sports pages until he levelled out at five feet six. Kyle Rote, Jr., the first native-American soccer player of any note, is six feet even and is considered pretty good for a big fellow. Most soccer players are quick, strong, savvy, and below average height. Pelé, in his eighteen years of pro ball in Brazil, racked up an incredible twelve hundred and twenty goals in twelve hundred and fifty-three games—which is approximately like hitting a hundred and sixty-two home runs a season—and notched ninety hat tricks in his career and an eight-goal game in 1964. He led the Brazilian National Team to three quadrennial World Cup titles. When he retired, last year, the Cosmos—who, according to their president, Nesuhi Ertegun, had decided to rebuild and get good—went to work on him, and eventually hooked him by persuading him that he was the only man who could spark an interest among heathen gringos in the world's most popular game.

Dallas kicked off the first forty-five-minute half, which in soccer simply means they put the ball in play, and lost control to New York in a few seconds. The Cosmos immediately passed the ball to Pelé, who muffed it. Two hundred photographers were drawn up along the Tornado goal line waiting for the Black Pearl's first Big Apple goal. Nine minutes into the game, Dallas's Altamont McKenzie, an All-American from Oneonta, scored the game's first goal, on a breakaway. The New York fans started whistling—soccer's raspberry. New York then proceeded not to score on a number of opportunities. Pelé, on a good shot, headed the ball into the goal post instead of the goal. "Blew the chippie," said a hardened U.P.I. man by our side. Pelé also set up a number of other shots, which were either frittered away by his teammates or miraculously saved by Tornado goalie Ken Cooper, a native of Blackpool, Lancashire. A new rule of the North American Soccer League requires that each team roster of eighteen include at least five American or Canadian citizens, but most of the English-speakers in the twenty-team league, which includes something called the Tampa Bay Rowdies, hail from Blighty. Five and a half minutes before the end of the half, Dallas picked up a Texas League goal when, in a mixup in front of the Cosmos goal, the ball bounded off the foot of New York defender Mike Dillon into the net. "C'mon," moaned a fan in our section. "*¡Organización!*" Halftime score: Dallas 2, New York 0. Only the fotogs with telephoto lenses had what they needed.

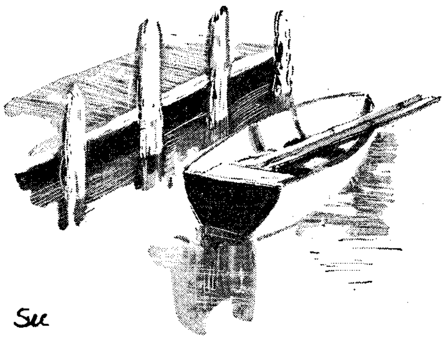
Halftime entertainment by the Brentwood (L.I.) Marching Band. Beethoven. "Ode to Joy." We nipped into the press box and copped a couple of field passes, so that we could join the image mavens on the painted grass. Dennis Sowers, affable Cosmos P.R. rep, handed us a mimeoed Cosmos cheer. It goes:

Cosmos Olé, Cosmos Olé.
Let's Go Cosmos, Cosmos Olé.
Cosmos Olé, Cosmos Olé.
Let's Go Cosmos, Cosmos Olé.
Cosmos, Cosmos, Cosmos Olé.
Cosmos Olé, Cosmos Olé.
Let's Go Cosmos, Cosmos Olé.

Down on the field, we encountered the most interesting apparition of the afternoon: Ray, the White Tornado, a white-tailcoated professional enthusiast for Dallas. Ray struts around irritating opposing rooters and making balloon dachshunds for children. He wears a top hat with a little soccer ball on top and a chrome faucet in front, and he performs the same services, in season, for the Dallas Cowboys. The photographers were now all massed at the other end of the field—the teams change sides at halftime—and we took up a position between the Associated Press and Raff Frano, who takes pix for the Tornado.

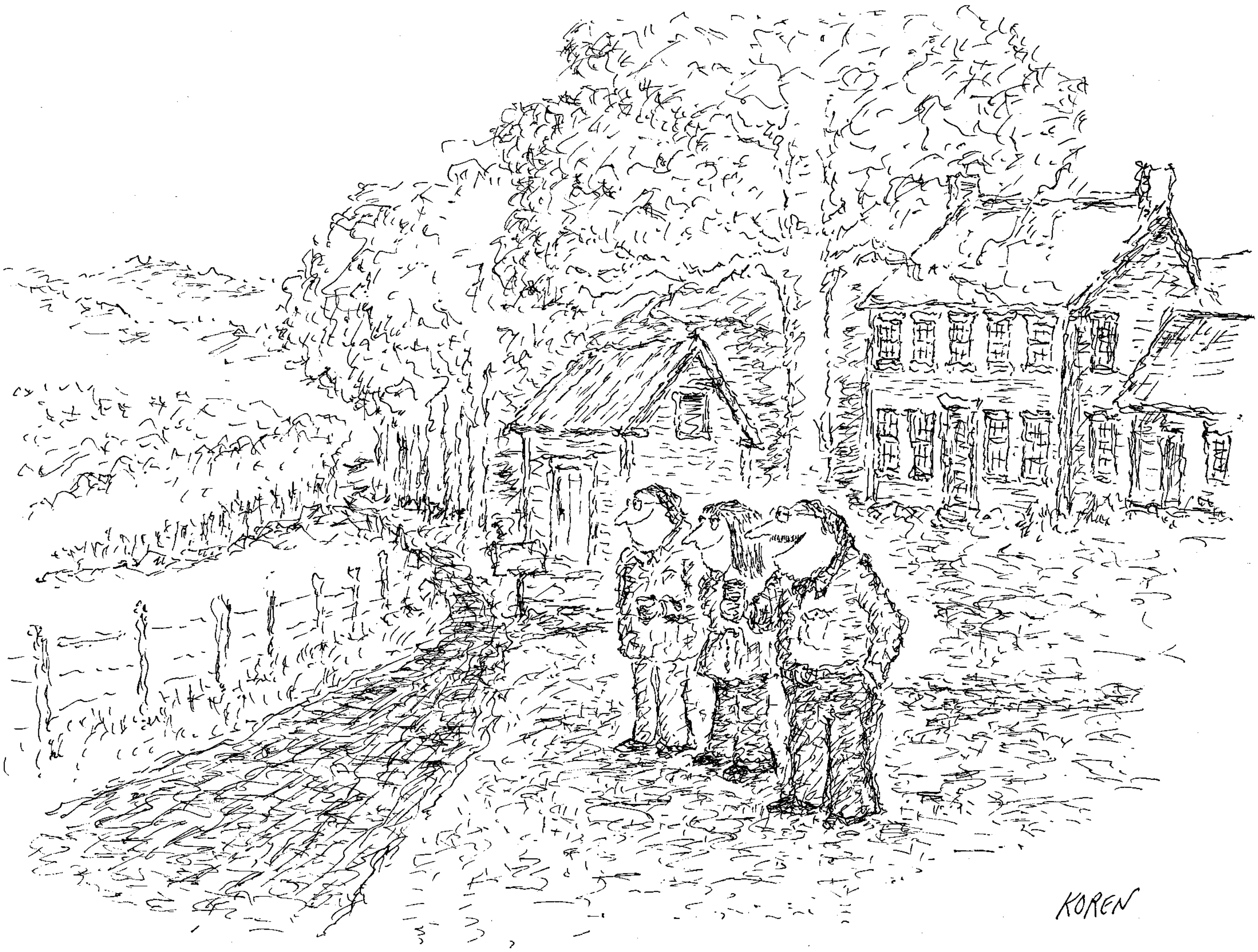
New York came alive in the second half, and we watched at eye level a red-white-and-blue ball scooting through a flurry of black and white legs. With twelve minutes gone, Pelé brought the ball deftly upfield and threaded a lateral to Mordechai Shpigler, an Israeli playing his fifth game for the Cosmos, who then kicked a dribbler past Cooper to make the score Dallas 2, New York 1. The A.P. man rushed his shots of the Pelé assist back to town. Pelé made a number of other sensational plays, including a backward bicycle kick over his own shoulder and some fancy heel passes. Then, with the period nearly half gone and just after a leap by Cooper had deflected over the net a shot by the twenty-two-year-old Croatian Cosmo Mark Liveric, who wears a cowrie-shell necklace, Pelé found himself amid three Tornado defenders in front of the Dallas goal with a kick from near the corner coming in high from Shpigler. All leaped for the ball, and it was Pelé's forehead that met it and sent it crashing into the goal. Tie game. Jubilation. Pelé mobbed. Play resumed. No more fireworks. Raff explained Tornado pooped—Dallas had played San Antonio Thunder previous evening and slept on Red Eye Special to New York. A.P. man reflective: "Nobody can run full out for an hour and a half." He whistled a few bars of "Fine and Dandy," and was interrupted by an apoplectic colleague. "Why'd you send off those shots of the first goal? Now all your best film's out here!" Final score of the game: 2–2. No overtime—CBS wanted to go off the air, and the game was billed as an exhibition.

We slipped into the Dallas dressing room for a word with Ken Cooper, who used to be the backup goalie on a First Division team in England. "Pelé's vision is tremendous," Cooper told us. "And because it's so comprehensive he's got all the options. I mean, he's not the kind of player who decides how he's going to take the ball up the field when he gets it. He just sees what's going on, and then he knows what's available."



Détente at the St. Regis

AT the ecumenical invitation of Ambassador Yakov A. Malik, *Permanent Representative of the* Union of Soviet Socialist Republics to the United Nations, and Donald M. Kendall, chief executive officer of PepsiCo, Inc., we recently attended a reception "for the Premier Tasting of Russian Champagnes in the United States" in the Versailles Room of the St. Regis Hotel. The big room was crowded with people sampling two varieties of champagne (Nazdorovya Brut and Nazdorovya Extra Brut)



"It's a beautiful country, all right—if you can afford it."

• •

and a dozen varieties of hors d'oeuvres, including the very best caviar, which was doled out in gingerly fashion—not like the good old days, when at such gourmet events as this you could spoon it up like cereal. Never mind. There was no dearth of sardines, and the Brut (now selling at the stores for nine dollars and ninety-five cents) was excellent; the Extra Brut (three dollars more) was a little too dry for our bourgeois taste. "Point zero three per cent of sugar," Frank Feinberg, the executive vice-president of Monsieur Henri Wines, Ltd., a division of PepsiCo, told us. We learned from him that his company handled the arrangements to import the wines (the idea was suggested by the Russians, as part of a condition of their importing Pepsi-Cola), and that champagne is an old story in Russia, where it has been produced since 1896 in Abrau-Durso, on the Black Sea, in an area of six hundred hectares. "Seven or eight hundred thousand bottles of the Extra Brut a year," Mr. Feinberg said. "Most of it is consumed internally. The general wine-producing region in Russia extends some two thousand miles from the Black Sea to the Caspian Sea, and from Rumania to Iran. Rieslings, Semillons, Cabernets, Pinot Grises, Muscats. Most of them are consumed internally. The largest outside market for Russian champagne is Germany."

Mr. Kendall got up on a platform and addressed himself to a mike. "Aged in the bottle three years," he said. "We think one of the finest champagnes in the world. A milestone between the United States and the Soviet Union. Sure to lead to better understanding. The Extra Brut is point three per cent sugar," Mr. Kendall went on, raising Mr. Feinberg an iota subscript. "The Brut is one and a half per cent sugar."

Mr. Kendall introduced Ambassador Malik, who said, "Champagne is a cheerful drink on the most solemn occasions. Now, as to détente, we prefer a lessening of tension. It seems to me that Mr. Kendall wants to melt away the last remnant of ice. After this champagne, you will see how everything and you become much warmer and more pleasant."

"A pleasant way to bubble into détente, isn't it?" a Monsieur Henri publicity man said to us, but on the way out we encountered Robert Jay Misch, ex-chairman of the Wine and Food Society, who said, "What does Extra Brut mean? We say Brut for the driest champagne and Extra Dry for the next driest. It's a semantic trap."

Exciting Manikins

ABOUT six months ago, we spotted a modest sign on a Sixth Avenue window which read "Wolf & Vine, Inc.: Exciting Manikins." Now, for some reason or other the idea of exciting mannequins interested us, and we began to consider the possibilities: mannequins with six-shooters, mannequins who rolled over and played dead, mannequins capable of reciting "In Memoriam." Anyway, we resolved to pay a visit to Wolf & Vine, and the other day we got around to it. The interior of Wolf & Vine is, as they say, starkly dramatic. Black floors, lots of vinyl, and, yes, mannequins calculated to raise your blood pressure. Take the Sensual Miss grouping. The Sensual Miss grouping hits you bang in the eye when you enter the starkly dramatic premises of Wolf & Vine, and consists of six lifelike young misses arranged in six non-ordinary poses. Sensual Miss mannequins pose bent, stretched, doubled back, and otherwise thrown out of joint for the sake of high style. Their fingers are as long and as thin as Popsicle sticks, and their eyes have a far-away, introspective gaze, as though they were trying to remember the wording of an invitation. Very effective. Each mannequin in the Sensual Miss group had only one, down-to-earth ornament—a little plastic price tag around the wrist. The Sensual Miss we looked at cost three hundred and thirty dollars, including twenty-five dollars for each of three optional extras—portrait finish, glass eyes, and a Coiffura wig.

A pleasant woman named Martha Landau, who has been in the mannequin game since 1955, when she joined the Greneker Company, which is now part of Wolf & Vine, showed us around. She showed us young mannequins in the Contessa group (very restrained, no joints out of whack, originally designed expressly for Saks); some in the Champions group (very athletic); and some in the Principessa group (not athletic but *active;* the girls in the Principessa group looked as though they were hailing, or were planning to hail, a taxicab). "*This* lady is a little unusual, because of her freckles," said Mrs. Landau, pointing to a red-haired mannequin in the Principessa line. "She caused quite a bit of a stir when she was first shown. It's not often you see freckles—at least, on an adult."

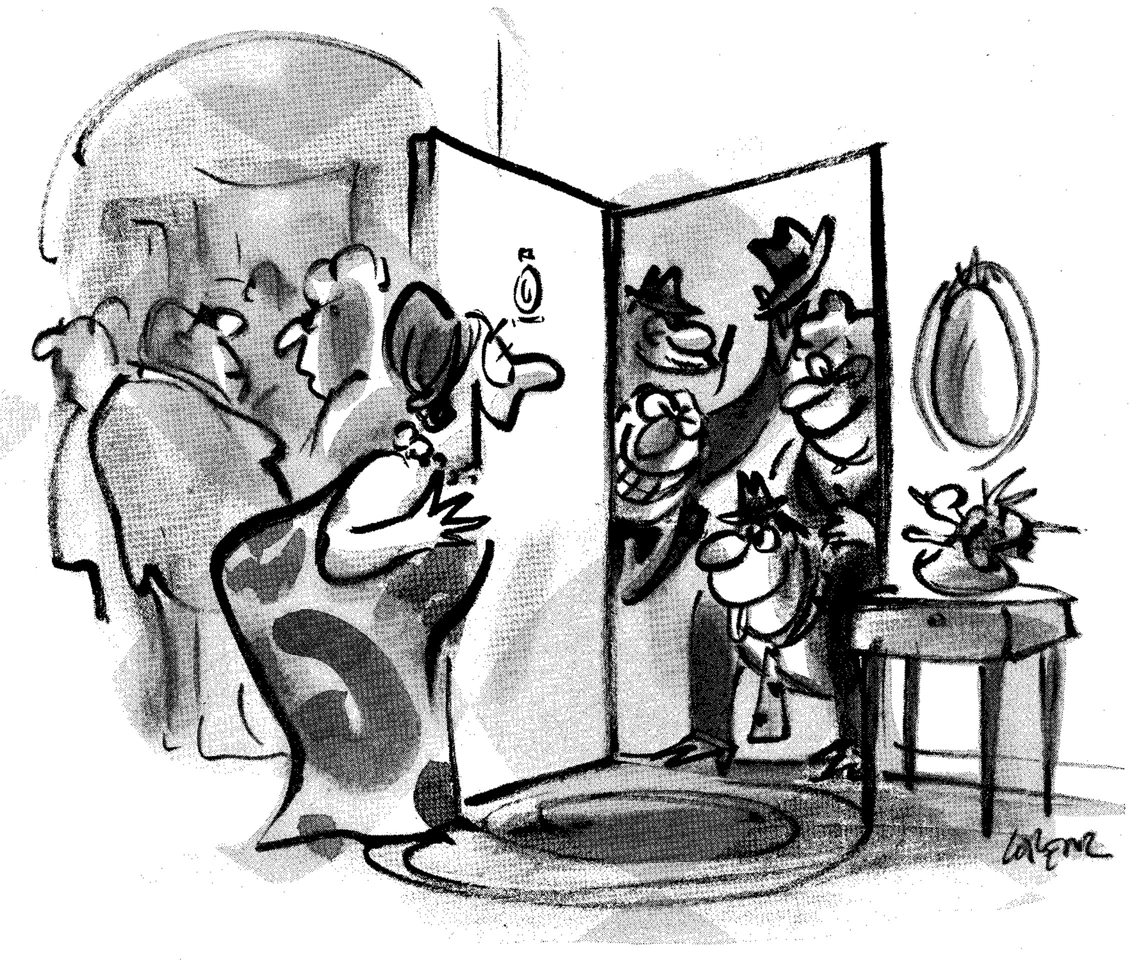
Mrs. Landau told us how it was that mannequins got to be exciting. "Greneker used to have a showroom at Fifty-fifth and Fifth," she said. "We would sell lovely, elegant, haughty mannequins to Saks and Bonwit's. They were elegant, but they weren't exciting. Anyway, the stores would keep them in their windows for two years. Then they would buy new ones, and the ones in the windows would be moved back into active sportswear. Now, these mannequins were great for gowns, but for active sportswear they were obviously wrong. Still, nobody did anything about it. I hate to say it, but the American companies never did a thing about it. The big change to excitement was forced on the American market by an Englishwoman named Adel Rootstein. She came along with really wild-looking mannequins in the sixties, and the business hasn't been the same since."

Iowa Detour

IT'S been a fine spring in Iowa this year: gentle rain, lots of sunshine, perfect for the state's two billion dollars' worth of corn and soybeans. No mere vegetable gardens out there. Real old-time farms. One farmer who planted early reported corn knee-high by the fourth of June, anticipating the proverbial growth index by a full month. On a recent Friday night, however, the gorgeous weather ended, and a line of squalls raged up the Mississippi valley, throwing hail the size of golf balls into the fields of eastern Iowa. We saw the storm from the lobby of Allaert Hall, in the Paul V. Galvin Fine Arts and Communications Center of St. Ambrose College, in Davenport. With us, watching the malevolent little ice chunks bounce around, were some seven hundred Iowa residents who had just witnessed the second round of preliminary competitions in the 1975 Miss Iowa Pageant. The Pageant is an important event in Iowa, but a hailstorm, of course, is potentially more important. "It'll tear up the crops pretty bad," said the man standing next to us. "Wind like that's worse'n the hail, when you come down to it."

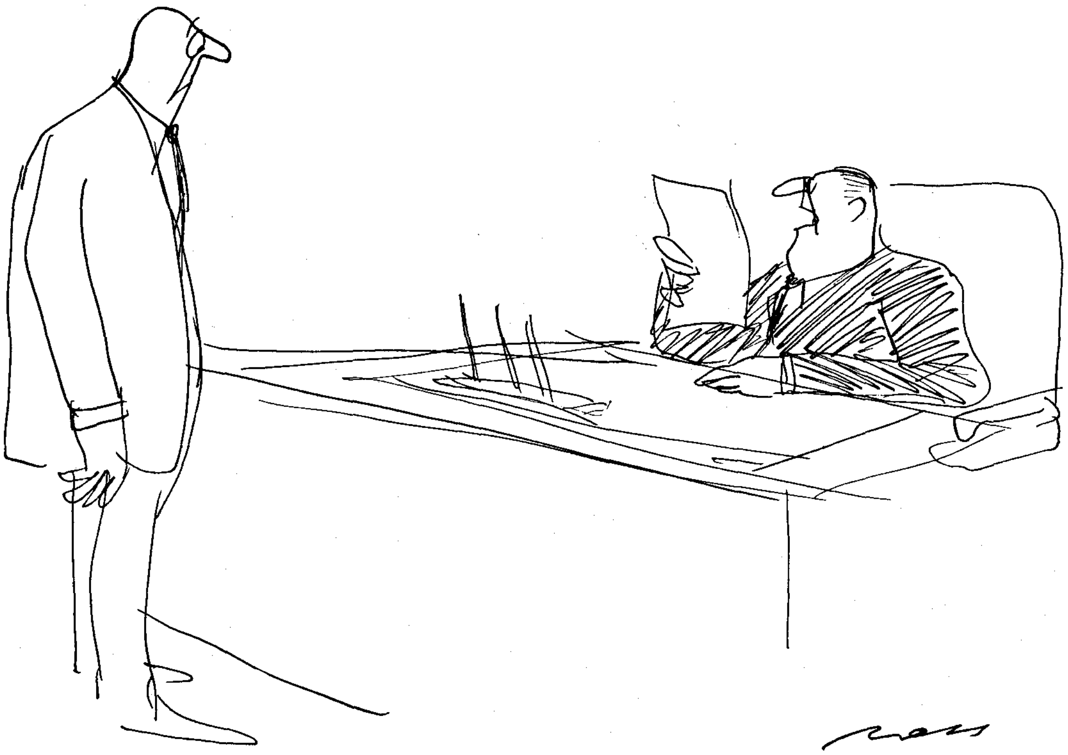
As it turned out, the storm cut only a narrow swath across corn country and was not a real disaster. Not many people were talking about it Saturday night, the final night of the Pageant. The Saturday-morning edition of the *Quad-City Times* mentioned the hail on page 3 but gave the Pageant a front-page picture. The Quad Cities are Davenport and Bettendorf, Iowa, and, across the river, Moline and Rock Island, Illinois. Sometimes you include East Moline and make it the Quint Cities. Davenport has been the Miss Iowa festivities' host for the last eleven years.

It takes three two-and-a-half-hour stage shows to select Miss Iowa. As in the Miss America Pageant,



"Oh, my Gawd! It's Monty Python's Flying Circus."

there are the evening-gown, talent, and swimsuit competitions, a lot of musical-production numbers, and generous amounts of Pure Pageantry. The Iowa package offers mostly amateurs, along with a few itinerant professionals, like John Lamont, a blond songster, who formerly led the New Christy Minstrels, and who knocked out the Davenport crowds with his just-composed foot-tapper "Gimme a Break from the City Livin' (Before the City Livin' Breaks Me)." Lamont, who looks like a cleaned-up John Denver, told us he will perform in six state pageants this summer and four Japanese-American ones on the West Coast. Among the Iowa semi-pros there was the jocular m.c., Bob Henry, who did not sing but otherwise was every bit as inimitable as Bert Parks. Friday night, before the cloudburst, Bob removed a rubber duck that some wise-guy stagehand had tied to the microphone, threw the duck onto the stage, and shot it several times with a blank pistol. Then he threw it into the orchestra pit and said, "Here, Wibby. Make him into a sandwich."



"Hartwell, I have here the latest figures on our profit-sharing plan. You now owe the company three thousand five hundred and twenty-seven dollars."

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Wibby Fisher, leader of the eleven-piece Miss Iowa Pageant orchestra, drew a lot of stares on all three evenings, because of his amazing black hair, which extends from an imaginary line drawn ear to ear across the top of his head down to an imaginary line extending from the tops of his ears around the back of his head. Beyond these two lines Wibby allows no hairs. "He uses real shoe polish! I mean it! He really *does!*" said a girl sitting directly behind us.

Except for Wibby, the staring was reserved for the twenty-three contestants, most of whom were stunning and seven of whom were blondes. Five of the blondes made it into the Semifinal Ten on Saturday night, and three of the five became the first three runners-up: Andrea Lea Johnson, Miss Kossuth-Winnebago; Rebecca Lynn Kakavas, Miss Scott County; and Debbie Manuel, Miss Southwest Iowa. By the time Bob Henry had announced these results, the Saturday-night crowd was in a state of restrained uproar. Then he said, "And now the name of the young lady who for the next twelve months has magic to do! Miss Iowa 1975 is . . . DEBBIE SUE WEUVE, MISS MARSHALL *COUNTY!*" A great many people screamed and put their hands up to their cheeks. There was hugging onstage, and then Debbie Sue received her crown from Jean Bollhoefer, Miss Iowa 1974, who was herself a former Miss Marshall County. In fact, Debbie Sue Weuve—which is pronounced "weave"—was First Runner-Up to Jean Bollhoefer in the Marshall County Pageant last year. Debbie Sue also won the 1972 Central Iowa Fair Pageant, when she was seventeen; took the 1974 title of Rose Queen in her home town of State Center, the Rose Capital of Iowa, pop. 1,238; and reigned last year as National Princess Soya—an honor that involved travelling around the world to explain the virtues of soybeans.

Many of the other contestants also had previous Pageant experience. Miss Scott County, who was Miss Moline last year, told us, "I ran out of money in school, so I came over here." By moving across the Mississippi and enrolling at Marycrest College, whose motto is "Bonitas, Veritas, Pulchritas," she qualified for the Iowa bucks and won forty-seven hundred dollars in scholarship funds supplied by the college and a local Pageant fund. That figure actually topped the Miss Iowa award, which was only a two-thousand-dollar scholarship, but Miss Iowa got a lot of other stuff.

At the Miss Iowa Coronation Ball, which immediately followed the Pageant, Ron Alpen, a Ford dealer, presented Debbie Sue with the keys to a green-and-white 1975 Granada (sticker price $4,992), for her use during the forthcoming year. A store called Walker's Jewelry threw in a "magnificent watch." Should she win in Atlantic City this September, Miss America née Iowa would cop fifteen thousand dollars more in scholarship money, plus fringe benefits too numerous to mention.

Every girl in the 1975 Miss Iowa Pageant received at least a hundred-dollar scholarship. After the scholarships were all presented, we left the ball and strolled across the St. Ambrose parking lot, which lies within shouting distance of the frame house on Locust Street where Grampa Petersen gave Bix Beiderbecke some tips on how to play the cornet. The lot had been covered with a foot and a half of water the previous evening, but by Saturday evening it was dry. The Iowa night was cool and quiet and damp. We passed Sylvia Jane Taylor, Miss Wapello, who, at seventeen, was the youngest contestant and a brunette, and who did not make the semifinal cut. She was smiling a huge, friendly smile, and she was almost running toward the family car. "Well, that's it!" she called, throwing her family a kiss. "Back to the farm!"

COSHER AND THE SEA

IT looked as if Cosher wouldn't come. Anyway, I thought I'd wait a bit longer at the side of the empty road. I could see both ends of the village from where I sat. He might come from Purvis Corner, if he'd called on his brother on his way home from work, but if he'd gone straight home, he'd come from the lane by the College Café. Sometimes when I didn't wait, he came just as I reached my house, and then my mother called me in. When that happened, I used to sit by my window and watch him across the road, giving cigarettes to girls. Half an hour more, then, I'd give him. I climbed to the top of the tank traps and hung upside down from the top pipe. In the classroom, we had a picture of bats hanging like that—three of them in an old dead tree that looked like a dusty top hat. I imagined fur round my eyes as I looked toward the beach. There was a high bank of shingle between the tank traps and the sea; I couldn't remember what the water looked like, because the beach along the south coast of England had been mined and closed seven years before, when the war started. I was only three at the time. At high tide on a windy day, our house was drenched with the thrown spray. Sometimes we could just glimpse the top of a very big wave. Sometimes the sea would be so rough that it blew up a mine or two, and then I wouldn't go home, because my father would be crying again, thinking of the day his brother went to get firewood from the bungalow with the smashed windows. Charlie Page had come to our house and told us how the mine had exploded just as they were leaving with their bundles of wood. Charlie was not ten yards away, and he hadn't been touched. Hanging there, I pretended that the sky was the sea and the moving clouds were waves.

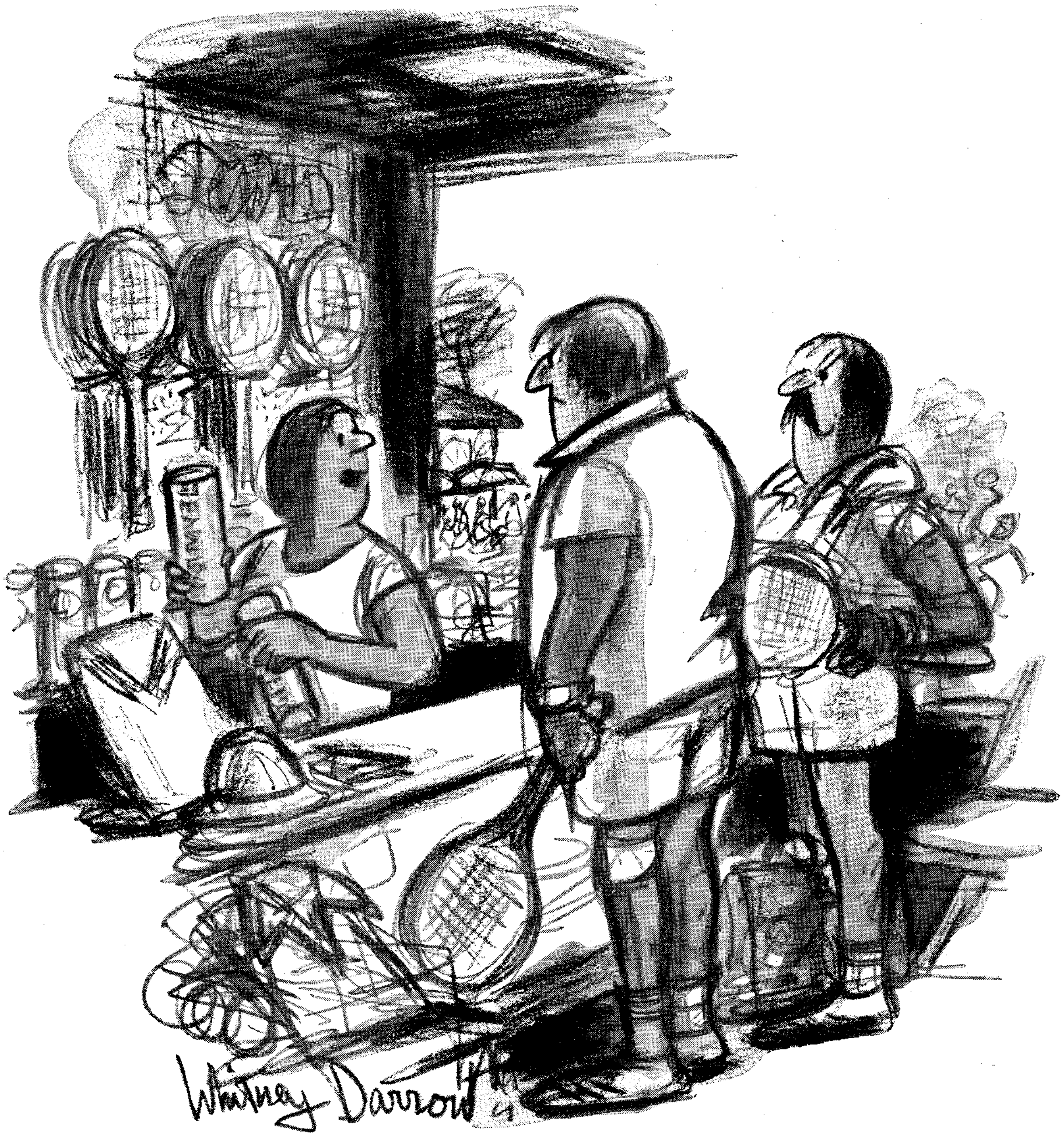
All day in school I'd been looking forward to seeing Cosher. He wasn't much taller than I was, but he was nearly fifteen and had left school the previous summer. He shaved and smoked and swore and knew what soldiers did to girls in the empty house when it was dark. One night, he said, he'd take me to see. In my top pocket I still had the airplane cards he'd given me the day before. Cosher had the whole set, even the rare Russian planes. Most evenings, we'd go to the American airmen's billets behind Simpson's barn and beg for empty packets of Sweet Caporals and tear the airplane pictures off the back. I wouldn't go on my own, because some of the airmen used to drink raw wood alcohol and lie about the floor as if they were dead. My father had some in a tin to wash paintbrushes. Cosher asked me to steal it to trade for candy and cigarettes, but I wouldn't, because I knew about the paint. If he came that evening, it would be too late to walk as far as the billets. I was very disappointed. The sea was the sky again, and I climbed down and rubbed away the orange rust from my hands and legs.

I looked up the road, but still he wasn't coming. It was summer, and the clocks had been put on two hours. It wouldn't be dark for two hours yet, but before long I'd have to go in and wash and go to bed and watch the street lamp slowly grow stronger than the sunset. The lamps had been turned on again a few weeks before. The night they were switched on, my father and the neighbors made bonfires with the blackout curtains. Somebody had saved some fireworks since before the war, and we had to stand back while they were let off. Cosher brought some Very lights he had found in the shipyard. They went higher than the Roman candles and made twice as much noise. If he came, we could go to his shed for half an hour and look at his collection. Only a few of us knew what was in that padlocked shed.

The first time I went there, about a year before, it was with the Hood twins, Reg and Jim. They were bigger than Cosher, but a year younger and still at school. I had to kneel down and cross my heart never to tell anybody about the shed. They all pressed down with both hands on my head while I promised. They took me inside. Cosher placed every item of his collection, one by one, on the bench. The cartridges first. There were two matchboxes full of tiny copper .22 shells. Forty-two—he counted them. And then two biscuit tins of mixed .303s and .301s, most of them dull but some bright gold that he'd polished with Bluebell. I knew all about these shells, and the larger Bren and Sten cartridges, because there were fifty rounds of each sort kept in the corner cupboard at home, together with the Home Guard rifles and other guns my father had. It was the large shells that I liked best, with the thick brass rims at the bottom; Cosher placed these at the back and arranged the smaller ones in descending order in neat platoons. Then he showed us how to take the bullet out of a live shell, holding it in the vise and easing the nipped bullet out with pincers. He did this with several different kinds of shell. He tipped the cordite out of each one onto a piece of tissue paper; sometimes the cordite was in little sticks like waxed matches, and sometimes it was in little circles like confetti. We went outside and watched Cosher lay a trail with the stick cordite along his garden path. He struck a match and put it to the end one, and the little bright flame raced almost as far as the shed door. And then we went in again, because his old mother was looking through the curtains, and he bolted the door behind us and showed us the rest. There was a dummy hand grenade and a yellow-finned smoke bomb and some black clips. And there was an ostrich egg that his brother had sent him, painted red. It had a hole in the top to pour the confetti cordite in. The stick cordite he kept in a jam jar.

If he came, we could sit in the shed and look at the shells and talk about the fires we used to make and the camouflaged camps we erected near the anti-aircraft guns. We still went sometimes to the camps, but the guns had been taken away and we were allowed to go to the deserted concrete emplacements; it wasn't so much fun creeping through the long grass now. All we ever found in the ditches where the petrol cans used to be were damp, ripped magazines with photographs of nude girls. Cosher used to fold up the pictures and put them in his wallet. Nothing was the same. We'd scoured the sites of all the crashed planes near the airfield and on the hills, but there were no more curled bits of aluminum or slivers of Perspex to polish and carve into brooches for our mothers. We'd collected every last strip of tinfoil that had been dropped for radar interference, every burned-out incendiary bomb, every propaganda leaflet, every discarded forage cap. The shed was full. The petrol cans had to be kept outside. We just sat in the shed, knowing the collection was complete. There was nothing left to do except go to the billets so that I could get the full set of airplane pictures to lay out side by side with Cosher's. I only wanted three more, and if he came that evening he might have them.

I looked again along the wide, empty road. Old Mr. Eliot, our next-door neighbor, was striding toward me with his broom on his shoulder, one foot on each side of the white line in the middle. There was never any traffic now. All the tanks and Bren-gun carriers and armored cars had gone. And the private cars were still in their garages on soft, perished tires. Mr. Eliot was quiet these days when he came home. There was never much for him to sweep up on the roads, nothing for him to complain about. The tanks used to crush the curbstones, and the convoys left him with the job of tidying up, which nobody else would bother to do. Once, a German bomber crashed near the bridge, and it had taken him a week to clean the mud off the road. When he had gone past me, I could see nobody else.



"We're all out of van Gogh Yellow. How about Veronese Green?"

AND then Cosher came into sight—unmistakably Cosher, on his roller skates, passing the cottages with long, powerful strides. But tonight there was an urgency in his skating; it was jerky and stabbing, with none of his usual careless elegance, none of his tricks and flourishes. When he was near me, he crouched down to glide up to where I was sitting and stopped by pointing his toes in and hanging round my neck.

"They've opened the beach at Chandler's Corner," he said. "I'm going to get Reg and Jim. Wait for us." And off he went.

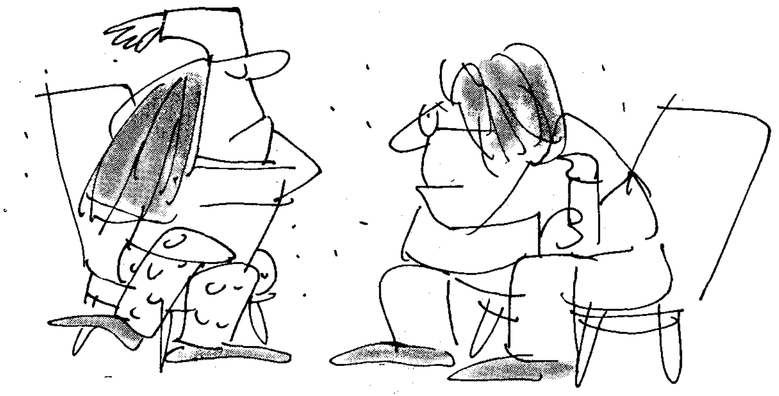
But they all had skates and I didn't. If I waited, I knew they wouldn't wait for me. As soon as Cosher had got into his stride again, making for the Hood twins' house, I disobeyed him for the first time and ran as fast as I could away from him toward Chandler's Corner. I didn't look round as I went past my house; I knew my mother would be watching for me. I heard her call, but I ran on. All the way along the road, people were coming out of their houses and walking in the direction of Chandler's. I ran through them and wouldn't stop till I saw the breach that had been made in the tank traps, but then I walked, seeing the crowds queuing up on the shingle and filing past the policemen and the soldiers who were piling up the dismantled pipes and nuts and bolts. I saw, too, boys in my class at school, boys of my age. We formed a pack and pushed through.

At the top of the shingle bank, just through the opening, we stopped for a second or two, not knowing which way to go. We looked at each other and then we laughed—there was only one way *to* go. We ran straight toward the sea.

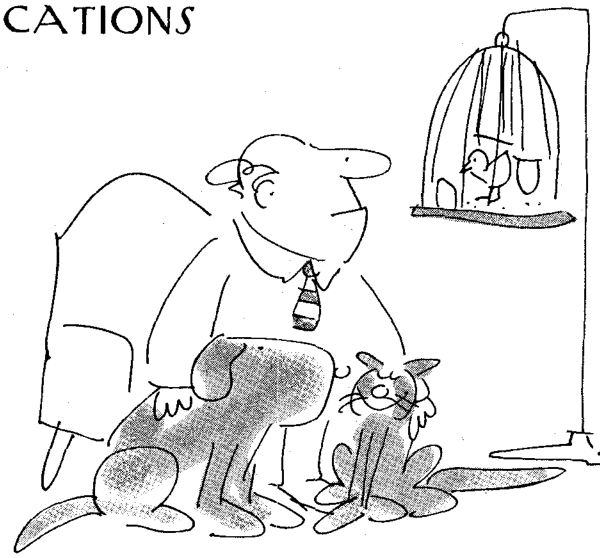
The tide was right out. Our shoes filled with little stones as we half ran and half slid down the shingle. When we reached the sand, we kicked off our shoes and socks and ran across the wormcasts and bits of seaweed, and flung shells at the wind and ground starfish under our heels. We piled weed on our heads and pretended to be Neptune, kicked up the standing water, skimmed stones, waded up to our waists in the sea. We found dead fish and tossed them where the girls were hanging back by the breakwaters. We threw ourselves down and rolled over and over until we felt the wet through our clothes. We filled our mouths with salt water from our cupped hands and spat it out. We dug with rusks of driftwood and chased the whitebait over the sand and into the sea. When I was too tired to do anything else and it was getting dark, I sat on the stones and watched the birds whose names I didn't know. There was a big, dark-green one that sat on a stump in the sea and kept diving in for fish. And many little ones that flew together low over the water. I remember them vividly—the cormorants and the sand martins—and over the bay the cliffs at Beachy Head. I suppose I must have sat there a good half hour, growing up into a boy, grinding a stone on a stone, pulling a yellow poppy to shreds, watching the big boys, Reg, Jim, and Cosher, as they walked on their own along the sands. They were carrying their silly skates. They called me, but I wouldn't follow them.

—Ted Walker

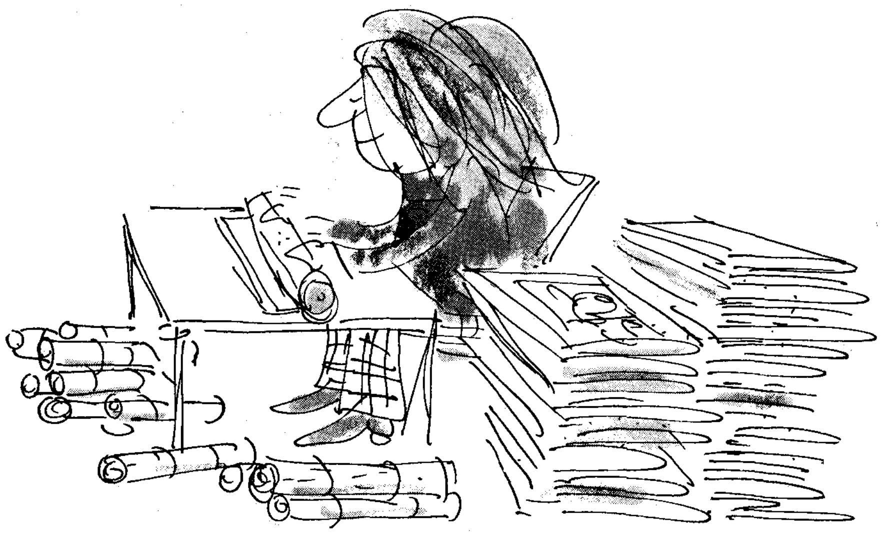
SENSIBLE VACATIONS



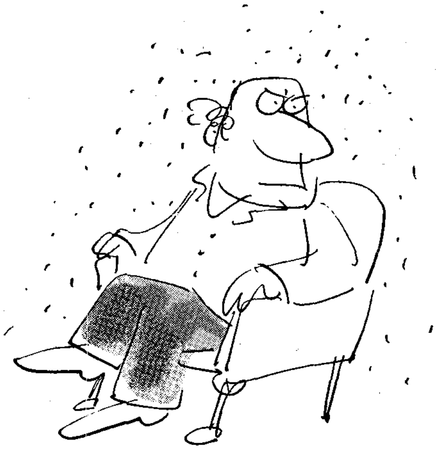
Martha and Bill Whiteside have decided to learn body language.



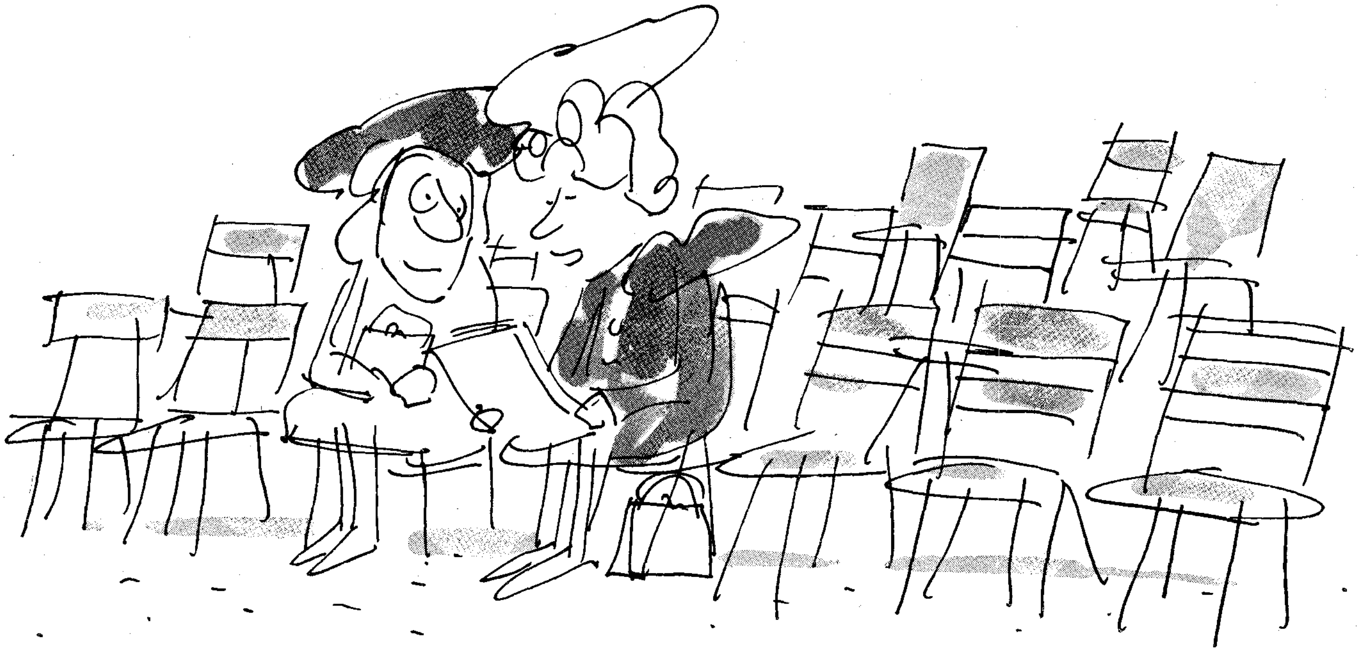
Henry Dell is going to spend more time with his pets.



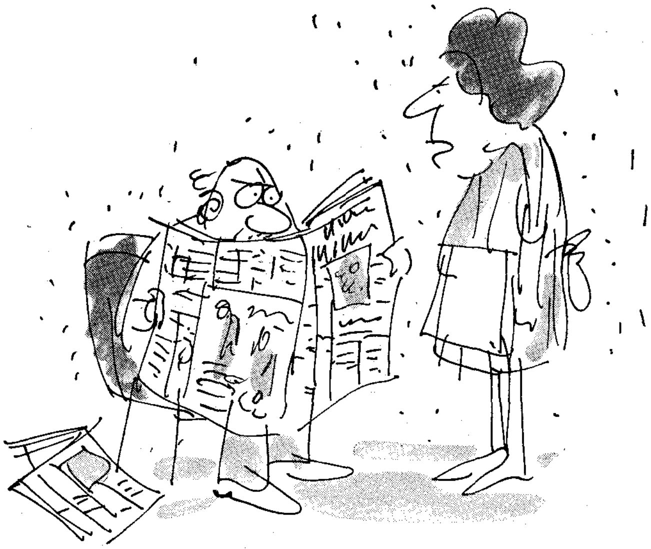
Kitty Port will be making fireplace logs out of old copies of "Rolling Stone."



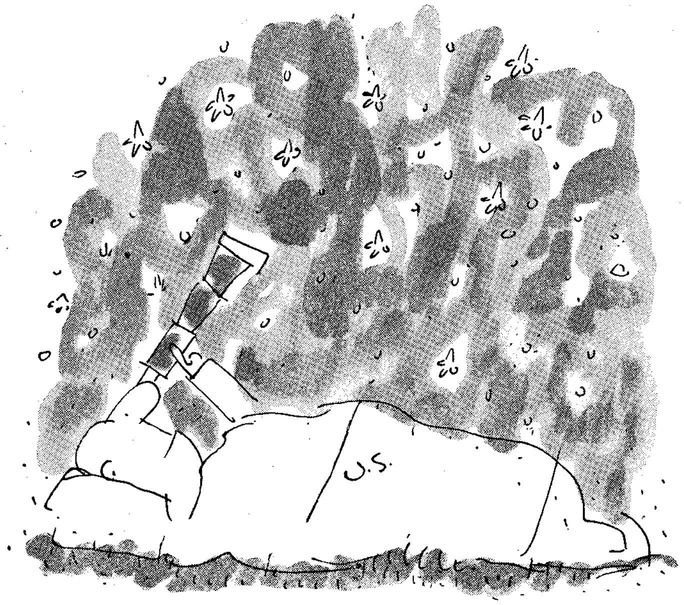
Richard Penualle hopes to do some mulling.



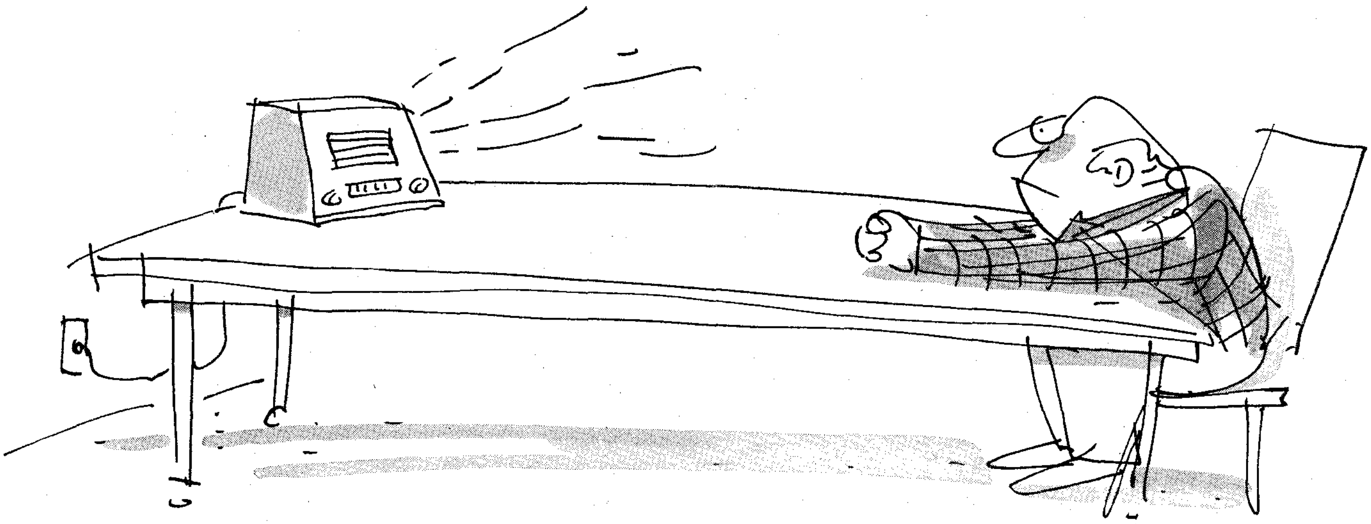
Mabel Scora and Rose Bleeken are going to attend public meetings of various government agencies.



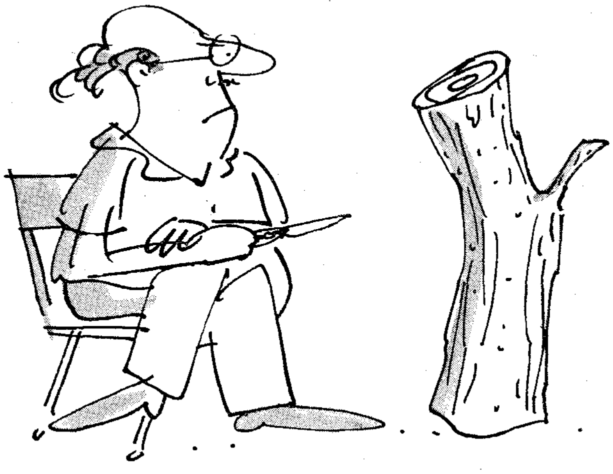
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ryun plan to discuss newspaper editorials.



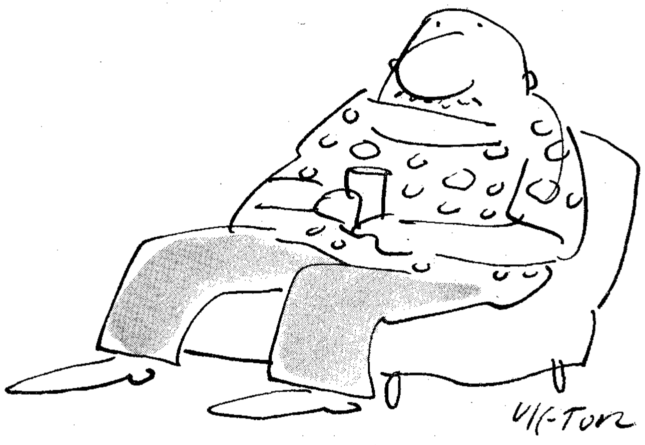
Bart Kotenbrink, with an Army-surplus sleeping bag and an old telescope his uncle gave him, is going to watch for falling stars.



Sam Reynolds will be listening seriously to noncommercial radio.



Snooky Peterson is determined to whittle something.



Walter Jensen intends to dream the impossible dream.

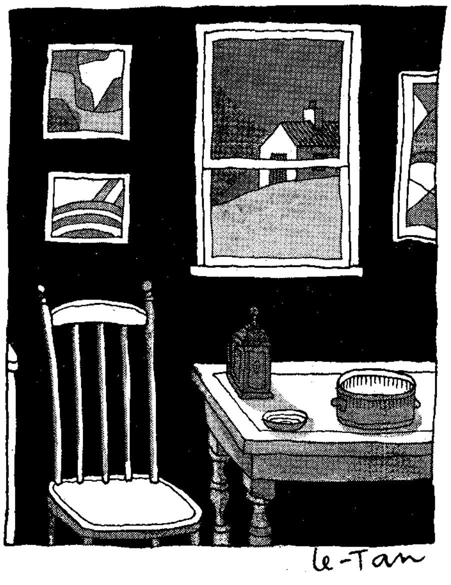
THE MAN WITH A BALLOON IN HIS HEART

THE baby is falling. Marilyn Joyce has struggled into her Mexican dress and gone into the nursery in time to see the baby fall from the changing table to the floor, an astonished look on its face. "My baby," Marilyn screams. The baby hits the rug. The babysitter, twelve years old, snatches it up and runs with it to Marilyn. The baby is screaming. Marilyn is screaming. The babysitter runs out of the room. Marilyn jumps with and screams with the baby, who is unhurt. People come running into the room. Arthur Joyce comes running in from the deck.

On the floor below, Conrad is stroking his mustache, his camera slung around his neck. "I feel very close to Marilyn and Arthur," he is telling Heather Bayley, a girl he knows from group. The house is in the trees. People keep arriving, parking their cars along the road, going up the outside stairs to the deck or through the kitchen and up the inside stairs to the living room to drink Mimosas, a combination of orange juice and champagne. It is a party for which the guest list has gotten out of hand. Conrad is wondering, should he take Heather to bed at his house nearby after lunch, before swimming, after swimming, before dinner, after dinner, etc. He keeps staring at her midriff, two inches of tanned, creamy exposure between pants band and knitted halter; as usual he cannot make up his mind. It has rained all week but now the sun has come out; children are running up and down the stairs. The woods are wet, smelling damply of rot. Conrad, postponing his decision, takes Heather downstairs and outdoors to inspect the new silver Volkswagen 412 station wagon he bought to transport his children to the country on their weekends with him. Ostensibly that was the reason; actually he is upset because his friend Jason Goodman is dying, and he bought the car to make himself feel better. Heather doesn't know about Jason, which is very good, because otherwise she would make Conrad talk it all out.

The house is so new it creaks. It smells of raw wood and turpentine. On the ground-floor level lunch is being served: the guests are lining up on the stairs and rushing down them; the line moves as fast as any in a cafeteria. The hosts have taken two days off from work to prepare. They have cut, chopped, shredded, braised, licked, tasted, and fried. They have spent hours making culinary decisions. They have shopped seriously, and carried out tons of garbage. The result—heroic—lies on platters waiting to be devoured: a pâté de maison in aspic, a ham glazed with cognac and marmalade, cold sliced pork with horseradish applesauce, huge bowls of pilaf with mushrooms and cheese. There are six salads: a romaine with cherry tomatoes and anchovies, a watercress and bacon, a French potato, a coleslaw with tangerines, a huge mixed bean, a Caesar with chopped egg. Deirdre, Jason's fourteen-year-old daughter, called Dee-Dee, helps out at the buffet, passing napkins and silverware; she will remember this day. Marilyn has gone out on the rocky lawn, a figure in white, circulating among her guests. Arthur is upstairs on the deck, talking with a drink in his hand. In Dee-Dee's opinion, the Joyces have a marriage that works. She has seen them chop together, and shred; she has seen them taste each other's sauces. They compliment each other and back each other up; the rarity of it dazzles her. Enchantment is what she feels in their presence, though she would not use the word. Feeling it, she soars. Someday she too will have a handsome husband, a flowing white dress, a glass house full of guests, a baby. She sees herself out on the same rocky lawn, grown beautiful, loved.

Marilyn, now on the deck, smiles. She and Arthur and the baby pose for Conrad's camera. What swirls around her head as they do this is time: time past, time to come, time lost forever. On the deck there are hanging baskets of geraniums and ivy. Her house is full; fifty people in the living room, moving around, asking each other, "How long have you known Marilyn and Arthur?" A dog belonging to someone at the party wanders around with his tail between his legs. Marilyn, who does not like public occasions, smiles with her chin raised, her mouth stretched tight, Arthur standing jauntily to her left. Behind them are trees just come into leaf.

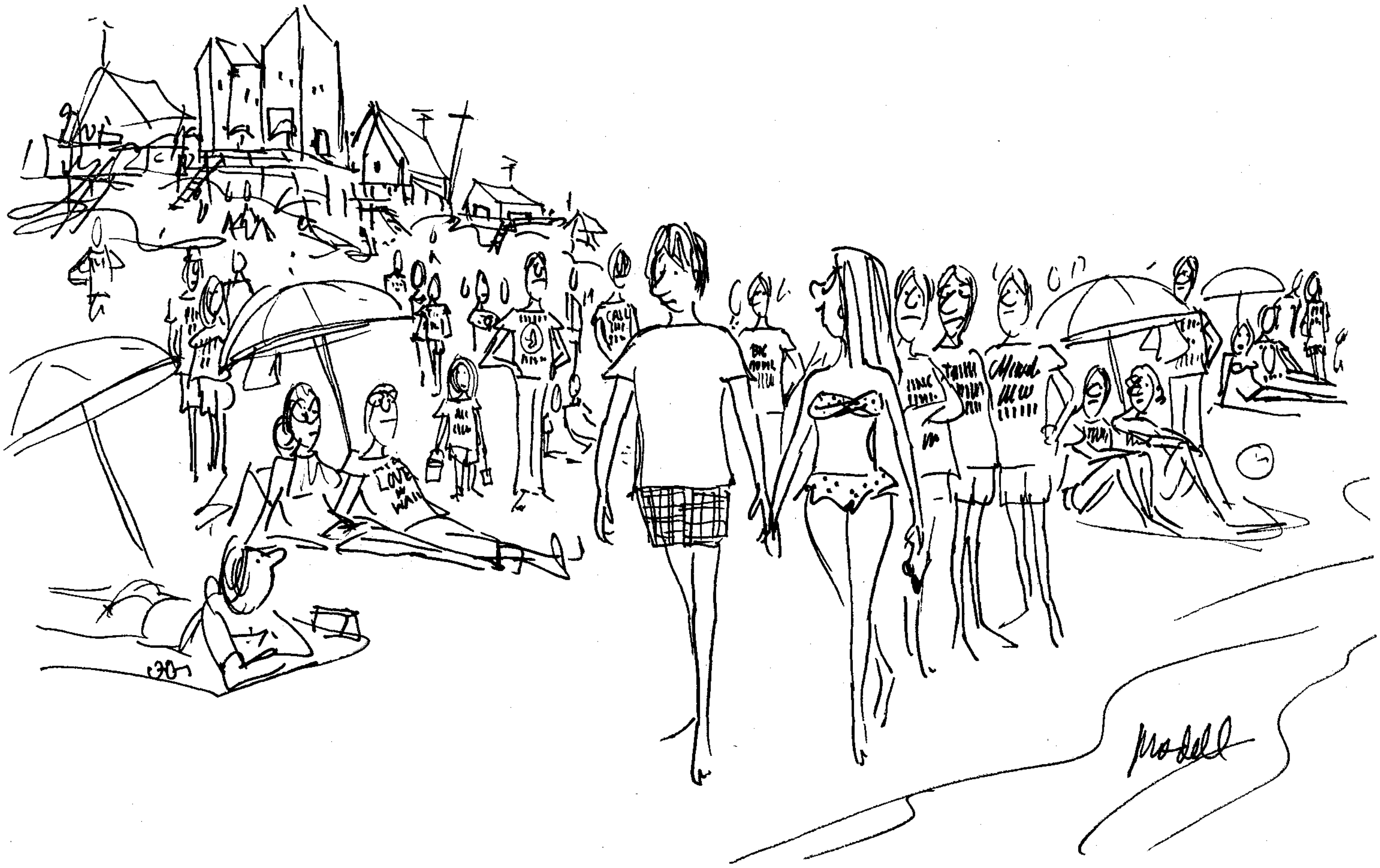


Conrad knows when he has a good picture. One day when he was fourteen years old, he photographed, lying on his belly, a twig caught in a rushing brook, experiencing for the first time an aesthetic thrill. It endures. Down on one knee now to catch the Joyces, he recalls taking snapshots on another summer day—my God, could it really have been seventeen years ago?—of Marilyn with Jason. He still has the best one somewhere, in a drawer—a quick shot showing them on the dunes at Provincetown, Marilyn with her hair and skirt blowing, smiling as tightly as now, Jason with his rapacious grin as he cups his left hand around her breast.

Marilyn kisses Conrad. "I can always depend on you for something beautiful," she tells him. They stroll arm in arm into the living room. Arthur remains behind on the deck, showing the baby off to his guests, followed around by the dog. Dee-Dee has come up from the kitchen and Marilyn and Conrad embrace her. They do this awkwardly, all three in a circle. A week ago, when Conrad went to see Jason in the hospital, ready to be of service, to do anything, Jason was wearing a beret in bed and pretended not to be dying. Dee-Dee has long, burnished blond hair; Marilyn and Conrad pause to stroke her hair.

BARBARA is eating. Whenever she eats she feels like a thief, with one eye on the clock. She hopes to finish her meal before Jason rings. A system of bells has been rigged up throughout the ten-room apartment; Jason will not have a nurse. Barbara is eating whitefish, Greek salad, Nova Scotia salmon, cream cheese with chives, black bread, olives, Italian salami, pickled herring, German potato salad, artichoke hearts, and assorted rolls. She walked home from the delicatessen on Broadway in the middle of the afternoon with all this food. For dessert there is waiting for her blueberry sherbet, miniature Danish, cheesecake, *Dobos Torte*, and there is coffee with cream. In the past months her weight has shot up. Jason's has gone down. She can carry him around like a baby.

Jason is in bed in the front bedroom, propped up among the pillows, watching a baseball game on TV. In the



"Nonsense! I think it's refreshing to see a T-shirt that doesn't say anything."

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hospital, among the white enamelled iron, the white sheets, the white counterpane, he looked like a man beached, stranded, lost. He wore his beret to anchor him down. At home he wears blue silk pajamas, and the sheets have riotous red, white, and blue flowers; he looks like an old doll dressed up for a party. Sometimes he tells himself, "On my next birthday I will not be here to be forty years old." It is possible to forget you are dying; Jason forgets for several hours at a time, watching baseball. In the past he never watched a game; now he loves them. His criticism of the players is remorseless.

His bed is rented, and moves up and down. He can control the television with a button, and he has a view of Central Park, all green. Jason smiles at a perfect pitch. An oxygen mask is on the bedside table; green cannisters of oxygen stand on the floor. Checking out of the hospital the week before, he told the nurses, "I'm going skin-diving in the Caribbean."

The bells ring as Barbara brings the first forkful of cheesecake to her mouth. The ting sounds in each of the ten rooms. The apartment was purchased because it had space for offices for both of them—Jason is a psychiatrist and Barbara is a psychologist—and a shared waiting room. Jason's office was done in brown, Barbara's in beige. The waiting room is beige and brown. Last Christmas, before his attack, they had talked of selling the place. Jason had wanted a divorce, not for any new reason but for all the old ones. Success bored him. He wanted to start again, somewhere new. Barbara understood all his reasons without respecting them much. Arguing with Jason sapped her of the stamina she needed for her work.

The bells stop. He knows she will not run. Last winter she ran, almost sobbing, every time he rang. That's over. Keeping her head down, she goes toward the front bedroom. Passing the living and dining rooms, she sees the late-afternoon sun gleaming on the parquet, hears the sound of her own steps in the silence.

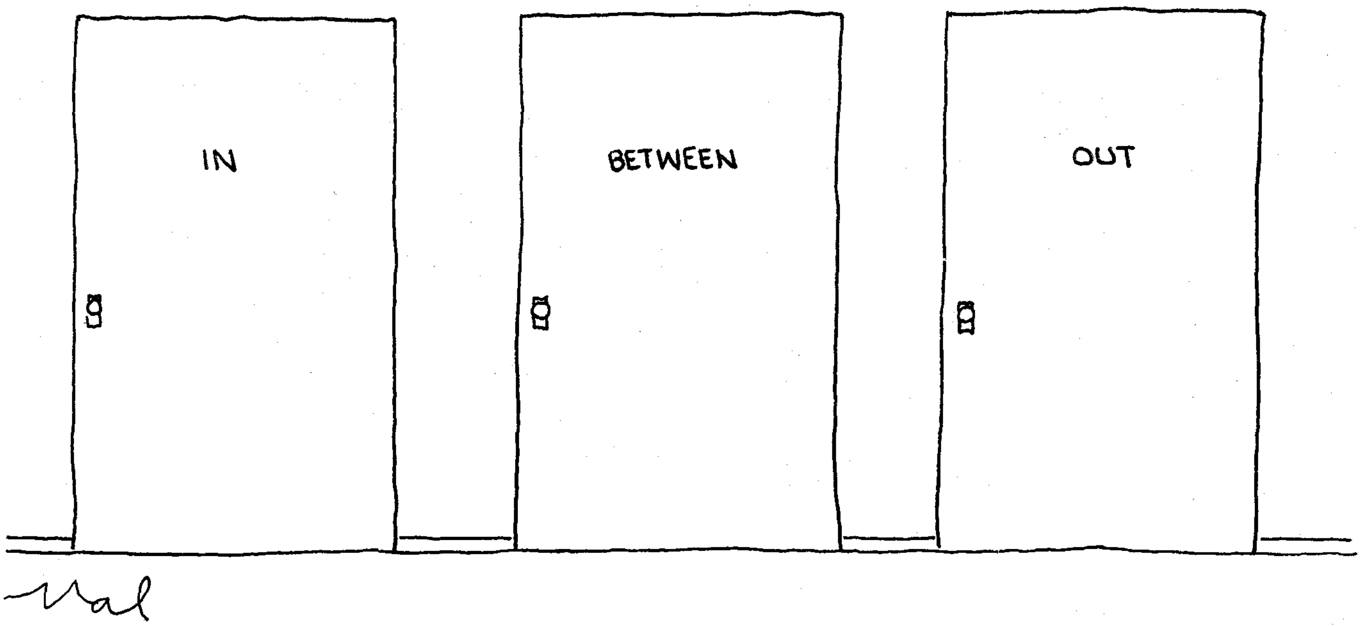
Jason looks at Barbara. Each time she comes to his room, he sees a fearful expectation in her eyes, which he is doing his best to disappoint. But could a dead man ring a bell? What she must be afraid of, then, are his final moments, her own helplessness as he groans and rattles. Perhaps she thinks he will drag her with him off to Hell. There could be no doubt in her mind, he is sure, about where he is going. At the hospital, during his coma, he had been stripped naked and suspended upside down with hot towels wrapped around his head. He thought he had died and gone to Hell, or to the Sahara.

"The blinds?" Barbara does not speak; she is mouthing at him. She is never very far from hysteria. Upon coming into his room, she treats him as if he is not only dying but deaf and dumb. "The blinds," she will pantomime—the covers, the chair, the phone, the writing materials, the refrigerator?

"My orange drink."

Barbara is dealing with a man who has a balloon in his heart; at the time of his attack the doctors at the hospital were experimenting with new devices. His balloon, which enters by way of an artery, helps the undamaged part of his heart to work. Because Jason is a doctor, he can talk knowledgeably about his balloon with the other doctors, which they like. They cross their legs and discuss his case.

He has gotten the best of care. Barbara is consoled by this, not Jason. She measures his orange juice and Perrier water as carefully as if it were a Martini. She is his nurse now. He has fired



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several—one because she had too many hairs on her chinny-chin-chin. There is still one with big shoes who comes in daily to give him injections.

Jason wonders, does this woman pouring orange juice in a white room with a white rug have any idea that when he gives up the ghost his balloon will exit from his mouth, carrying him off to Tahiti? We live with marvels. Occasionally we die with them. Then we get carried to the autopsy in a plastic sack. Our friends write up the results for their medical journals.

Barbara hands Jason his orange drink. His eyes, ringed with purple, make him look like a panda. Barbara is not afraid of Jason's death, which she expects. She is afraid of his terrible fears, his terrible tears, his anger. Jason is glaring balefully above the covers. At the very least he expected to be able to say that although his life was short it was well spent. He cannot say that. His life has been one of time wasted, opportunities unrecognized, people who loved him ignored, and those who did not respect him catered to.

Jason glares. Barbara has forgotten his straw.

ARTHUR stands in the middle of the living room, talking to people and holding the baby, now fast asleep in her pink rug. People are going ooh and ah. They stream in and out of the room, up and down the stairs, out onto the deck, down to the kitchen for food, out onto the lawn, where they stand in the sunshine, holding their plates.

Marilyn is in the bathroom, searching for her Isuprel. Her face is contorted, she struggles to breathe, her chest goes in and out with wheezes. As she looks through the cabinet, cans of deodorant fall into the sink and she tells herself to keep calm, she won't die. Her doctor, an old man, a specialist, has assured her of this. "You have nothing to fear but fear itself" is what he likes to say.

There is a second medicine cabinet over the toilet, and she finds the Isuprel there. Tears of panic stand in her eyes. Her chest heaves. She has been having attacks of asthma since she was sixteen. In subways, in bed, anywhere, you name it. Marilyn sits down on the toilet to breathe in with the inhalator and to compose herself. Outside, her guests are drinking, and now someone has put on a phonograph record—French songs sung by a Greek.

The naming ceremony, meant to welcome the baby into this world, will begin soon. Marilyn was thirty-seven years old before she could decide to have a child, and even then she wasn't sure. Her pregnancy was hell. Like having a tumor, along with a bad cold. She burned with anxiety, she hurt all over, she sneezed, she threw up. She existed on skim milk, saltines, natural cereals, and raisins. Her daughter was born healthy, fat, and pink, and weighed nine pounds. She held her head up alertly, she played with her fingers, she ate and slept well, she cooed. She seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of good humor, an ease at being in the world. Whence came this miracle, Marilyn wondered. Skim milk? When she rocks her baby, her body settles into an easier rhythm, she is able to breathe. She is possessed of the gratitude of the skeptic confounded; how much more can she ask of the world than that?

There are people who die of panic during asthma attacks; it seems that today she, inhalator to nostril, will not be one of them. Jason Goodman will die, not of asthma but of heart disease. To die at forty, Marilyn likes to think, means the punishment of God. One summer she and Jason shared a loft on Greene Street. They had met at the Art Students League. It was hot, she went to an office job, came home at night to paint. Jason was painting his big abstract canvases. Marilyn painted herself in the nude—portraits that were, she knew, nowhere. In the evenings they would sweep out the place, he pushing a big broom, she holding the dustpan. They talked art a lot. Jason had the authority; he was beginning to sell. One night she made lemonade, fresh lemonade from real lemons. She was tired and felt driven; the colors on her canvas had turned muddy, when her vision had been so clear. She burst out at him, "Jason, do you think I should do this—do you think I should become a painter?"

He sipped the drink she made him and said, "Don't do it if you can do anything else." The next day he told her, "If you have to ask, don't be one."

That was the end of their love affair. They went on living together for a while, but at one stroke he had killed her love for herself and for him. She had thought that he, who knew her best, would see in her what was really there; he didn't. Or perhaps he did, which was worse.

That September Marilyn went back to school—not to the Art Students League but to a college in New England that taught advanced methods of encouraging artistic creativity in children and young adults. If you could not be first-rate, the logic went, why gamble? Why waste one's life on a dream?

Jason also gave up painting, rather quickly, to go to medical school. He became a psychiatrist and spent Saturday afternoons strolling around museums.

One morning fifteen years later, Marilyn woke up in a cold sweat; why *not* waste one's life on a dream? The logic of this seemed inescapable to her, in the grey light, as the reverse logic fifteen years before had been. She sat down at the kitchen table and wept. Her life had gone through her hands like sand.

Now Jason, who had been like a cruel god to her, is dying. Good. Let him go.

BARBARA was glad Dee-Dee could get away to the country for a few days. Jason said that if Barbara were not "strange" about Marilyn they could have gone too; he would like to be friends with Arthur, who is good at tennis. Which is absurd. Jason is not going anywhere. He is dying. He is certainly not playing tennis.

Barbara has learned that Jason's mind goes back and forth in time. He has confusing dreams based on old desires. He forgets. Or he dislikes to remember. Barbara is glad Dee-Dee is away, because Jason's wandering causes her pain.

"Why are they having a naming ceremony for the baby?" writes Jason on his note pad.

"I don't know," Barbara writes on hers.

"It's not Jewish," writes Jason.

"I think they have become Unitarians," Barbara writes, not because she can't talk but because having a conversation with a person who writes feels strange.

Jason stops to think. "Sounds like Marilyn," he writes.

"Dee-Dee loves her," writes Barbara, with a little smile.

Jason does not want to think about Marilyn, he wants to think about Arthur Joyce, who has a good serve, whom he saw on the court one day last summer in Southampton. Jason wants to think about men of vigor playing tennis, the heat at twelve o'clock, gulping Frescas in the shade.

"Arthur Joyce is boring, everyone says so," writes Barbara, almost as if she can read his mind.

"Let him be boring. I just want him to go on playing a superb game of tennis."

Barbara is frightened, because when Jason writes like this he is writing like God—or as if he were already dead and could look at things from a position of detachment.

The pencil falls from between his fingers. He lies back on his pillow with a sigh.

Jason feels the death he is dying is not his own. It is too slow, too invidious, to belong to him. He is leaking away.

JASON'S dying has given Dee-Dee a new celebrity at school. Marilyn taught there until last month. Perhaps it was because of Dee-Dee's new celebrity that Marilyn started to like her; perhaps it was pity. Who knows? In any case, her celebrity does not compensate her for her father's dying. Before his attack he was teaching her how to drive a car.

Driving on the beach at Southampton, he taught her one of his boyhood songs:

A mighty ship was the Gundremar, proudly sailing, proudly sailing,
O'er winter waves she adventures far, northward hailing, northward hailing . . .
Loud crash of rock on the shattered prow
And down beneath the wave a ship shall bow
Unreturning, unreturning.

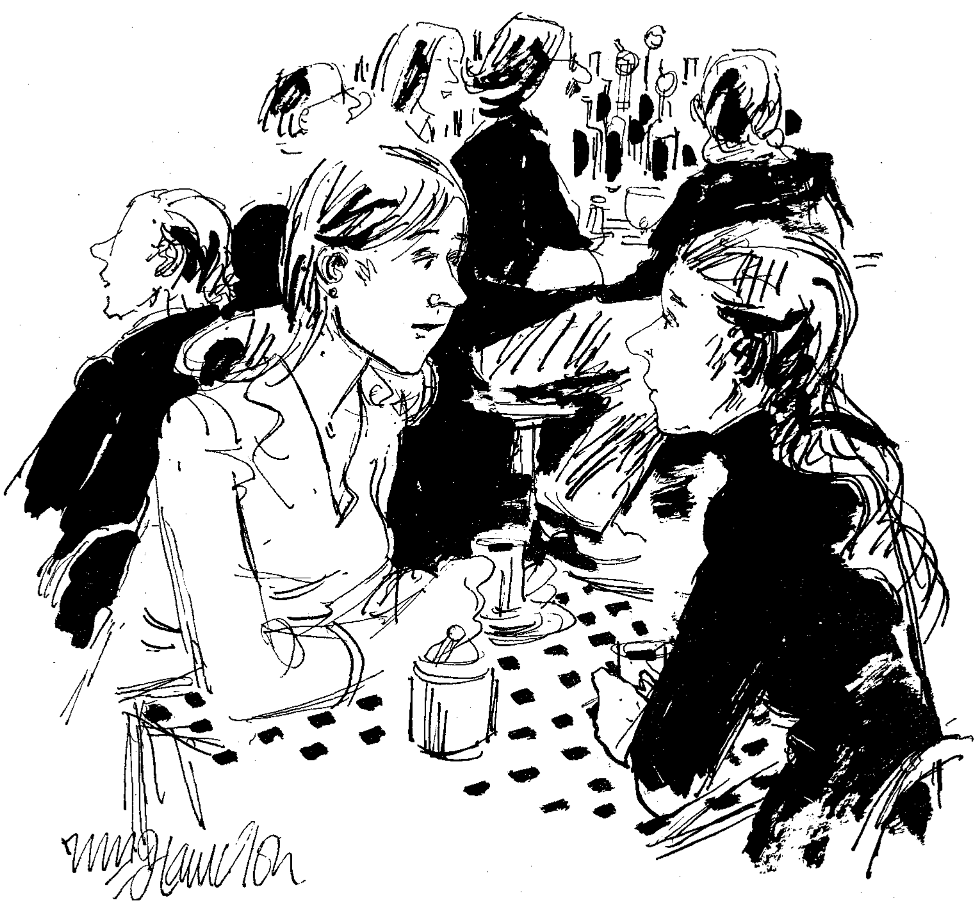
Dee-Dee doesn't like to stay in the dark apartment with her parents. She has nothing to do there. Every time she leaves she wonders, Will it happen before I get back? Recently she said to her mother, "I would like to spend all day with my daydreams." Barbara looked shocked, as if this child of hers were slipping over the line.

"Why do you want to do that?"

"I don't know, it would be fun."

Dee-Dee has a crowded schedule, and the only time she has to daydream is going home from school on the Fifth Avenue bus, where she dreams most often of being in Japan, lying on a straw mat on a shining, polished floor. Rain on a tin roof, or the hush of a garden. The sharp, cool notes of an instrument whose name she does not know. Dee-Dee knows her dreams are the best part of her, even if some of them are childish. She will drink tea with the Japanese; they will sit in a circle and recite haiku.

Dee-Dee realizes that her father once knew Marilyn very well, and that her mother prefers not to know Marilyn at all. None of this bothers her. As far as she is concerned, nothing very interesting could have happened before she was born. She feels new. She is flushed and happy now, her breasts bouncing up and down beneath her sweater as the guests come through the line, taking cake and coffee. The bearded young man from the Ethical Culture Society has held



"He says we'll get married as soon as everything bounces back."

the baby and named her Ariana, and everyone, for some reason, laughed. There is a chocolate cake and a mocha walnut, and Dee-Dee, dipping a knife in water, offers slices. Conrad and Heather are coming through the line. Conrad sees Dee-Dee and winks. Dee-Dee likes Connie; of all the adults she knows he is the least grown-up.

The guests take their coffee and cake and go outside to stand on the rocky lawn and talk in the dazzle of sun. From the darkness of the kitchen Dee-Dee can see, in the distance, a flight of birds. For her, everything merges. She is sure that the shape of a wing and the gesture of a hand must have spiritual meaning. She knows what the wonders of the world must be, without having seen them.

Time and experience will darken her, but, standing at the counter in the kitchen serving cake, she does not know that yet, and neither does the guest taking the plate from her hands. He sees only a fat girl in a long gypsy skirt and bracelets, with the china-blue eyes of the young. "DRAW ME," those eyes say. "Accept me, take me."

Dee-Dee doesn't want this day to end. She doesn't want the sun to go down. She wants to be looked at with the face of love.

CONRAD and Heather take their coffee in mugs and their slabs of mocha-walnut cake on party plates down to the brook—the shallow part, where the watercress grows. They sit down on a big rock and take off their shoes.

"Fatness triumphs," Conrad says, eating his cake.

Heather is suddenly moved to mark the occasion with a dance. She sweeps off her halter with a grand gesture, baring her breasts to the sun. Singing, she skips in and out among the stones. Conrad applauds, but he is embarrassed. She has studied her freedom somewhere; it is not the real thing.

When she sits down and wipes her wet feet with her scarf, she asks him, "Are you depressed?"

He looks at her. Her eyes have gone wide with sympathy; her lips pout. Not only does she not have innocence, she is not a good enough actress to call up from within herself a vestige of the quality.

"Yes, I'm depressed. My friend is going to die."

A leaf falls into the water.

"Do you know what depresses me most about the situation? Not that he's going to die."

"What?"

IRIS

Vivian St. John (1891-1974)

There is a train inside this iris:

You think I'm crazy, & like to say boyish
& outrageous things. No, there is

A train inside this iris.

It's a child's finger bearded in black banners.
A single window like a child's nail,

A darkened porthole lit by the white, angular face

Of an old woman, or perhaps the boy beside her in the stuffy,
Hot compartment. Her hair is silver & sweeps

Back off her forehead, onto her cold & bruised shoulders.

The prairies fail along Chicago. Past the five
Lakes. Into the black woods of her New York; & as I bend

Close above the iris, I see the train

Drive deep into the damp heart of its stem, & the gravel
Of the garden path

Cracks under my feet as I walk this long corridor

Of elms, arched
Like the ceiling of a French railway pier where a boy

With pale curls holding

A fresh iris is waving goodbye to a grandmother, gazing
A long time

Into the flower, as if he were looking some great

Distance, or down an empty garden path, & he believes a man
Is walking toward him, working

Dull shears in one hand; & now believe me: The train

Is gone. The old woman is dead, & the boy. The iris curls,
On its stalk, in the shade

Of those elms: Where something like the icy & bitter fragrance

In the wake of a woman who's just swept past you on her way
Home

& you remain.

—David St. John

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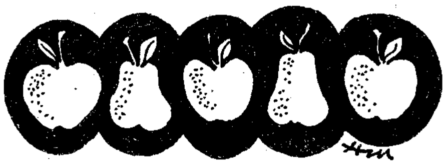
"That I felt glee when I heard the news. Glee that it wasn't me."

"No one wants to die, Conrad."

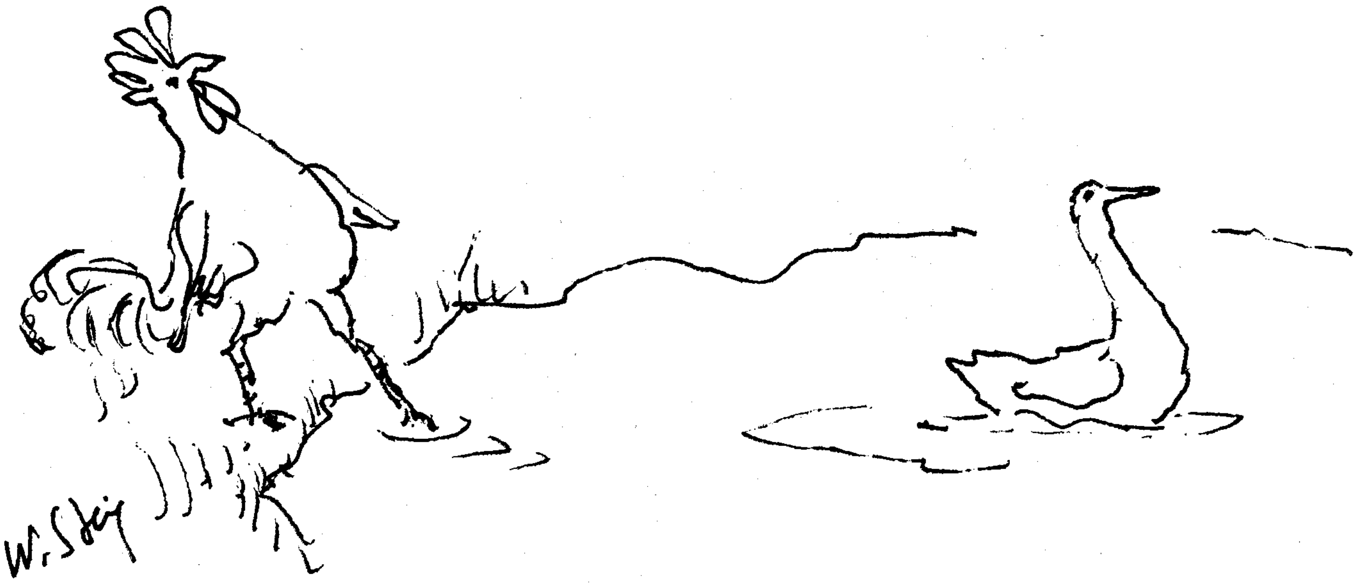
"Do you know what the worst words are in the English language? They are 'impersonal' and 'random,' " Conrad shouts.

They walk up the bank that slopes away from the brook. Conrad thinks of how wasted Jason looked in the hospital, and how desperately he had wanted him to say something. Anything. What he had wanted from Jason was one true moment, a match struck in the dark.



Heather puts her halter on as they walk. They move through fields and woods, Heather singing, la-la-la. The sun drifts lower through the trees. At Conrad's house he goes inside to get glasses and a bottle. They sit on the stone terrace drinking brandy. Conrad is glum.

"Don't think about it," Heather



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says. "I had a horse once who died."

"A horse?"

"Of cancer of the mouth. And don't look at me like that. A person can love a horse. I probably loved that horse more than you do your friend, right?"

WHEN Barbara comes in to change his sheets, Jason tells her that when he is dead she should eat his brains, as they supply an abundance of thiamine, niacin, riboflavin, phosphorus, and Vitamin B_6.

"What do I need your brains," says Barbara. "I can get all that at the health-food store."

"One has to be good for something," he says.

Barbara thinks, You could pass a compliment once or twice in your life. You could tell me that even if you can't love me now, you did love me once, in the beginning. . . . But he won't. Instead he says, almost every night, "You are an asshole. Your mother is an asshole. Your father is an asshole. I am lost in a den of assholes."

Because he is dying he thinks he can forget civility, decorum. What an about-face from a man who always wanted to be urbane! A man whose favorite author was George Bernard Shaw! A man who had all his shirts custom-made and collected Cretan coins! Now his legs are all but useless, his breathing is shallow, he cannot eat. She tries feeding him spinach and carrots, but the carrots fall on the sheet. "Conrad came to see me," he gasps, ignoring the carrots and the work she has to do cleaning up after him. "He thought I would tell him my experiences as a dying man. But he won't get the truth from *me*." Pause for breath. "Do you know why, Barby?"

"Don't talk anymore, Jason. Your face is blue."

"Because Con is so damn competitive." A pause. Breathing. "He'll decide it's my fault that I died."

When Jason smiles one of his ironic smiles, the only smile he has left, there is something about the beaked nose that reminds her of her aunt from Schenectady. His ribs can be counted. The drawstring that holds up his pajamas can be wrapped around his waist twice.

"All my friends," he rasps, "will go around telling everyone they know they had a friend who died at forty. They'll talk about my balloon."

Barbara thinks, What does he care what people say anymore? Isn't it time for him to stop it? She would prefer him to lie quietly, composed. There are injections for the pain, which he has refused.

Speaking has exhausted him. He turns his face away, on the pillow. She knows he won't talk anymore this evening; the strain has been too much. Good. Barbara sits quietly, doing her needlework. After so many months, she no longer has any heart for his dying. She is like the woman who saw Venice and said from her gondola, "Let it sink."

The twilight turns into evening. Jason sleeps, breathing with his mouth open. Barbara smokes a cigarette, and watches the lights coming on in the Park.

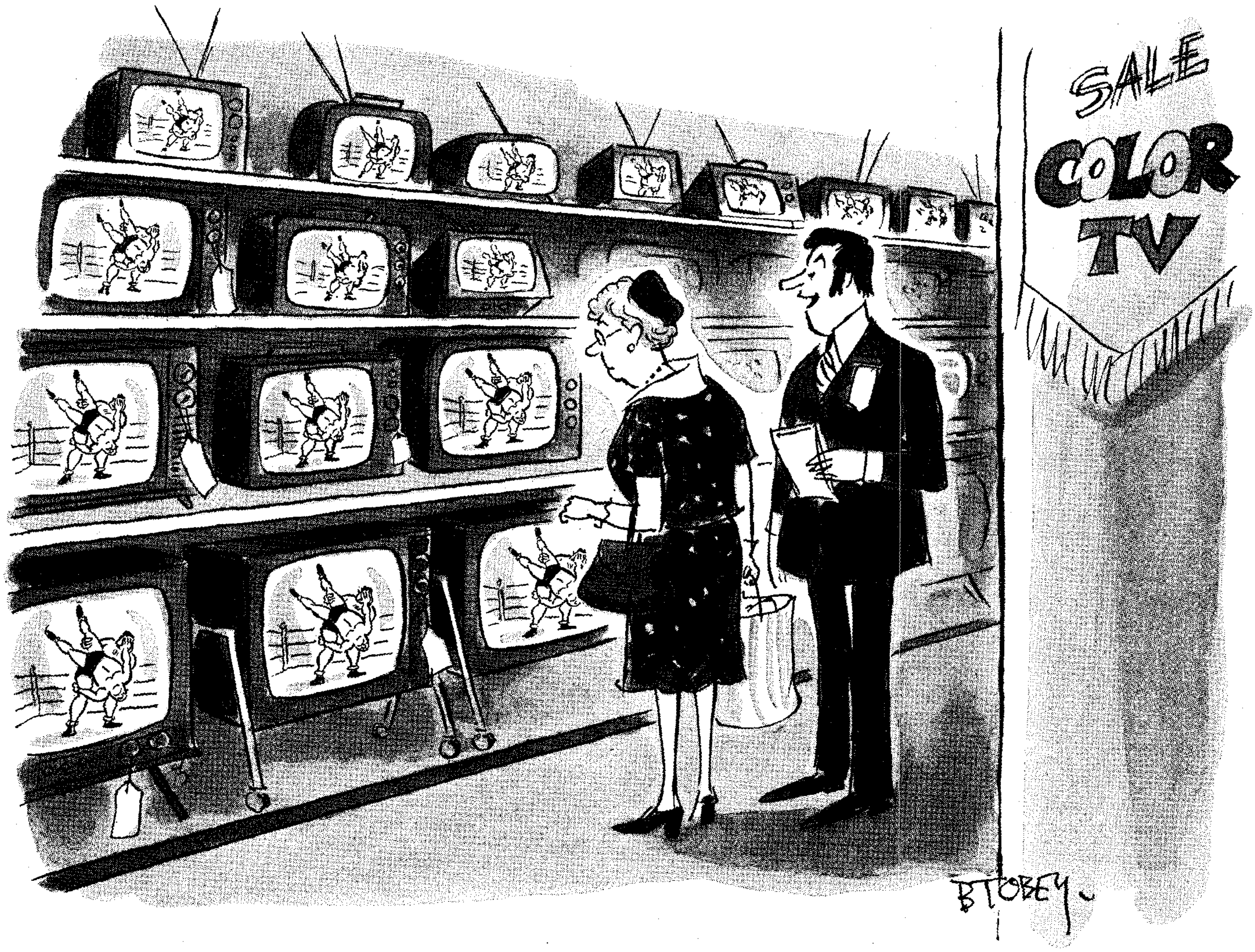
At about nine o'clock Jason wakes. Some color has returned to his face. He takes a sip of water. She wants to bring him the bedpan, but his face twists when she suggests it.

Refusing her arm, he shuffles off to the bathroom. His shoulders are bent, he concentrates. The door closes. Barbara, in her chair by the window, lights another cigarette. In a minute she hears him fall. She jumps up, the cigarette falling; she has to stamp it out. She is running, she runs. In the bathroom, what happened is clear: Jason sat down on the toilet, rose for some reason, and fell. The force of whatever it was that took him has toppled him to the floor. His pajamas lie around his ankles, his legs are bent, his cheek lies against the cold tile. His eyes are staring, but he cannot see. Blood comes from the mouth.

She runs to get her camera. In his final position, solidly dead, Jason is oven-ready, a chicken trussed for the great event. Barbara will make her own event. What she understands are the days to come of hypocrisy, the past of obligation. With her camera she will control the moment—the moment will not control her.

NIGHT in the country. Dishes choke the dishwasher. Piles of plastic bags filled with garbage lie waiting to be taken back to the city in the station wagon, as there is a local ordinance against burning. Arthur is out on the deck watering his geraniums under the deck lights. Dee-Dee is fast asleep in the small downstairs room.

Marilyn lies in bed upstairs with the baby, dreaming a beautiful dream. Although nightmares remain very clear in her consciousness, dreams in which wishes are fulfilled are always vague. She wakes up smiling, and goes into the bathroom to wash her face. What remains vivid from her fantasy is the idea of a studio, a big whitewashed room with walls for paintings as big as she could make them. Works of the body and spirit as much as any child; splashes of color; a clear north



"Color, Madam. The next-best thing to being there yourself."

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light. In this studio she will be ruthless in her play; laying out her colors, stretching canvas, she will hum and she will sing. Thinking about the party this afternoon, she realizes that it was a mistake. The new energy she is aware of does not lend itself to ceremony or sharing. How to explain this? People would laugh, especially women. She has to take herself as a special case, a bit eccentric. Other women having babies do not come into this richness of life. The celebration should have been private, for herself alone.

This afternoon she had walked among her guests, bored. Annoyed by the conventional attitudes, the chatter. What she wants above all, and feels close enough to now, is a life lived nearer the bone.

In the living room Arthur is reading the paper, sitting in the bentwood rocker, smoking his pipe. His wife comes down to tell him, "I am going to be a painter, Arthur, if it takes me forty years."

He nods; it is not a statement that requires one to respond.

"And I'll have big ambitions. No one will tell me, 'Now darling, because you're a woman, your experience is small, so your mind has to be.' "

"Selling?"

"I'll sell," says Marilyn.

Arthur gravely nods. She comes to kiss him and tilt him back in his chair. "I love you," she says. Without him she would have nothing. He is her bread, her staff of life. He has always believed that nothing is too good for her, and he has always been right.

They sit with their arms around each other. "I have enough money saved," Marilyn says. "Enough to finance myself for a year or two. Then we'll see. I'll get a big place, so that the baby can crawl around without bothering me."

"And when she walks?"

"I'll walk her right down to the child-care center," says Marilyn.

Too excited to sleep, she goes back to the bedroom, to look down at her child. We are going to have a lovely time together, she thinks. The child's eyes open; recognizing her mother in the shadows, she smiles. "You're a genius," breathes Marilyn. Sweeping her up, she carries her to the living room. "Look at this marvellous thing."

"Shall we dance?" says Arthur, arms outstretched.

Wrapped in her white blanket, the baby whirls calmly, eyes wide. What can she see? Her parents, dishevelled and smiling? The moon, beyond the black trees? The path of the moonlight, falling across the new wood floor? —JUDITH SPEYER

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THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From a loan agreement for a building project in Greenwich, Conn.*]

8.14. Any condition of this Agreement which requires the submission of evidence of the existence or non-existence of a specified fact or facts implies as a condition the existence or non-existence, as the case may be, of such fact or facts and the Lender shall, at all times, be free independently to establish to its satisfaction and in its absolute discretion such existence or non-existence.

REFLECTIONS

THE TIME OF ILLUSION

V—THE SCRIPT AND THE PLAYERS

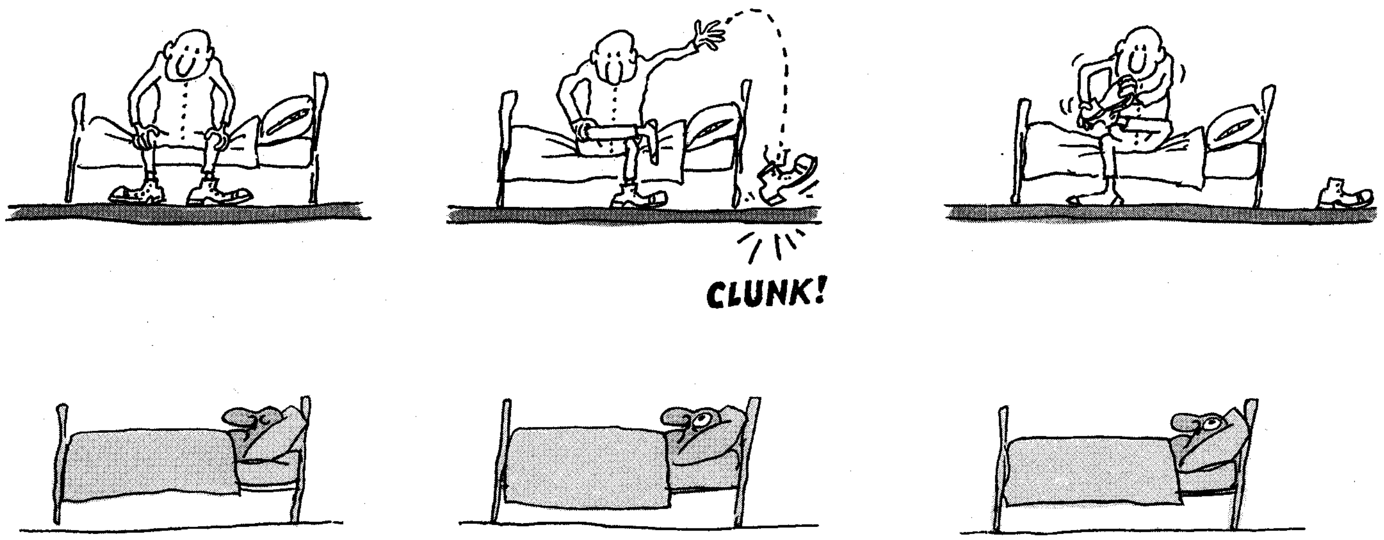
IN mid-1972, as President Nixon returned to the United States from his trip to Russia—where he had signed the first Soviet-American agreements on the limitation of nuclear arms—and as his reëlection campaign got under way, the systemic crisis that had been threatening the survival of Constitutional government in the United States ever since he took office was deepening. The crisis had apparently had its beginnings in the war in Vietnam. Certainly the lines connecting the crisis to the war were numerous and direct. The war had been the principal issue in the struggle between the President and his political opposition—a struggle that had provoked what he called the Presidential Offensive, which was aimed at destroying independent centers of authority in the nation. In more specific ways, too, the evolution of the Administration's usurpations of authority had been bound up with the war. Almost as soon as the President took office, he had ordered a secret bombing campaign against Cambodia (theretofore neutral). When details of the campaign leaked out, he had placed warrantless wiretaps on the phones of newsmen and White House aides. And when J. Edgar Hoover, the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, seemed to be on the verge of getting hold of summaries of those tapped conversations, the President, in his efforts to prevent this, had entered into a venomous hidden struggle with the Director, and the Nixon White House had tried to damage the Director's reputation in the press. In another incident growing out of the war, the White House had hired undercover operatives to "nail" Daniel Ellsberg (as their employers expressed it) after Ellsberg gave the Pentagon Papers to the press; and then some of these operatives had been transferred to the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, where they went on to plan and execute criminal acts against the Democrats.

The evolution of the warrantless-wiretap incident and of the Pentagon Papers incident illustrated one of the ways in which the crisis of the Constitutional system was deepening. Large quantities of secret information were building up in the White House, first in connection with the war policy and then in connection with the President's plans to insure his reëlection. Every day, as the White House operatives went on committing their crimes, the reservoir of secrets grew. And the very presence of so many secrets compelled still more improper maneuverings, and thus the creation of still more secrets, for to prevent any hint of all that information from reaching the public was an arduous business. There had to be ever-spreading programs of surveillance and increasing efforts to control government agencies. Only agencies that unquestioningly obeyed White House orders could be relied upon to protect the White House secrets, and since in normal times it was the specific obligation of some of the agencies to uncover wrongdoing, wherever it might occur, and bring the wrongdoers to justice, some agencies had to be disabled completely. In effect, investigative agencies such as the F.B.I. and the Central Intelligence Agency had to be enlisted in the obstruction of justice.

At some point back at the beginning of the Vietnam war, long before Richard Nixon became President, American history had split into two streams. One flowed aboveground, the other underground. At first, the underground stream was only a trickle of events. But during the nineteen-sixties—the period mainly described in the Pentagon Papers—the trickle grew to a torrent, and a significant part of the record of foreign affairs disappeared from public view. In the Nixon years, the torrent flowing underground began to include events in the domestic sphere, and soon a large part of the domestic record, too, had plunged out of sight. By 1972, an elaborate preëlection strategy—the Administration strategy of dividing the Democrats—was unfolding in deep secrecy. And this strategy of dividing the Democrats governed not only a program of secret sabotage and espionage but the formation of Administration policy on the most important issues facing the nation. Indeed, hidden strategies for consolidating Presidential authority had been governing expanding areas of Administration policy since 1969, when it first occurred to the President to frame policy not to solve what one aide called "real problems" but to satisfy the needs of public relations. As more and more events occurred out of sight, the aboveground, public record of the period became impoverished and misleading. It became a carefully smoothed surface beneath which many of the most significant events of the period were being concealed. In fact, the split between the Administration's real actions and policies and its pretended actions and policies was largely responsible for the new form of government that had arisen in the Nixon White House—a form in which images consistently took precedence over substance, and affairs of state were ruled by what the occupants of the White House called scenarios. The methods of secrecy and the techniques of public relations were necessary to one another, for the people, lacking access to the truth, had to be told something, and it was the public-relations experts who decided what that something would be.

Judith Shahn

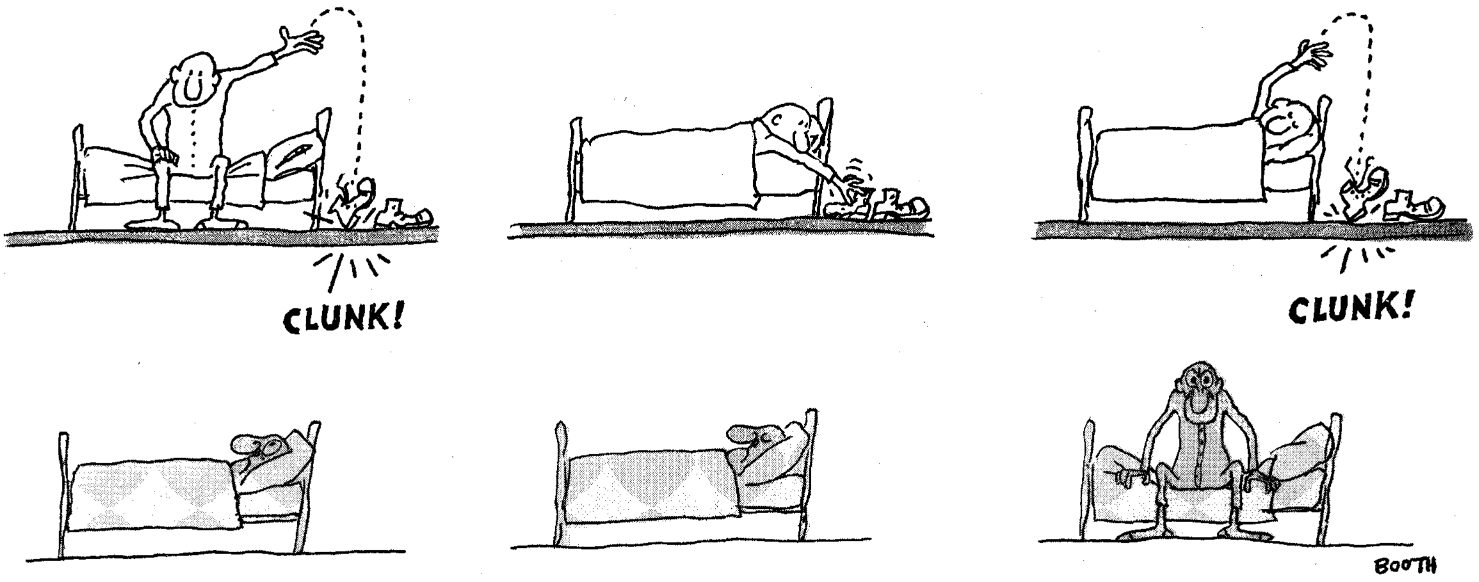
When the President made his trip to Russia, some students of government who had been worried about the crisis of the American Constitutional system allowed themselves to hope that the relaxation of tensions in the international sphere would spread to the domestic sphere. Since the tensions at home had grown out of events in the international sphere in the first place, it seemed reasonable to assume that an improvement in the mood abroad would give some relief in the United States, too. These hopes were soon disappointed. In fact, the President's drive to expand his authority at home was accelerated; although the nation didn't know it, this was the period in which White House operatives advanced from crimes whose purpose was the discovery of national-security leaks to crimes against the domestic political opposition. The Presidential Offensive had not been called off; it had merely been routed underground. The President spoke incessantly of peace, and had arranged for his public-relations men to portray him as a man of peace, but there was to be no peace—not in Indo-China, and not with a constantly growing list of people he saw as his domestic "enemies." Détente, far from relaxing tensions at home, was seen in the White House as



one more justification for its campaign to crush the opposition and seize absolute power.

ON Sunday, June 18, 1972, readers of the front page of the *Times* learned, among other things, that heavy American air strikes were continuing over North Vietnam, that the chairman of President Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, Herbert Stein, had attacked the economic proposals of Senator George McGovern, who in less than a month was to become the Presidential nominee of the Democratic Party, and that the musical "Fiddler on the Roof" had just had its three-thousand-two-hundred-and-twenty-fifth performance on Broadway. Readers of page 30 learned, in a story not listed in the "News Summary and Index," that five men had been arrested in the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee, in the Watergate office building, with burglary tools, cameras, and equipment for electronic surveillance in their possession. In rooms that the men had rented, under aliases, in the adjacent Watergate Hotel, thirty-two hundred-dollar bills were found, along with a notebook containing the notation "E. Hunt" (for E. Howard Hunt, as it turned out) and, next to that, the notation "W. H." (for the White House). The men were members of the Gemstone team, a White House undercover group, which had been attempting to install bugging devices in the telephones of Democrats.

Most of the high command of the Nixon Administration and the Nixon reëlection committee were out of town when the arrests were made. The President and his chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman, were on the President's estate in Key Biscayne, Florida. The President's counsel, John Dean, was in Manila, giving a lecture on drug abuse. John Mitchell, the former Attorney General, who was then director of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, and Jeb Magruder, a former White House aide, who had become the committee's assistant director, were in California. In the hours and days immediately following the arrests, there was a flurry of activity at the headquarters of the committee, in a Washington office building; in California; and at the White House. Magruder called his assistant in Washington and had him remove certain papers—what later came to be publicly known as Gemstone materials—from his files. Gordon Liddy, by then the chief counsel of the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President, went into the headquarters himself, removed from his files other materials having to do with the break-in, including other hundred-dollar bills, and shredded them. At the White House, Gordon Strachan, an aide to Haldeman, shredded a number of papers having to do with the setting up of the reëlection committee's undercover operation, of which the break-in at the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee was an important part. Liddy, having destroyed all the evidence in his possession, offered up another piece of potential evidence for destruction: himself. He informed Dean that if the White House wished to have him assassinated he would stand at a given street corner at an appointed time to make things easy. E. Howard Hunt went to his office in the Executive Office Building, took from a safe ten thousand dollars in cash he had there for emergencies, and used it to hire an attorney for the burglars. In the days following, Hunt's name was expunged from the White House telephone directory. On orders from John Ehrlichman, the President's chief domestic-affairs adviser, his safe was opened and his papers were removed. At one point, Dean—also said to have been acting under instructions from Ehrlichman—gave an order for Hunt to leave the country, but then the order was rescinded. Hunt's payment to an attorney for the burglars was the first of many. The President's personal attorney, Herbert Kalmbach, was instructed by Dean and, later, by Ehrlichman, Haldeman, and Mitchell to keep on making payments, and he, in turn, delegated the task to Anthony Ulasewicz, a retired New York City policeman who had been hired to conduct covert political investigations for the White House. Theirs was a hastily improvised operation. Kalmbach and Ulasewicz spoke to each other from phone booths. (Phone booths apparently had a strong attraction for Ulasewicz. He attached a change-maker to his belt to be sure to have enough coins for his calls, and he chose to make several of his "drops" of the payoff money in them.) He and Kalmbach used aliases and code language in their conversations. Kalmbach became Mr. Novak and Ulasewicz became Mr. Rivers—names that seem to have been chosen for no specific reason. Hunt, who had had some forty mystery stories published, was referred to as "the writer," and Haldeman, who wore a crewcut, as "the brush." The payoff money became "the laundry," because when Ulasewicz arrived at Kalmbach's hotel room to pick up the first installment he put it in a laundry bag. The burglars were "the players," and the payoff scheme was "the script." Apparently, the reason the White House conspirators spoke to one another from phone booths was that they thought the Dem-


CLUNK!
CLUNK!
BOOTH

ocrats might be wiretapping them, just as they had wiretapped the Democrats. In late June, the President himself said to Haldeman, of the Democrats, "When they start bugging us, which they have, our little boys will not know how to handle it. I hope they will, though." Considerations like these led Kalmbach, Ulasewicz, and others working for the White House to spend many unnecessary hours in phone booths that summer.

All these actions were of the sort that any powerful group of conspirators might take upon the arrest of some of their number. Soon, however, the White House was taking actions that were possible only because the conspirators occupied high positions in the government, including the highest position of all—the Presidency. For almost four years, the President had been "reorganizing" the executive branch of the government with a view to getting the Cabinet departments and the agencies under his personal control, and now he undertook to use several of these agencies to cover up crimes committed by his subordinates. In the early stages of the coverup, his efforts were directed toward removing a single evidentiary link: the fact that the Watergate burglars had been paid with funds from his campaign committee. There was a vast amount of other information that needed to be concealed—information concerning not just the Watergate break-in but the whole four-year record of the improper and illegal activities of the White House undercover operators, which stretched from mid-1969, when the warrantless wiretaps were placed, to the months in 1972 when the secret program for dividing the Democrats was being carried out—but if this one fact could somehow be suppressed, then the chain of evidence would be broken, and the rest of it might go undetected. On June 23rd, the President met with Haldeman and ordered him to have the C.I.A. request that the F.B.I. halt its investigation into the origin of the Watergate burglars' funds, on the pretext that C.I.A. secrets might come to light if the investigation went forward. The problem, Haldeman told the President, was that "the F.B.I. is not under control, because Gray doesn't exactly know how to control it." Patrick Gray was Acting Director of the F.B.I. "The way to handle this now," he went on, "is for us to have Walters call Pat Gray and just say, 'Stay to hell out of this.' " The reference was to Vernon Walters, Deputy Director of the C.I.A. A moment later, Haldeman asked the President, concerning the F.B.I., "And you seem to think the thing to do is get them to stop?" "Right, fine," the President answered. But he wanted Haldeman to issue the instructions. "I'm not going to get that involved," he said. About two hours later, Haldeman and Ehrlichman met with C.I.A. Director Richard Helms and Deputy Director Walters, and issued the order.

The maneuver gave the White House only a temporary advantage. Six days later, on June 29th, Gray did cancel interviews with two people who could shed light on the origin of the burglars' funds. (On the twenty-eighth, Ehrlichman and Dean had handed him all the materials taken from Hunt's safe, and Dean had told him that they were never to "see the light of day." Gray had taken them home, and later he burned them.) But soon a small rebellion broke out among officials of the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. Meetings were held, and at one point Gray and Walters told each other they would rather resign than submit to the White House pressure and compromise their agencies. Several weeks after the request was made, the F.B.I. held the interviews after all. The rebellion in the ranks of the federal bureaucracy was not the first to break out against the Nixon White House. As early as 1969, some members of the Justice Department had fought Administration attempts to thwart the civil-rights laws. In 1970, members of the State Department and members of the Office of Education, in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, had protested the invasion of Cambodia. In 1970, too, J. Edgar Hoover had refused to go along with a White House scheme devised by a young lawyer named Tom Huston for illegal intelligence-gathering. The executive bureaucracy was one source of the President's great power, but it was also acting as a check on his power. In some ways, it served this function more effectively than the checks provided by the Constitution, for, unlike the other institutions of government, it at least had some idea of what was going on. But ultimately it was no replacement for the Constitutional checks. A President who hired and fired enough people could in time bring the bureaucracy to heel. And although a Gray, a Walters, or a Helms might offer some resistance to becoming deeply involved in White House crimes, they would do nothing to expose the crimes. Moreover, the bureaucracy had no public voice, and was therefore powerless to sway public opinion. Politicians of all persuasions could—and did—heap abuse on "faceless," "briefcase-toting" bureaucrats and their "red tape," and the bureaucracy had no way to reply to this abuse. It had only its silent rebellions, waged with the passive weapons of obfuscation, concealment, and general foot-dragging. Decisive opposition, if there was to be any, had to come from without.

With respect to the prosecutorial arm of the Justice Department, the White House had aims that were less ambitious than its aims with respect to the F.B.I. and the C.I.A., but it was more successful in achieving them. Here, on the whole, the White House men wished merely to keep abreast of developments in the grand-jury room of the U.S. District Court, where officials of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President were testifying on Watergate, and this they accomplished through the obliging coöperation of Henry Petersen, the chief of the Criminal Division, who reported regularly to John Dean and later to the President himself. Dean subsequently described the coöperation to the President by saying, "Petersen is a soldier. He played—he kept me informed. He told me when we had problems, where we had problems, and the like. Uh, he believes in, in, in you. He believes in this Administration. This Administration has made him." What happened in the grand-jury room was further controlled by the coördinating of perjured testimony from White House aides and men working for the campaign committee. As for the prosecutors, a sort of dim-wittedness—a failure to draw obvious conclusions, a failure to follow up leads, a seeming willingness to construe the Watergate case narrowly—appeared to be enough to keep them from running afoul of the White House.

While all these moves were being made, the public was treated to a steady stream of categorical denials that the White House or the President's campaign committee had had anything to do with the break-in or with efforts to cover up the origins of the crime. The day after the break-in, Mitchell, in California, described James McCord, one of the burglars, as "the proprietor of a private security agency who was employed by our Committee months ago to assist with the installation of our security system." Actually, McCord was the committee's chief of security at the moment when he was arrested. Mitchell added, "We want to emphasize that this man and the other people involved were not operating either in our behalf or with our consent. . . . There is no place in our campaign or in the electoral process for this type of activity, and we will not permit nor condone it." On June 19th, two days after the break-in, Ronald Ziegler, the President's press secretary, contemptuously dismissed press reports of White House involvement. "I'm not going to comment from the White House on a third-rate burglary attempt," he said. On June 20th, when Lawrence O'Brien, the chairman of the Democratic Party, revealed that the Party had brought a one-million-dollar civil-damages suit against the Committee for the Re-Election of the President and the five burglary suspects, charging invasion of privacy and violation of the civil rights of the Democrats, Mitchell stated that the action represented "another example of sheer demagoguery on the part of Mr. O'Brien." Mitchell said, "I reiterate that this committee did not authorize and does not condone the alleged actions of the five men apprehended there."

Among the nation's major newspapers, only one, the Washington *Post*, consistently gave the Watergate story prominent headlines on the front page. Most papers, when they dealt with the story at all, tended to treat it as something of a joke. All in all, the tone of the coverage was not unlike the coverage of the Clifford Irving affair the previous winter, and the volume of the coverage was, if anything, less. "Caper" was the word that most of the press settled upon to describe the incident. A week after the break-in, for instance, the *Times* headlined its Watergate story "WATERGATE CAPER." When another week had passed, and Howard Hunt's connection with the break-in had been made known, *Time* stated that the story was "fast stretching into the most provocative caper of 1972, an extraordinary bit of bungling of great potential advantage to the Democrats and damage to the Republicans in this election year." In early August, the *Times* was still running headlines like "THE PLOT THICKENS IN WATERGATE WHODUNIT" over accounts of the repercussions of the burglary. "Above all, the purpose of the break-in seemed obscure," the *Times* said. "But these details are never explained until the last chapter." The President held a news conference six weeks after the break-in, and by then the story was of such small interest to newsmen that not one question was asked concerning it.

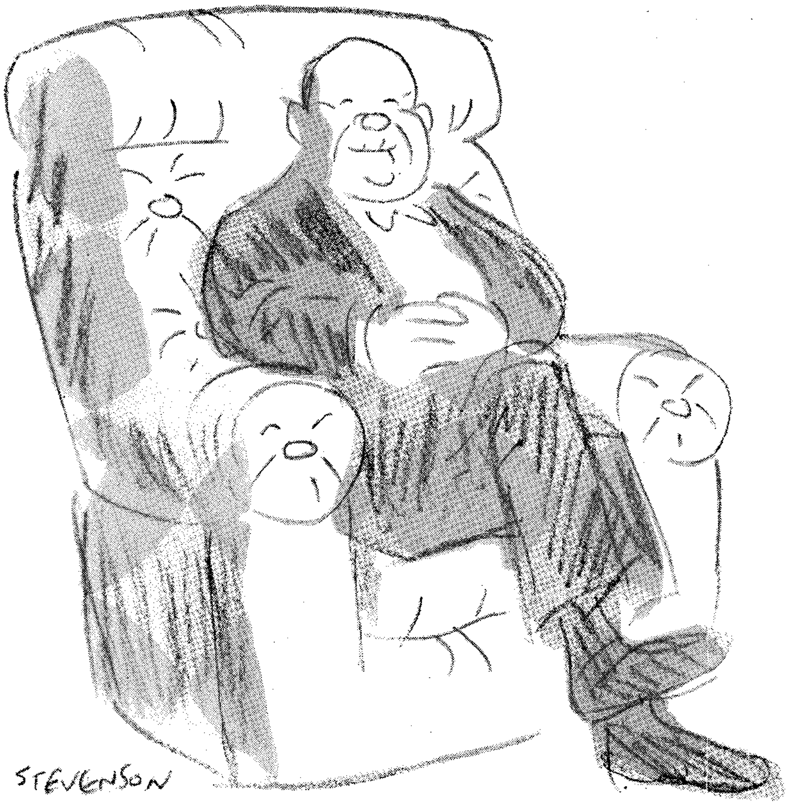
Disavowals such as those made by Mitchell and Ziegler carried great weight in the absence of incontrovertible evidence refuting them. The public had grown accustomed to deception and evasion in high places, but not yet to repeated, consistent, barefaced lying at all levels. The very boldness of the lies raised the cost of contradicting them, for to do so would be to call high officials outright liars. Another effective White House technique was to induce semi-informed or wholly uninformed spokesmen to deny charges. One of these spokesmen was Clark MacGregor, a former member of Congress from Minnesota, who became reëlection-campaign director early in July, when John Mitchell resigned, pleading family difficulties. A few weeks later, when Senator McGovern described the break-in as "the kind of thing you expect under a person like Hitler," MacGregor called McGovern's remark "character assassination." The practice of using as spokesmen officials who were more or less innocent of the facts was one more refinement of the technique of dissociating "what we say" from "what we do." In this manner, honest men could be made to lend the weight of their integrity to untruths. They spoke words without knowing whether the words were true or false. Such spokesmen lent their vocal cords to the campaign but left their brains behind, and confused the public with words spoken by nobody.

THE apprehension of the Watergate burglars marked a watershed in the progress of the systemic crisis that had been developing ever since President Nixon assumed office. It marked the moment when the expanding sphere of executive lawbreaking encountered law enforcement. In the spring of 1971, legal cases arising out of the Vietnam war and out of the habits of executive lawlessness that grew up during the war years had finally arrived in the courts in forms that the courts could not escape dealing with; and when that happened—in the Pentagon Papers case, in the case of William Calley, in the case of the demonstrations in Washington by the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, and in the case of the seizure of thousands of young people during the Washington Mayday demonstration—aspects of the crisis became adjudicable. Now things had gone one stage further. The White House undercover group that had been formed to "nail" Daniel Ellsberg had gone on to commit their other crimes, and the President had sought to cover up these crimes, and the lawbreaking within the executive branch had become indictable. Some of the President's men were in court as criminal defendants, and others, perhaps including the President, might soon be in court, too, if the criminal-justice system was allowed to work. Now the war, which had been coming home for years in countless forms, was all the way home. The body of secret information which had begun to build up in the White House as far back as the Kennedy years had grown to a size that was unmanageable within the framework of a Constitutional democracy. The underground history of the United States was threatening to burst into the open. The situation was beyond limited repair jobs; the coverup that was now required extended to all branches of the government. Already, a huge quantity of secret information having to do with the actions of past Administrations—the Pentagon Papers—had poured out (the objections of the Nixon Administration had been strenuous), and since the end of the period covered in the Pentagon Papers a new mass of secret information had accumulated.

At some point in the Nixon years, the importance of this underground history had superseded that of the aboveground history; that is, the underground stream had swollen to the point where if it should come to light in its entirety it might alter the future of the United States more radically than any or all of the events that were being reported in the newspapers. Revelation of the full story of the White House undercover operations might, for instance, decide the outcome of the forthcoming Presidential election. And just such a revelation threatened, for each figure in the Watergate story, if he were ever to talk freely to investigators, could disclose large bodies of hidden information. The undercover operative John Caulfield could disclose the tapping and bugging of newsmen—information that might lead, in turn, to full publication of the circumstances surrounding the secret bombing of Cambodia. And Caulfield, together with Ulasewicz, could disclose the complete story of the clandestine White House surveillance of rival political figures, including the shadowing of Senator Edward Kennedy, and also disclose such schemes as the aborted plan to fire-bomb the Brookings Institution. And they could disclose Herbert Kalmbach's involvement in making secret payoffs. Kalmbach could tell about the secret Administration funds and all the uses they had been put to: among other things, supporting George Wallace's opponent for governor in the 1970 Alabama primary, and establishing the special undercover network headed by Donald Segretti. Then the connection with Segretti might lead to information on the entire program of sabotage waged against the Democrats in the Presidential primaries of 1972. Kalmbach could also alert investigators to the millions of dollars that were raised for the President's reëlection campaign through extortion and the sale of government favors. And he could tell of how he took over from Hunt the job of paying attorneys for the Watergate burglars. If Hunt and Liddy should ever speak freely, they, too, would have quite a bit to tell. They could describe the attempted break-ins at Senator McGovern's campaign headquarters; the shadowy scheme to break into a publisher's safe in Las Vegas to obtain documents having to do with Howard Hughes; the plan to destroy Ellsberg, both by attacking his image and by attacking him physically on the Capitol steps; the power struggle with Hoover over possession of the summaries of the warrantless taps; the attempt to destroy Hoover's image; and the forgery of State Department cables implicating President Kennedy in the murder of South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem. John Dean, who in time passed on from Hunt to the President requests for more defense money which were tantamount to blackmail, was the key to still another world of White House misdeeds: the manipulation of government agencies to punish opponents and reward supporters; the use of the F.B.I. to harass newsmen and other "enemies;" and the short-circuiting of investigations into the White House in the Watergate case. And knowledge of these matters could easily lead investigators back to the attempts to subvert the intelligence agencies and employ them to harass and commit crimes against domestic political groups that the Administration disapproved of. No *limited* coverup could contain indefinitely as much information as this. No free press could live alongside as much information as this without sooner or later tripping over some of it. No Congress could conduct even its ordinary business without finding out something sooner or later. No judicial system could overlook as much crime as this and go on operating to uphold the law. And yet if the information did come out, the survival of the Administration was in peril. Thus, a total coverup, which would mean the irrecoverable collapse of the press, the Congress, and the courts, was now the only way to save the Administration itself from debacle.

"My wife and I have an understanding."

DURING the summer and early fall, a good deal of information about the origins of the break-in was made public. It became known (through interviews given to the press by Alfred Baldwin, a former F.B.I. agent and the member of the Watergate break-in team who had been in charge of the monitoring equipment) that transcripts of phone conversations tapped by the Watergate bugging team had been delivered to someone at the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. It became known (through White House and campaign-committee responses to the inquiries of reporters) that G. Gordon Liddy and E. Howard Hunt had once worked for the White House. And it became known (through the investigative reporting of the Washington *Post*) that twenty-five thousand dollars that had been given as a contribution to the Nixon campaign had been deposited in a Florida bank to the account of Bernard Barker, who was one of the Watergate burglars. These facts seemed to point to certain inescapable conclusions, but somehow the public's interest was not awakened. A poll taken in October showed that only half of the public had even heard of the break-in. Stories pertaining to the aboveground history of the country dominated the news. As the Democrats headed toward their National Convention, an intraparty struggle broke out over the candidates' claims on the votes of several state delegations. Hubert Humphrey, having lost the whole California delegation to Senator McGovern in an all-or-nothing primary vote, now argued that the rules under which the primary had been conducted should not be binding on the Convention, and that he and the other primary candidates should receive the numbers of delegates proportionate to their shares of the vote. In early July, the Convention was held, in Miami Beach, and Senator McGovern won the nomination. Shortly after that, it was revealed that the running mate he had chosen, Senator Thomas Eagleton, of Missouri, had twice undergone shock treatment for mental depression, and Eagleton was forced off the ticket. These stories filled the headlines in the summer and fall of 1972. They were stories natural for a campaign season, yet they were not the pivotal stories in the political life of the time. The pivotal stories were the ones having to do with the hidden encounter between the Nixon Administration and the law. The *Times* noted in an editorial that the campaign had an "unreal" quality, and the writer's intuition was more soundly based than anyone could have guessed at the time. The public had come to live in a world of unreality. Usually, the main events of current history are to be found in the headlines of each day's papers, but now the nation had, in a sense, been temporarily separated from its current history. The footnotes of current American history were in the headlines, and the chapter headings were buried in the back pages or were absent altogether.



ON June 30th, Vice-President Spiro Agnew described Senator McGovern as "one of the greatest frauds ever to be considered a Presidential candidate by a major American party." When Senator Edmund Muskie's campaign faltered in the spring, the White House had adopted a policy of clandestinely supporting Senator McGovern's candidacy. Patrick Buchanan, the head of the White House planning group for the Presidential campaign, had written in an April memo, "McGovern's The One." And later that month he had written, "The temptations will be high in many quarters to go after McGovern, but word ought to go out to lay off. . . . We have plenty of time to attach labels later." Buchanan would allow one exception to this rule: McGovern should be attacked on the war issue. The purpose, however, was not to hurt McGovern's candidacy but to help it: "He can be hit hard on this subject—a point which not only elevates his candidacy but also gets the President's position restated while reinforcing the strong anti-war sentiment behind McGovern." Buchanan also recommended helping out candidates to the left of McGovern. He recommended that the White House secretly channel whatever help it could to the candidacy of Dr. Benjamin Spock, the renowned pediatrician and anti-war activist, who was also running for President that year. Votes for Spock, Buchanan observed in his memo, would come "one for one" out of "the hide of George McGovern." Now, in June, the time for applying labels had arrived. The strategy would be to "tar McGovern as an extremist," Buchanan wrote. A lot of thought had gone into just which label to apply. "There is a strong feeling on our part that the term 'radical' was overused in 1970, that it has lost much of its electric charge, that the term 'extremist' is a far more difficult one to defend against," Buchanan went on. The strategy for the next five months, then, was to secretly promote extremism within the Democratic Party and then publicly denounce extremism in the Democratic Party.

Buchanan had also given some thought to a special problem. How, Buchanan asked in an "Assault Book" he had put together, could the President, who was now running as the man who quieted the country down and made peace, "recapture the anti-Establishment tradition or theme in American politics"? Buchanan looked back fondly to 1969, the heyday of "positive polarization," when the campaign to divide the country had been right out in the open, instead of being the furtive business it was now. But how could a President, apparently the

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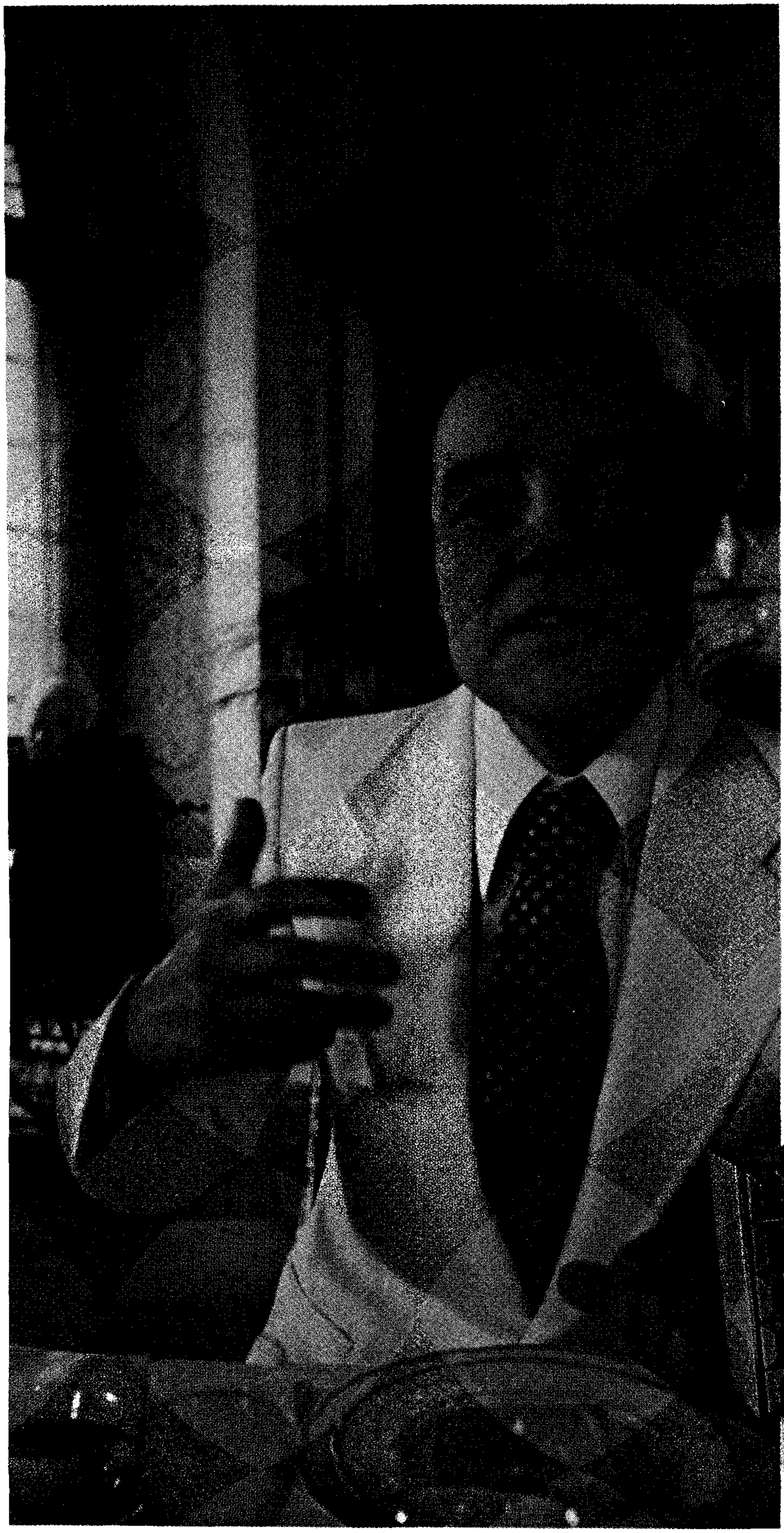

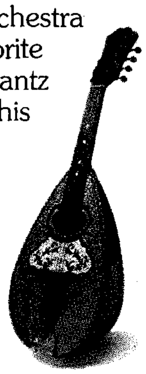

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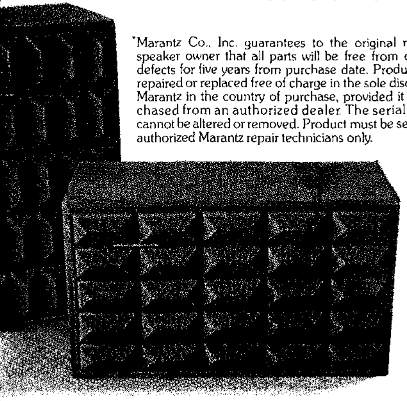

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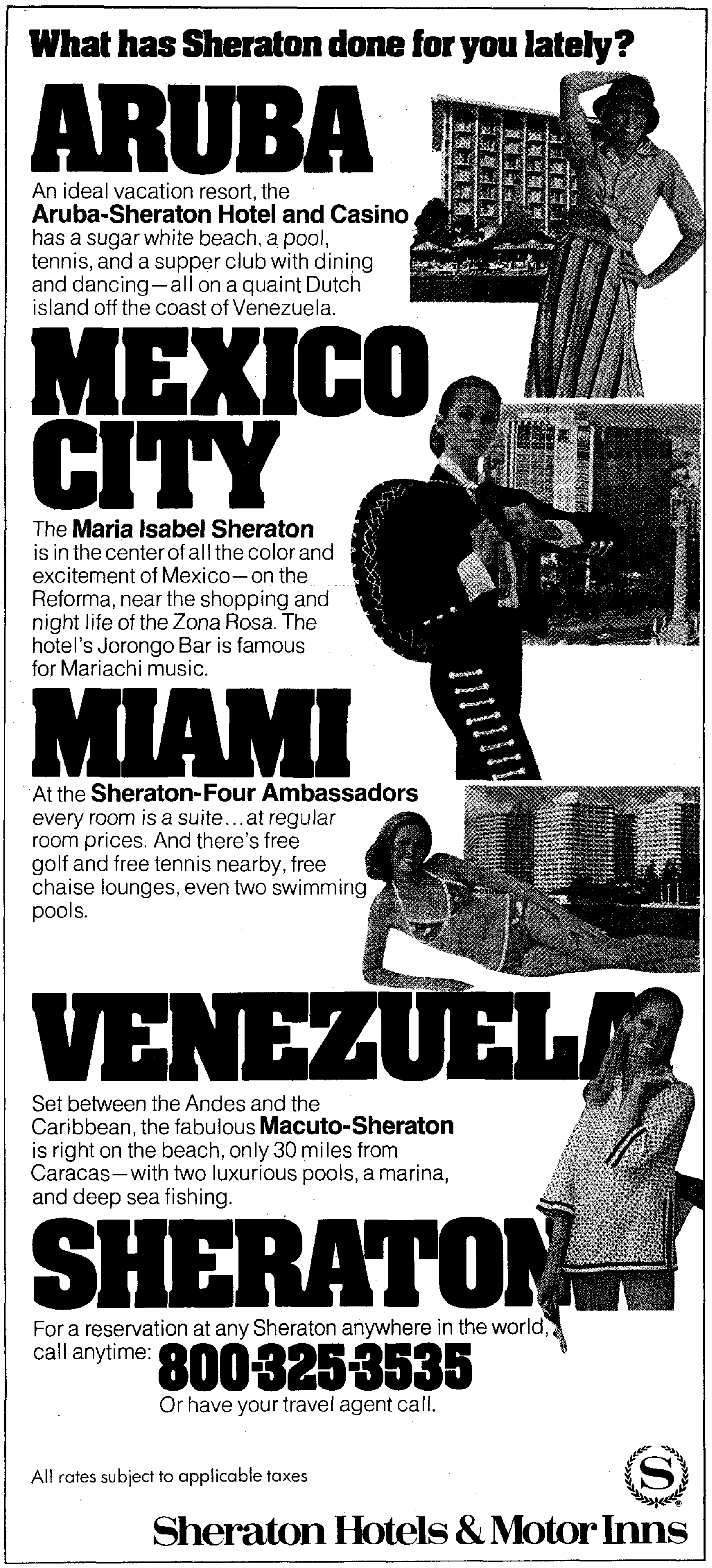

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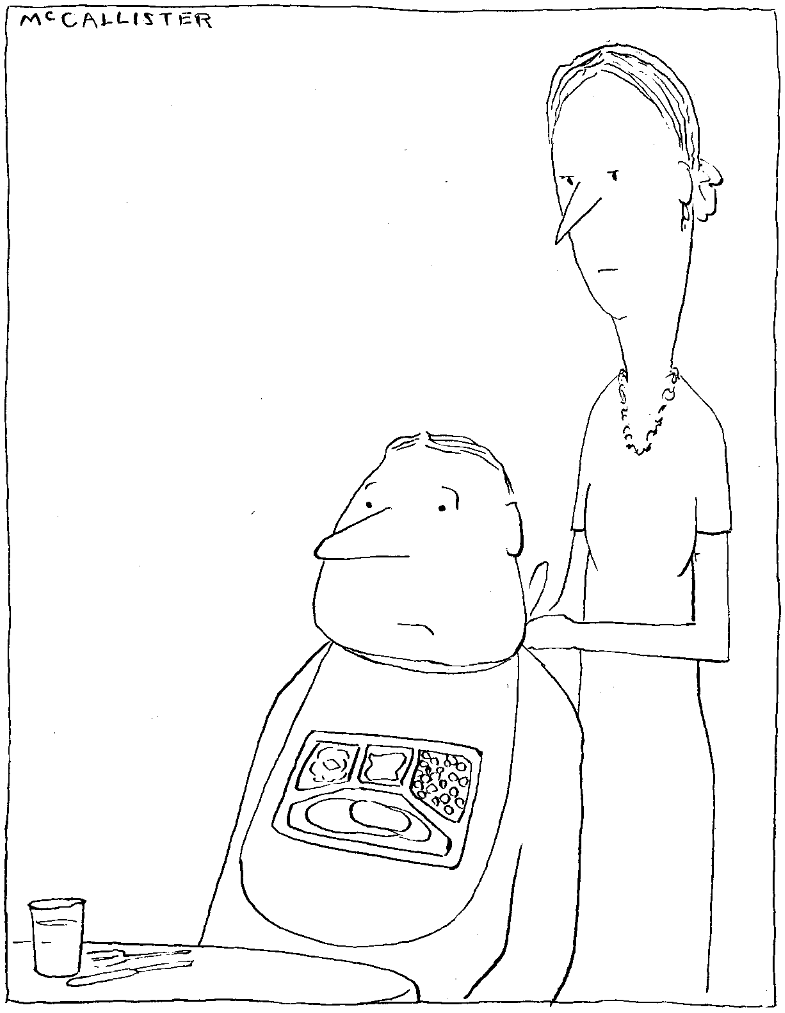
leading figure in "the Establishment," also be "anti-Establishment"? "Incumbent Presidents *can* do this," Buchanan insisted. "RN did it in November, 1969, when, as President of U.S., he called on the common man to stand with him against the élitist-backed mobs in the streets. That, coupled with the Vice-President's standing up to the Establishment media and slugging it out, raised RN to the highest point of his Presidency—69 per-cent approval. . . . RN led both the Presidency position and the anti-Establishment position." Alert observers of the Nixon Presidency had often noted the "anti-Establishment" streak in the President. Some of these observers, seeking answers to their questions in psychological analyses of his character, thought that his rage against "the Establishment" and his need to destroy it arose from an irremediable inability ever to fully believe that he had actually been given the highest honor in the gift of the American people, and thought that his additions to the pomp of his office—such as the use of trumpeters to herald his entrance on state occasions—were part of a strenuous but losing effort to convince himself that he was indeed the President. But none of these observers suspected that the President and his advisers were themselves aware of his ambivalence and were deliberately exploiting it for political gain.

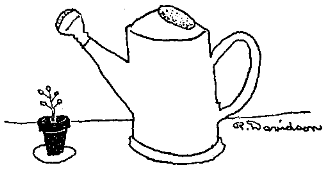
THE Republican Convention was held toward the end of August. In the days leading up to it, the Resolutions Committee went through the motions of preparing to write a platform. It heard witnesses. (In a break with tradition, a number of Cabinet officers—including William Rogers, the Secretary of State; Melvin Laird, the Secretary of Defense; and Elliot Richardson, the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare—came to praise the President and attack his political opposition.) It held closed meetings. It discussed the issues. But it did not write a platform. That had already been done, at the White House. The White House document—whose very existence was supposed to be a secret, since the Resolutions Committee was so elaborately pretending to write the platform—was protected by means usually reserved for state secrets. When secretaries typed copies of it, guards were posted behind them to stop them from making any extra copies. The platform was carefully kept out of the hands of the Resolutions Committee. Not only did the members not write the platform but they were not allowed to read it. Instead, there came a night when the committee broke up into closed meetings of its subcommittees, and at each meeting an emissary from the White House appeared bearing a copy of the platform in a red binder and read out the section having to do with that subcommittee's business. No subcommittee was allowed to lay eyes on the document or to hear what was in other parts of it. At least one committee member was displeased. "We only heard seventeen pages of the platform read," he said to a reporter, and he added, "I am a lawyer, and I like to see something in print." Only one witness likely to give testimony questioning the platform—Senator Jacob Javits, of New York—was allowed before the full committee. Representative Donald Riegle, of Michigan, a strong critic of the President's policies, was barred from speaking before it; the committee chairman, Representative John Rhodes, of Arizona, was reported to have told him, "You're crazy if you think anyone is going to appear before the full committee that would say anything to embarrass the President." Many of the state caucuses, when they got going, were closed to reporters and the public. The chairman of the New York State delegation explained why his caucus was closed. "We want to discuss . . . very important questions without the impediment at this stage of outside influences on our thinking process," he said.

The White House took over the entire Doral Hotel, in Miami Beach, as its headquarters, and large signs reading "Closed to the Public" were put up in front of the hotel. Guards equipped with walkie-talkies were posted in the driveway to keep unauthorized people out. Each of the hotel employees, including the life guards at its pools, was obliged to wear a card around his neck bearing his name and his photograph. Plastic badges of different colors were issued to Republicans of different rank—white for the more important Republicans, red for the working staff, and blue for volunteer and professional workers. Badges were required for getting out of the hotel as well as for getting in. (A former member of Congress from Georgia who was also an official of the Republican National Committee was prevented from leaving until he could produce his badge.) In the hotel, the badges had to be worn at all times. A memo to badgeholders marked "Confidential" warned them emphatically, "If you plan to swim, walk, sunbathe, etc., *bring your credential.*" Men were seen around the pools wearing their credentials on their bathing trunks. The same memo described several special facilities that had been installed at the hotel for the Republicans' use. "While at the hotel," the memo read, "you are requested to put all sensitive paper in the 'confidential burn' bags found in every office. These are not general trash bags but for sensitive memos, papers, etc. only. At approximately 9 P.M. each day, a security officer will pick up these bags. A paper shredder is available in the security office." And the memo went on to say, "The hotel will be totally secured and considered a restricted area." Special regulations were in force for interviews with reporters. All interviews were to be set up through a central desk. The memo to the Republicans advised, "You will be notified when your appointment has arrived. A temporary badge or ID will be issued, and your appointment will be escorted to the location you request. Following the appointment, please escort your guests back to the reception desk in the hotel lobby so that they may be checked out and their ID returned. Guests with a temporary badge must be escorted at all times." There were no plans for the President to stay at the Doral. The lavish security had nothing to do with his safety; it had to do with Party business.



Until James McCord was arrested in the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee in Washington, he had been in charge of planning "security" for the Republican Convention. Now his successors had planned the Republican Convention as though the Democrats were going to do to the Republicans what James McCord and his colleagues and Donald Segretti and his agents had been doing to the Democrats. However, the Democrats were not doing these things, and the entire "security" operation was pointless. The thinking of President Nixon and his aides seemed to run in a circle. They seemed to form their impression of how the opposition was behaving by studying the pattern of their own behavior while at the same time patterning their own behavior on their misimpression of how badly the opposition was behaving; and in the process they gave themselves a license to misbehave.

At the Convention Hall, a towering, many-tiered cream-colored rostrum had been put up, so that speakers addressing the Convention looked down upon the audience as though from the ramparts of a castle. In back of the rostrum were three giant movie screens. As the Convention began, instructions such as "DELEGATES AND ALTERNATES PLEASE BE SEATED" flashed on these screens. On the floor of the Convention, passes given to the press read "Limited Access." A group called Young Voters for the President was stationed in one section of the galleries. They had been organized by the White House and brought to the Convention from around the country, and were divided into three battalions, each a thousand strong and each supplied with identification badges of a separate color. The battalions were divided, in turn, into units of a hundred, identified by letters of the alphabet. Throughout the Convention, the Young Voters for the President were bused from event to event on a tight schedule, and everywhere they went they shouted "Four more years! Four more years!"—the President's campaign slogan of that election season. Stephen Nostrand, the staff director of Young Voters for the President, explained the system to a reporter. "If the President calls and says, 'I need five hundred kids at a press conference,' we can get them there in twenty minutes," he said.



As the Convention got under way, Senator Barry Goldwater, the Republican Presidential nominee of eight years earlier, set the tone for the proceedings by describing the opposition as an alien force whose aim in the election was to destroy the United States. "I would like to call attention to what happened last month when the shattered remnants of a once great party met in this city, and what I listened to and saw on my television set made me question whether I was sitting in the United States or someplace else," he said, speaking of the Democratic Convention. At that Convention, relatively large numbers of young people, women, and black people had attended as delegates, partly because of a quota system insuring their representation at the Convention in numbers roughly equal to their representation in the population, and Senator Goldwater had apparently been horrified by what he had seen. He went on to say of Senator McGovern and his supporters, "They just wait, like the old coyotes, until they can tear something down or destroy a part of America." Shortly after Senator Goldwater's speech, a film titled "Richard Nixon—Portrait of a President" was shown. (A film about the President's wife, "Pat—Tribute to a First Lady," had been shown earlier.) In "Portrait of a President," President Nixon's subordinates in the White House were heard praising him. Among them was Henry Kissinger, the President's national-security adviser, who said, "There's a certain—you know, it's a big word—but it's a certain heroic quality about how he conducts his business. . . . Of course, I can only judge foreign policy, and I believe that his impact on foreign policy will be historic, no matter what happens." The film showed scenes of President Nixon with Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Chairman Leonid Brezhnev. Many of the delegates and speakers at the Convention were ardent anti-Communists and had not been pleased with the President's trips to China and Russia, but none objected to seeing images of Chairman Mao and Chairman Brezhnev at their Convention. Nor were dissenting voices heard on the left. President Nixon had had only one challenger on the left in the primaries, Representative Paul McCloskey, of California, and he had won a single delegate. However, the rules committee, faced with this threat to the smooth operation of the proceedings, decided at the last minute that no candidate could be placed in nomination unless he had the backing of a majority of the delegates of three states. John Ehrlichman explained to a reporter that allowing McCloskey's name to be placed in nomination would be "a time-waster."

The day before the Convention opened, the platform was at last released. "The contest," it read, "is not between the two great parties Americans have known in previous years. For in this year 1972 the national Democratic Party has been seized by a radical clique which scorns our nation's past and would blight her future." Then, having drawn a distinction between the "great" traditional Democratic Party and the radical clique that had "seized" it, the platform went on to deride the Democratic record in its "great" days under President Johnson. "The choice," the platform asserted, "is between going forward from dramatic achievements to predictable new achievements, or turning back toward a nightmarish time in which the torch of free America was virtually snuffed out in a storm of violence and protest." The platform gave a description of life in those days: "It is so easy to forget how frightful it was. There was Vietnam—so bloody, so costly, so bitterly divisive. At home our horrified people watched our cities burn, crime burgeon, campuses dissolve into chaos . . . and yet, as our eyes were fixed on the carnage in Asia, in Europe our alliance had weakened. The Western will was dividing and ebbing. The isolation of the People's Republic of China, with one-fourth of the world's population, went endlessly on. . . . To millions of Americans it seemed we had lost our way. . . . So it was when our Republican Party came to power." Then, making use of the "great helmsman" image that President Nixon's recent hosts the Chinese favored in describing their leader, the platform presented a picture of life in Richard Nixon's America: "Now, four years later, a new leadership with new policies and new programs has restored reason and order and hope. No longer buffeted by internal violence and division, we are on course in calmer seas with a sure, steady hand at the helm. A new spirit, buoyant and confident, is on the rise in our land, nourished by the changes we have made. It is a saga of exhilarating progress. . . . Looking to tomorrow, to President Nixon's second term and on into the third century of this Republic, we of the Republican Party see a quarter-billion Americans, peaceful and prosperous as never before, humane as never before, their nation strong and just as never before." The platform gave the President's new campaign image, which had by then been in the making for close to two years, its fullest expression so far. "Positive polarization" had gone down the memory hole. All that—the demonstrations of 1969, the uproar following the invasion of Cambodia, the killings at Kent State University, the "age of anarchy" that the voters had been invited to oppose by voting for the President's men in the congressional elections of 1970—had been expunged from the record. The present was revised as well. The mining of the harbors of North Vietnam and the nation's recent trip to the brink of nuclear war were cut out of the record, leaving only the trips to China and Russia and the structure of peace as the official events of the period. The war in Vietnam had been excised from the President's image once and for all, and was now mentioned only in the past tense. ("It is so easy to forget how frightful it was. There was Vietnam.") Nevertheless, the war went on existing in the image that had been arranged for Senator McGovern—as it did, indeed, in the real world—and he was portrayed as being "bemused with surrender," and ready to perform an "act of betrayal" by withdrawing American forces.

The Convention moved ahead, and new voices rose in praise of the President. The White House staff had been

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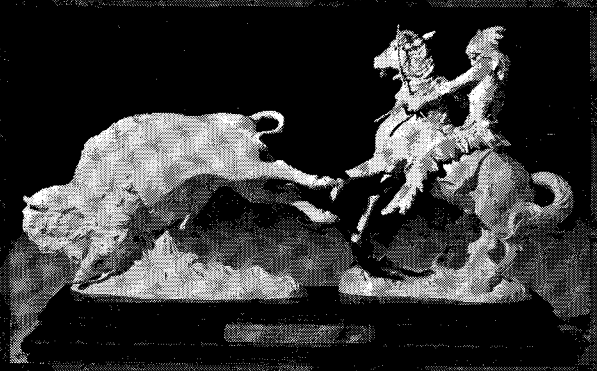

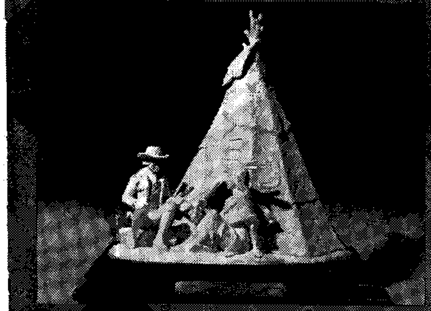

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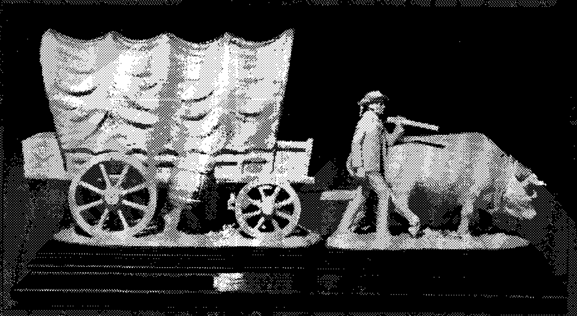

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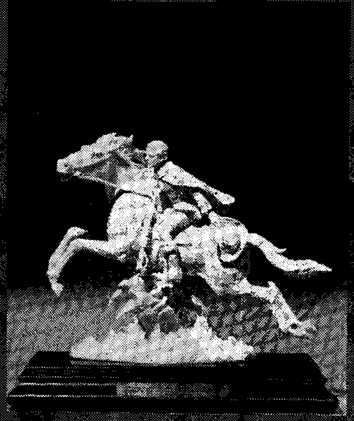
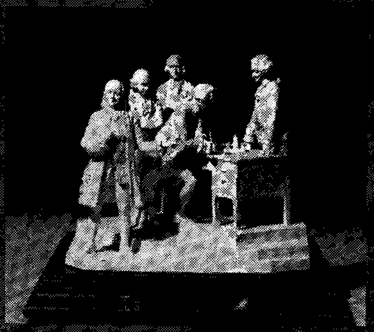
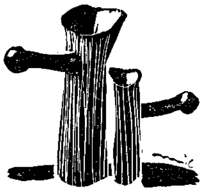




heard from, and now many of the President's former political rivals and antagonists were brought in. Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who had opposed Nixon for the Republican nomination four years earlier, placed his name in nomination. Former Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel, who had been relieved of his post by President Nixon in 1970, seconded the nomination. Then ten more people seconded the nomination, including a Spanish-American leader, a Vietnam veteran, a former astronaut, the wife of a Democratic mayor, and a Polish-American member of Congress. When the vote was held, the President was renominated by a margin of one thousand three hundred and forty-seven to one.

On the day of the President's nomination, however, a document fell into the hands of the press which showed the atmosphere of enthusiasm for the President in a new light. It was a script for the Convention, and it had been written in the White House. Impromptu remarks, places for applause, and even gestures for the speakers to make were written out in the script. For example, the script instructed one speaker, a former football quarterback, to "nod" to a group of young people at a certain moment. It allotted the amounts of time, calculated to the minute, for screams of enthusiasm and shouts of "Four more years!" from the Young Voters for the President. It was not only the platform, therefore, but the whole Convention that had been secretly written at the White House. In a memo dealing with the Convention, Buchanan had advised, "The attack speeches should be orchestrated and advanced, with an audience cheering at the right lines, the way the President did it himself in 1968, in his acceptance speech." (This appears to be the sole reference on record to the President's having staged the response to his acceptance speech of 1968.) And Buchanan recommended that the White House "help draft the speeches for the attacks on the Democrats." (Indeed, some of the President's supporters had in effect renounced their intention of speaking for themselves, and had allowed the White House to designate them publicly as "surrogates" of the President. The President, of course, was alleged to be too busy with affairs of state to occupy himself very much with mere campaigning.) Needless to say, there was no mention in the Convention script of that other, far more crucial White House "script" for the 1972 campaign—the one that Anthony Ulasewicz was promoting in conversations in phone booths, and that the Watergate defendants and their lawyers were supposed to act out. One woman at the Convention, Mrs. Nora Hussey, a National Committeewoman-elect from South Dakota, found the atmosphere puzzling. She said to a reporter, "When you get a group of people this large together, it's bound to be exciting. But maybe it isn't exciting. I can't really tell."

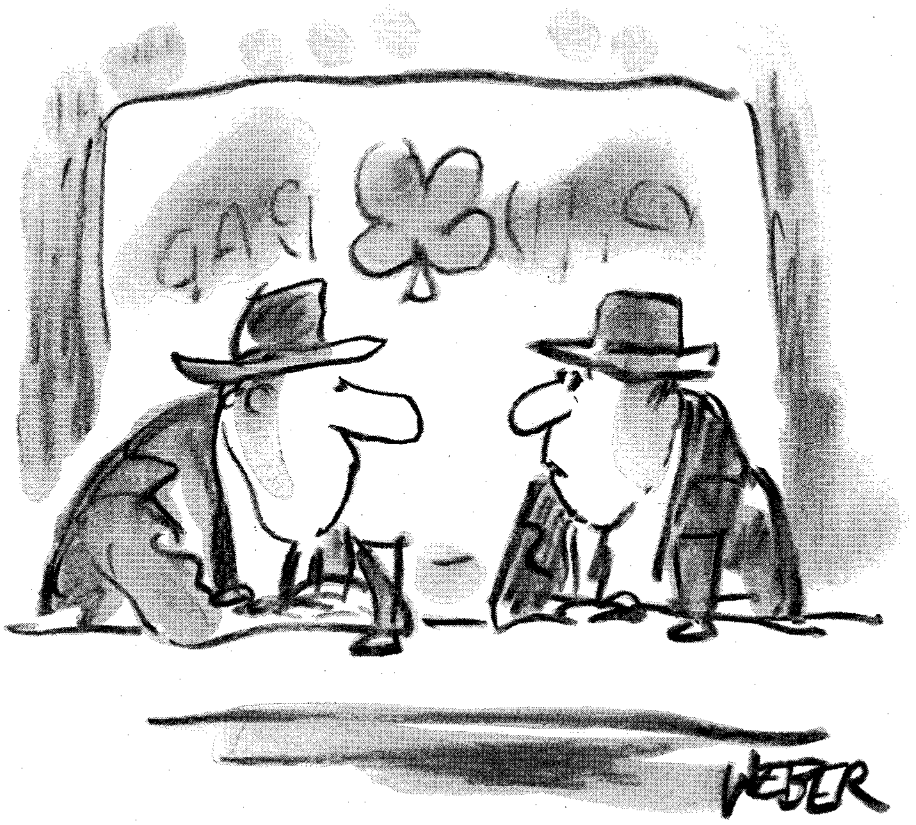
The events surrounding the President's nomination, in particular, had been a tour de force of orchestration. The script specified that when the vote was announced, the Convention chairman, Representative Gerald Ford, would try to restrain the delegates' enthusiasm but would be unsuccessful. After the nomination was voted upon, he would read out, "Would the delegates please come to order. The vote of all the delegates has been recorded. I am informed that . . ." And then his voice would be drowned out by screams of delight, launching a demonstration for which the script allotted exactly twelve minutes. In the event, Ford made his remark, and the demonstration went off as planned. As the demonstration ended, the President unexpectedly appeared on the Convention's giant screens. He was about to speak to a rally of young people in a stadium some ten miles away. The President's screen appearance had been carefully stage-managed. A White House aide had been stationed outside the Convention Hall in a communications van that allowed for simultaneous contact with the proceedings on the floor of the Convention and the President's motorcade making its way to the youth rally. After the roll call, as the delegates took to the Convention floor to engage in their twelve-minute display of enthusiasm for the renominated President, the aide in the van directed the motorcade to slow down and the officials on the floor of the Convention to get the delegates back to their seats. Once the delegates had settled down, the motorcade was directed to pick up speed. The President, when he reached the youth rally, paused briefly, and then, on a signal from the van, with the cameras at the rally now relaying the episode to the Convention's screens, he jumped up and embraced the master of ceremonies.



The following evening, a helicopter bore the President to the site of the Convention to make his acceptance speech. Two other helicopters, each emblazoned with the Presidential Seal and the numeral "1," flew alongside, the idea being to confuse any possible attackers. The President's role in the Convention script was, of course, special. He was the object of the praise that had been pouring out during the whole Convention. On such an occasion, the usual thing for the nominee to do is to acknowledge the praise he has heard and to make a few gracious remarks that might be appropriate to an object of praise. And since President Nixon was not only running for the Presidency but *was* the President, and was then running some thirty percentage points ahead of his rival in the polls, there seemed no need for anything more aggressive. Moreover, the strategy of the campaign had been to let the lesser people—the surrogates—wrangle with the Democrats and to "use" the President only "*in extremis*," as Patrick Buchanan had put it in a memo on "Dividing the Democrats." Indeed, the entire strategy of the campaign, starting as far back as 1970, had been to embroil the Democrats in unseemly partisan squabbling while elevating the President "above" politics, in a realm of statesmanlike calm. The President began his acceptance speech in the apparently inevitable vein. "I shall not dwell on the record of our Administration, which has been praised, perhaps too generously, by others at this Convention," he said. In saying this, he seemed to acknowledge his special position in the proceedings as the object of the delegates' praise. But the next moment, ignoring his announcement that he would not dwell on the record of his Administration, he seemed to forget that special position. "It can truly be said that we have changed America and that America has changed the world," he said, the tone of his words indistinguishable from that of the Party platform. Then he moved into a bitter attack on the opposition. "The critics," the President said, "contend it [the American system] is so unfair, so corrupt, so unjust that we should tear it down." (Actually, Senator McGovern had never suggested tearing down the American system.) And the President went on, "Let us reject, therefore, the policies of those who whine and whimper about our frustrations and call on us to turn inward. Let us not turn away from greatness."

Observers groped for words to describe the speech. *Time* called it "curiously flat." James Reston called it a "slashing partisan attack that was a jumble of distortions, misleading half-truths, and downright lies." Senator

McGovern called it "the strangest Presidential acceptance speech in American history." Somewhere, it had been decided that the President, too, must praise the President. The President had become one more idolater of the Presidential image. But in doing so he had deprived the image of its object: the calm helmsman—the President. In his memo on "Dividing the Democrats," Patrick Buchanan had described the President and the Presidency as "the quintessential political assets," to be employed only in an emergency. But someone, even in the absence of an emergency, had not been able to resist putting the assets to use. And so the President, instead of exemplifying the qualities of great statesmanship which had been described all week, abused the opposition and praised the leadership of the last several years as though he, too, were waiting for "the President" to arrive. *He* had become a surrogate. The image had eclipsed its object. The script had swallowed up its author.



"I'm probably not well, but these days who knows?"

• •

The Republican Convention brought to perfection in microcosm a Nixonian style of action which had been developing since he first assumed office. For years, the President's speechwriters and public-relations advisers had been engaged in a novel enterprise. Most Presidential speechwriters have restricted themselves to writing what the President employing them is to say, but President Nixon's speechwriters also involved themselves in writing what was said about the President by others. They wrote the plays, and they wrote the reviews, too. The White House writers wrote speeches for Administration officials and friendly members of Congress to deliver about the President. (At the Convention, they even wrote the cues for the applause to those speeches.) They wrote rigged letters-to-the-editor and telegrams-to-the-editor with messages like "Thank goodness this country has President Nixon." They organized campaigns of telegrams of support to be sent to the White House. They tried to arrange for newspaper columns to be written supporting the President. And, since the President's speechwriters are, probably to a greater degree than any other employees of the government, creatures of his power—are, in fact, his alter egos, or "ghosts"—it could be said that the praise for the President which they arranged was in fact praise of the President for himself. The true author of the statement "Thank goodness this country has President Nixon" was President Nixon. The scorekeeper who in a "telegram" to a news organization scored the President's press conference "President Nixon, 100—Media, 0" was none other than the President. And yet in the country at large, no matter how many telegrams of support the President sent to himself, and no matter how many letters-to-the-editor were dispatched, and no matter how many surrogates were appointed to read the President's opinion of himself to the public, and no matter how severely the President and his aides assailed the press, the result, although impressive, was in his view imperfect. Discordant voices were still heard. "Unfair" comments still reached the President's ear. The President found that the sound of his own voice streaming back to him from a chorus of a thousand surrogates was spoiled by murmurs that were off-key. Other voices, other wills interfered.

The world of the Convention was different. In the Republican Party, it turned out, the White House had a perfectly malleable material. Here was a group wholly "responsive" to the President's wishes. No one here, it seemed, had the ability or the will to substitute his own "subjective judgment" for that of the President—as the President had accused the Senate of doing when it was rejecting the second of his nominees for a Supreme Court vacancy, in 1970. There were no Democratic "holdovers" here to carry on "internal guerrilla warfare" against the President's policies, no "critics" to make unfair comments on them. No "reorganization" was needed. In the Convention world, the imperfections of the wider world were ironed out, and one will reigned absolute. The Republicans at the Convention had not even insisted on praising the President with their own voices. They had almost certainly been willing to praise the President spontaneously and to applaud with genuine enthusiasm the speeches of others praising him, but the White House preferred the manufactured article to the real thing. It preferred the script. The delegates' impulses had been replaced by White House impulses, their words had been pushed aside by White House words, their gestures had been suppressed in favor of White House gestures. A political Convention is often seen as a glimpse of the party's vision of the America which would take shape under its stewardship. Certainly the Republicans had chosen to interpret the Democratic Conventions of 1968 and 1972 in this way. At the Republican Convention of 1972, the proceedings were made to seem spontaneous and joyful but were in reality minutely regimented and carefully staged; the press had "Limited Access;" no "outside influences" were allowed to disrupt the "thinking processes" of the decision-makers; and the public business was "Closed to the Public."

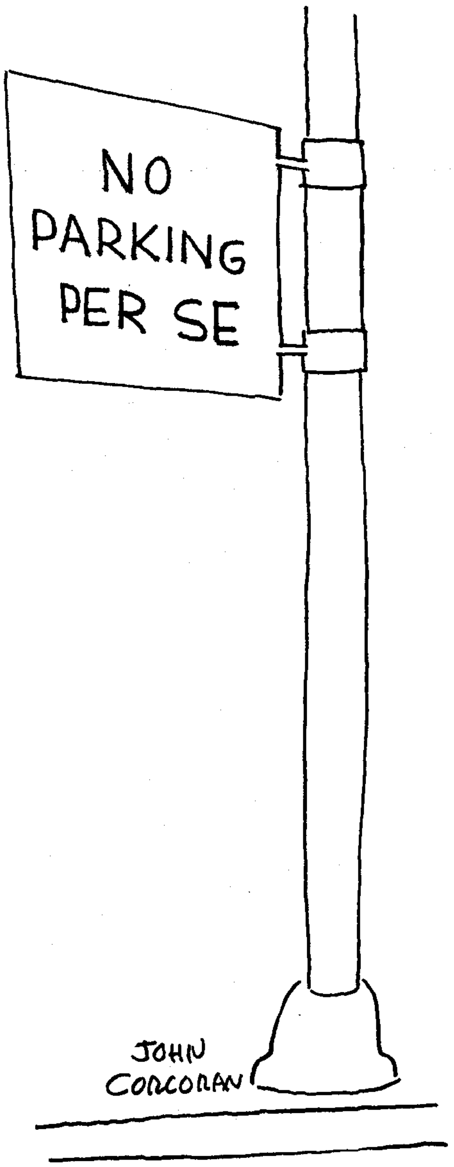
THE day after the Convention ended, Vice-President Agnew held a press conference. He announced that he was changing his public image. He had been left out of the last change in the White House image—perhaps because he was indelibly engraved in the public's mind as a proponent of the earlier, supposedly discarded image of "positive polarization." When it was thrown away, after the 1970 congressional elections, as the dominant image in the White House propaganda, he was, in effect, thrown away, too. In truth, he had never been highly respected by those who programmed him at the White House. To some there, he had been known as "the clown." For a while, it seemed that he might be dumped from the ticket; in fact, Haldeman and Nixon had talked over the possibility of replacing Agnew on the 1972 ticket with Secretary of the Treasury John Connally. Still, as a White House staff member put it to a reporter, "Agnew is a monster, but he's Nixon's monster," so Agnew was kept on. The Vice-President's acceptance speech at the Convention had heralded the change in image. Some parts of his speech had sounded like a brief against his own role in the first term. "At this time," he said, "when some people seem determined to fasten group labels on people and in the process to turn American against American, it would be well to remember that this kind of behavior is not progressive but regressive." While Buchanan was writing long memos pondering which labels to apply to McGovern, the Vice-President was accusing McGovern of being the man who had a penchant for attaching labels. (In one respect, the Vice-President had not changed: he still liked to use unusual words. Speaking of any attempt that might be made to divide the nation, he added, "It is not reform but recidivism.") At his press conference, he explained that in his divisive days he had played the role of the "cutting edge" of the Republican Party, because he had been a "team player" and had been "the President's man." As for the present, he said, "If I seem conciliatory, I am."

AS President Nixon's scenarios for national and world politics multiplied and expanded, scenarios on a much smaller scale came to rule the day-to-day routine of life in the White House—even its tiniest details. In these minute matters, as in the large ones, President Nixon was preoccupied above all with the appearance of things. Alexander Butterfield, a White House aide whose office adjoined President Nixon's, later told a congressional committee, "Social functions were always reviewed with him, the scenario, after they came to me from Mrs. Nixon." Butterfield also said, "The President often, of course, was concerned whether or not the curtains were closed or open; the arrangement of state gifts; whether they should be on that side of the room or this side of the room; displayed on a weekly basis or on a monthly basis. . . . He was deeply involved in the entertainment business—whom we should get, for what kind of group, small band, big band, black band, white band, jazz band, whatever. He was very interested in meals and how they were served and the time of the waiters. . . . He wanted to see the plan, see the scenarios; he wanted to view the musical selections himself. He was very interested in whether or not salad should be served and decided that at small dinners of eight or less the salad course should not be served." The President, Butterfield went on, took a detailed interest in the pageantry of White House occasions. When a ceremony of some kind was to be held at the White House, the President wanted to know "whether or not [it] should be public on the South Grounds or whether we should have only administrative personnel; the details of the drive up the walkway; whether the military would be to the right or left; which uniforms would be worn by the White House police; whether or not the Secret Service would salute during 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and sing; where the photographer would be." At least as great as the President's passion for meticulously prearranging events was his passion for recording the meticulously arranged events as they occurred. The President placed himself under the scrutiny of several overlapping systems of surveillance. Secret Service agents, White House "ushers," military aides to the President, and White House switchboard operators were required to note down every meeting he held, every phone call he initiated or received, and, generally speaking, every move he made. At the end of each day, the notes were turned in to a central office, where a Presidential "diary" was put together. Also, aides who sat in on any of the President's meetings were required to take rough notes. These were then collected—"for the President's file," as Butterfield put it. Butterfield recalled that "he was wholly taken up with history." Any notes that the President himself might take for any purpose were collected by his personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods. The President sometimes transformed himself from political actor into political reporter, and gave an account of the day's events to a Dictaphone. In addition, there was, of course, the automatic taping system. And if some nuance of the President's utterances should happen to escape this small army of scribes and collection of machines, it might be captured by aides who had been asked to serve as "anecdotists," or "color reporters," as Butterfield put it, and who were to record "vignettes of human interest." These vignettes, too, were to go in a file "for history." So thorough was the President's reporting system that even the reactions of guests to each of several paintings that had been hung in the West Lobby of the White House were to be written down, Butterfield recalled, in order "to see how popular" each painting "might be to guests who were awaiting appointments in the West Lobby."

The President's preoccupation with "history" seemed to deepen as his second term progressed. According to Butterfield, "He would write little notes on precisely what time he finished handwriting a portion of a speech—3:14 A.M. He made it known to me in various ways that he wanted to be sure that that 3:14 got someplace, was logged." The President seemed to have developed a habit of looking back on himself as if from a thousand years in the future, and to have developed a nagging anxiety that some of his actions and words might be lost. (As far as is known, it was this anxiety, more than anything else, that inspired the President to install the automatic taping system.) In the President's thinking, a ceremony could be historic even in its planning stages, and the President was evidently determined, through the use of scenarios, to plan every detail of every event. What he most disliked, it seemed, was anything that might happen of itself, unauthorized by him, and even unforeseen by him, since that, when it was recorded, might provide unwanted details in the "historical" account that he was assembling. Historians write history after the event; President Nixon was attempting to write "history" before the event. The attempt to determine the content of historical accounts that would one day be written was in keeping with the President's concern with images, for the historical image was, of course, the final image of his Administration.

On September 15th, the five men who had been caught in the Democratic National Committee headquarters were indicted—together with E. Howard Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy, who were elsewhere in the Watergate complex at the time of the break-in—for the felonies of burglary, conspiracy, and wiretapping. A few days later, the seven defendants pleaded not guilty. As the case stood at that moment, their crimes were officially motiveless. The prosecutors had not been able to suggest who might have asked employees of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President to wiretap the Democratic headquarters, or why a check belonging to that committee should have found its way into the bank account of Bernard Barker. That afternoon, the President met with Haldeman and Dean, and congratulated Dean on his work. "Well," he said, "the whole thing is a can of worms. . . . But the, but the way you, you've handled it, it seems to me, has been very skillful, because you— putting your fingers in the dikes every time that leaks have sprung here and sprung there." Representative Wright Patman, the chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, was planning to hold hearings on the Watergate break-in, and the President, Dean, and Haldeman went on to discuss ways of "turning that off," as Dean put it. Dean reported to the two others that he was studying the possibility of blackmailing members of the Patman committee with damaging information about their own campaigns, and then the President suggested that Gerald Ford, the minority leader of the House, would be the man to pressure Patman into dropping the hearings. Ford should be told that "he's got to get at this and screw this thing up while he can," the President said. Two and a half weeks later, a majority of the members of the committee voted to deny Patman the power to subpoena witnesses. But Patman made the gesture of carrying on anyway for a while, and asked questions of an empty chair.

At the end of September—more than a month before the election—the Washington *Post* reported that John Mitchell had had control of a secret fund for spying on the Democrats. Throughout October, denials continued to pour out from the Administration. As before, some were outright lies by men who knew the facts, and others were untruths spoken by men who were simply repeating what they had been told. On October 2nd, Acting Director Gray of the F.B.I. said that it was unreasonable to believe that the President had deceived the nation about Watergate. "Even if some of us [in federal law enforcement agencies] are crooked, there aren't that many that are. I don't believe everyone is a Sir Galahad, but there's not been one single bit of pressure put on me or any of my special agents." In reality, of course, Gray had once considered resigning because the pressure from the White House to help with the coverup had been so intense, and even as he spoke he was keeping the contents of E. Howard Hunt's safe in a drawer of a dresser at his home in Connecticut. Gray went on to say, "It strains the credulity that the President of the United States—if he had a mind to—could have done a con job on the whole American people." Gray added, "He would have to control the United States."



On October 5th, the President, speaking at a news conference, attempted to make a campaign issue out of a charge by Senator McGovern that he was "the most deceitful President in history" and that his Administration was "the most corrupt in history." Nixon predicted that Democrats would be put off by such charges. The following day, the Republican campaign chairman, Clark MacGregor, charged McGovern with having used "gutter tactics," and asked rhetorically, "What will next week's slander be?" Two days later, Republican congressional leaders filed a formal complaint with the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, charging that Senator McGovern and his staff were using "smear" techniques, which were "an affront to every American and a disgrace to the political process." The complaint cited, among other things, a statement that was alleged to have been made by the political director of McGovern's campaign, Frank Mankiewicz: "Richard Nixon is a shifty politician and he always has been."

On October 10th, the Washington *Post* ran a story revealing the White House sabotage of the Democratic Presidential primaries by Donald Segretti and his team, and Press Secretary Ziegler, after a careful rehearsal in the White House, said that the *Post* story was "based on hearsay, innuendo, and guilt by association."

In a speech on October 13th, the "new Agnew" unveiled his definition of "the American philosophy." It was a belief in the primacy of reason in public affairs, the acceptance of the need for a just order based on law, and "acknowledgment of a transcendent moral order."

On October 15th, the President said in a radio address, "I will work unceasingly to halt the erosion of moral fibre in American life, and the denial of individual accountability for individual action. Government must never become so preoccupied with catering to the way-out wants of those who reject all respect for moral and legal values that it forgets the citizen's first civil right—the right to be free from domestic violence."

On October 21st, the President derided what he said was the philosophy of his "critics." "To them, the will of the people is 'the prejudice of the masses,'" he said. "They deride anyone who wants to respond to that will of the people as 'pandering to the crowd.' A decent respect for the practice of majority rule is automatically denounced as 'political expedience.'" He added, "I totally reject this philosophy." He took his stand with the majority. "It is time that good, decent people stop letting themselves be bulldozed by anybody who presumes to be the self-righteous moral judge of our society," he said. He assured the majority that "there is no reason to feel guilty about wanting to enjoy what you get and get what you earn, about wanting your children in good schools close to home or about wanting to be judged fairly on your ability." The President offered to protect the people against the self-righteous moral judges who made them feel guilty. Describing as "values" the people's wants he had just mentioned, he said, "Those are values to be proud of; those are values that I shall always stand up for when they come under attack."

ON October 26th, twelve days before the election, Henry Kissinger told a relieved and grateful nation that peace was "at hand" in Vietnam.

FOUR days before the election, Senator McGovern charged that peace was not at hand. "What we are seeing in this campaign is the manipulation of our hope by men who know how to get power and want to keep it, but do not know what it is for," he said, and he added, "In politics, there are some things more precious than victory. One of them is truth. But these men will say anything to win."

THE press, on the whole, accepted President Nixon's assertions that McGovern's charges against him derived from self-righteousness, and, of all the words it used to describe McGovern in this period, "righteous" and "self-righteous" were perhaps the most common. (Indeed, the White House was so pleased with the press coverage of McGovern that it made a decision to let up on its attacks on the press for the duration of the campaign.) The preëlection issue of *Newsweek* was characteristic. In an article titled "McGovern's Politics of Righteousness," it stated, disapprovingly, "The issue, in his campaign, is no longer merely peace against war, or the people against the interests; it is 'a coalition of conscience and decency' against 'the most corrupt and immoral Administration in history.'" The article closed by noting, "To argue that the society is unjust is to demand further changes of a people grown weary of change. The failure of George McGovern's evangelism, if that is the final outcome next week, may not be that his manner is too cool but that what he is trying to tell America is too hot." In the same issue, Stewart Alsop wrote that McGovern thinks "he is running . . . against Satan," and after dismissing McGovern's charges against Nixon as exaggerated he concluded, "And thus what seems to McGovern self-evident truth seems to a lot of voters colossal self-righteousness." In the article on the Nixon campaign and the Nixon Presidency that week, *Newsweek* described the President as lacking in personal magnetism but as being businesslike and efficient. The Nixon currently on display before the nation is "not, in any very important sense, another New Nixon," *Newsweek* wrote. "For of all the constants of character that hold steady throughout the President's supposed metamorphosis, perhaps the most important is a steady, sobersided bent for running the government, if not for inspiring the nation."

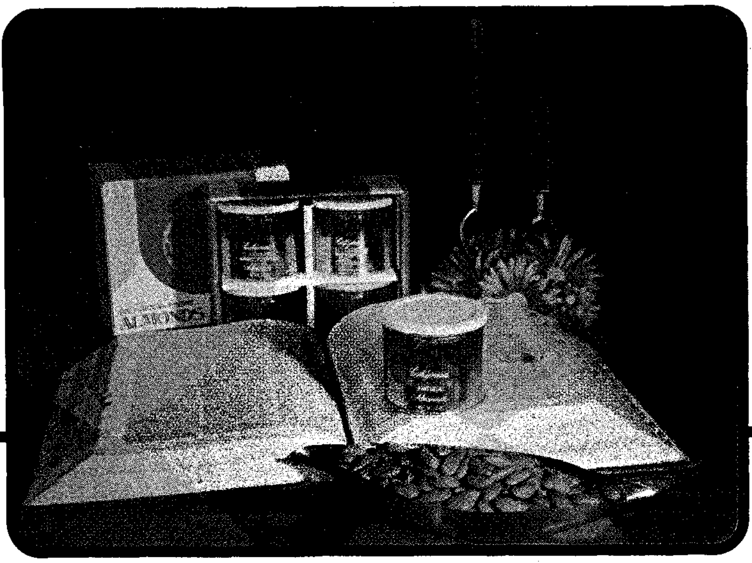
AS the election approached, a Gallup poll showed President Nixon ahead of Senator McGovern by a margin of almost two to one. (An earlier Gallup poll had shown that people of voting age found President Nixon "more sincere and believable" than Senator McGovern by a margin of three to one, and that voters under the age of twenty-nine found the President more sincere and believable by a margin of fifty-seven per cent to twenty-eight per cent.) According to a poll taken by *Editor & Publisher*, seven hundred and fifty-three daily newspapers had endorsed the President, and fifty-six daily newspapers had endorsed Senator McGovern. Still another poll showed that ninety-one per cent of the nation's businessmen planned to vote for Nixon and seven per cent planned to vote for McGovern. The Soviet government let it be known informally that it preferred President Nixon. A Soviet newsman was reported to have said, "We've already picked our man, so we'll stick with him."

ON Election Day, President Nixon was reëlected by a margin of sixty-one per cent to thirty-eight per cent.

DURING the last weeks of the campaign, as it became clear that President Nixon would win the election, observers had pondered what his second term would be like. According to one school of thought, now that he had his last Presidential election behind him, he would drop his defiant, punitive approach to his adversaries and become more generous and open. There was speculation that he might be planning a program for helping the poor, perhaps along the lines of the Family Assistance Plan. These were the perennial hopes, which had sprung up after each crisis in the President's career, only to be quickly dashed each time. With the President's encouragement, they had blossomed after the 1968 election; they had been stirred again in the spring of 1970, when, after the invasion of Cambodia, the President said that he wanted just what the demonstrators against the war wanted; and they had been revived after the congressional elections of 1970, when the President announced his "New American Revolution."

Observers at the time of the 1972 election naturally took their bearings from the public record—from, that is, the aboveground facts of the period. To anyone judging from these, there did appear to be compelling reasons for believing that a time of relative calm was ahead. The temper of the nation seemed more relaxed than it had been since the beginning of the war in Vietnam, almost ten years earlier. In fact, the nation had been determined at least since 1968 to put the war and the rancorous mood of the war years behind it, and had elected Nixon on a platform of peace, lowered voices, and national unity. Now peace was "at hand," and it hardly seemed possible that the division over the war could outlast the war for very long. And there had apparently been a further calming of the nation's anxieties when the President—one of the most consistent anti-Communists the country had ever known—went to China and Russia and drank his toasts of friendship with Communist leaders. After the election results were in, observers also speculated that if the President had been harboring any residual feelings of hatred for his opposition, his anger had most likely been assuaged by his landslide victory. And the fact that the President was barred by the Twenty-second Amendment from seeking a third term made it seem all the more possible that he would turn his attention away from destroying political adversaries with Presidential Offensives and the like, and turn it toward establishing the "place in history" that now appeared to be so much in his thoughts.

The President, however, who lived in the world of the secret facts and was striving to cope with powerful and dangerous currents in the underground stream of events that flowed through his Administration, was preparing the biggest Presidential Offensive yet. Not for the first time, his mood, his perception of his situation, and his plans were precisely the opposite of those commonly attributed to him. The public believed that he was more powerful than ever, and his opposition weaker than ever. But he knew that he faced the most terrible threat that he or any other President had ever faced, and he was laying his plans accordingly. What threatened him, of course, was not any renewed vigor on the part of his political opposition—there was none—but exposure of the covert activities of his Administration during its first term, including his own criminal involvement in the effort to conceal the origins of the Watergate break-in. In other words, his greatest enemies were his own hidden actions over the past few years. If these actions were made known, the revelation would touch off an explosion of unguessable dimensions. But if the actions remained hidden, no amount of opposition from his "enemies" could touch him. The exigencies of this predicament had been uppermost in his mind ever since the break-in. In conversations with Dean, both before and after the election, he revealed some of his plans. The Watergate struggle, he told Dean, was to be "the last gasp of . . . our partisan opponents." Far from looking forward to a truce, he was looking forward to the final destruction of his foes. "They are, they're, they're going to Watergate around in this town, not so much our opponents, but basically, it's the media, uh, I mean it's the Establishment," he said. "The Establishment is dying, and so they've got to show that after some rather significant successes we've had in foreign policy and in the election, they've got to show, 'Well, it just is wrong because this is—because of this.' In other words, they're trying to use this to smear the whole thing." If



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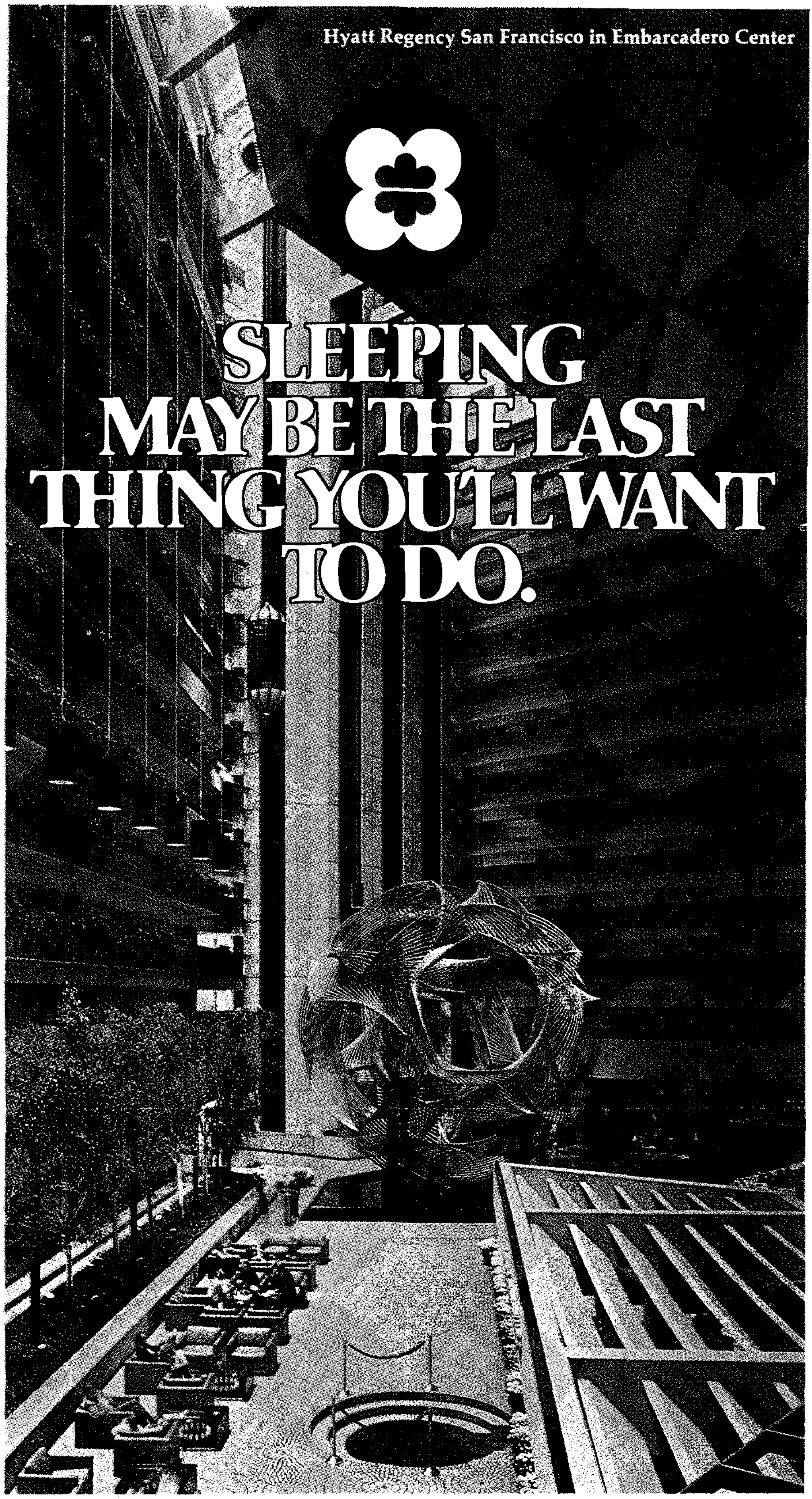
"the Establishment" should happen not to die of its own accord, he would kill it. "This is war," he told Dean on one occasion, and he talked over the progress of the coverup, and outlined his plans for the Justice Department and the F.B.I. for repression of his political opposition. "We haven't used the Bureau and we haven't used the Justice Department, but things are going to change now," he said to Dean. "For us to come into this election campaign and not do anything with regard to the Democratic senators who are running, and so forth . . . that'd be ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous. It's not going, going to be that way anymore." Speaking of Edward Bennett Williams, a lawyer working for the Democrats, Haldeman, who was also present, said, "That is a guy we've got to ruin." The President added, "We are going to fix the son of a bitch." And the Washington *Post* would have "damnable, damnable problems," the President said. "They have a television station." On another occasion, he wanted to know whether Dean was getting enough material from the I.R.S. for the Enemies Project, and recommended ways of getting more. As for the Congress, the President believed it to be "irrelevant." "They become irrelevant because they're so damned irresponsible," he told Dean. The posthumous destruction of the images of enemies would go forward, too. "The person who could, would destroy Hoover's image is going to be this man Bill Sullivan," Dean told an approving President in March—a reference to William C. Sullivan, the former F.B.I. official who had helped the White House prevent the summaries of the warrantless White House taps from falling into Hoover's custody.

Never had the gap between the President's thinking and the public's perception of his thinking been wider. The nation was tranquil—even exhausted—but at the center of that tranquillity was a President who was planning to lash out with all the power at his disposal to protect his political survival and to destroy his opposition once and for all.

ON November 12th, Charles Colson attacked the Washington *Post* and CBS News in a speech at a convention of newspaper editors. He charged them with "McCarthyism." He called the *Post's* executive editor, Benjamin Bradlee, "the self-appointed leader of a tiny fringe of arrogant elitists," and he denounced Eric Sev-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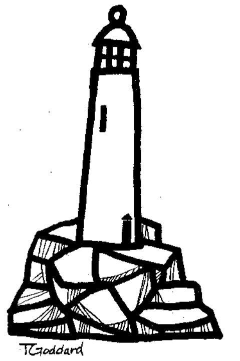
areid, the CBS correspondent, for "rehashing all of the old charges, coming up with no new information and noting only a selective few denials." Colson was clearly referring to recent coverage of the Watergate affair. A few days later, Aram Bakshian, a speechwriter for the President, attacked the recently defeated Senator McGovern in an article on the Op-Ed page of the *Times*. "The people," Bakshian wrote, "looked at the philosophic and programmatic menu offered by the McGovern movement and they rated it unfit for American consumption." And, writing as though the campaign were still on, he continued, "The various campaign blunders of the McGovern staff, the unhappy Eagleton affair, and the candidate's constant waffling on the issues were not the seeds of the defeat. They merely confirmed the public's suspicion that unacceptable fare is usually served up by inept chefs." On November 24th, Patrick Buchanan charged, also in an article on the Op-Ed page, that Senator McGovern and his "frenetic accomplices" had run "just about the dirtiest, meanest campaign in this nation's history." These attacks were so out of keeping with the national mood that they were, by and large, merely baffling to observers. In fact, they were so far out of keeping with the general conviction that American politics was finally entering the long-awaited period of calm and good feeling that they were, in effect, inaudible. And the few people who did pay any attention to them merely assumed that a few hot-headed speechwriters had been unable to cool off after the election. In actuality, these attacks were the beginning of the Watergate offensive.

SOME other signs of the vengeful mood in the White House received more attention. Almost as soon as the election was over, the President asked for letters of resignation from the top two thousand officers in the executive branch and announced his intention of accepting the resignations of those whose jobs he thought unnecessary. The request was the opening move in a plan for "reorganization" which would dwarf all the President's previous efforts at reorganization, and would, in fact, place the President in complete control of the Cabinet departments and the agencies of the federal government. This time, reorganization was to be total. The President removed himself to his mountain retreat at Camp David, Maryland. There he received the members of his Cabinet, one by one. According to the *Times*, they "trooped" in "like so many schoolboys visiting the principal to learn whether they had passed or failed." Then the President began to rain down orders on a frightened capital. Each Cabinet Secretary had been instructed to make a report on how best to reorganize his department. In the middle of the period of hiring and firing, the President related at a press conference that when he had asked the Cabinet Secretaries whether his idea of having them all write such reports was a good one, "each member of the Cabinet, virtually to a man, has said that having that opportunity—as a matter of fact being directed to take that opportunity—proved to be valuable." Those who didn't find the opportunity valuable, it may be presumed, were not invited to stay around very long to tell the President of their reservations. As the weeks went by, men in Washington who were known to have preserved at least some small measure of independence during Nixon's first term began to disappear from the government. They included Melvin Laird, the Secretary of Defense; Peter Peterson, the Secretary of Commerce; Erwin Griswold, the Solicitor General; and George Romney, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. A new system to assure White House control over the Cabinet departments and the agencies was to be put into effect. Frederic Malek, the man in charge of what he himself had described to a reporter in 1971 as sorting out "good guys" from "bad guys," and doling out "the goodies" to politically deserving people and organizations through a political "responsiveness program," set up in the Cabinet departments a network of men loyal to the White House, one of them often holding the crucial post of Assistant Secretary for Administration, which has the responsibility for personnel. Other White House men of proved loyalty were sent into the Cabinet departments and the agencies as undersecretaries and other key administrative officers. The network, according to one knowledgeable observer, would provide "an instant bush telegraph into the jungle." The first stage of reorganization had been to turn the White House into an autonomous bureaucracy that duplicated the functions of the established bureaucracy. The second stage, taken now that total reorganization was under way, was to disperse the loyalists in the White House into the old bureaucracy and to assume control over it directly. Firings were carried out on a grand scale throughout the government. At the Department of the Interior, eight top officials were removed. At the F.B.I., Patrick Gray was bringing his own men in, much to the dismay of the old guard there. At the C.I.A., the largest purge in the history of the agency was launched.

In addition, the White House was further reorganized. When commending an earlier White House reorganization plan to the Congress, the President had said, "I expect to follow with other reorganization plans, quite possibly involving ones that will affect other activities of the Executive Office of the President. Our studies are continuing." Now he was doing what he had said he might do. In December, Roy Ash, who, as head of the President's Advisory Council on Executive Organization, was Mr. Reorganization himself, was brought directly into the White House to fill the position of director of the Office of Management and Budget—an office that his council had helped to set up, and that the President defined, with characteristic ambiguity, as having the power to reexamine "all government programs now in existence to determine whether they are actually meeting the purpose for which they were designed." Ash was quoted as having once said, "Reorganization is the permanent condition of a vigorous organization." In January, a "super-Cabinet" was set up, consisting of three Cabinet officers who assumed posts at the White House in addition to carrying out their regular duties, and divided up a large part of domestic policy among them. Above them was a "super-super-Cabinet," consisting of Secretary of the Treasury George Shultz, who was to coördinate economic policy; Henry Kissinger, who was to oversee foreign policy; and Mr. Ash. And above *them*, of course, were Haldeman and Ehrlichman, who watched over everything. In 1971, President Nixon had told a reporter that the Cabinet system, which had served the country for almost two hundred years, was "totally obsolete." Now he was abolishing it by executive fiat in favor of something else. As the latest reorganization unfolded, some observers began to take note of an odd atmosphere in



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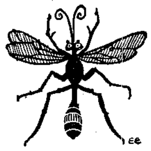
the White House. In January, Mel Elfin, of *Newsweek*, reported a "sour mood" in Washington, and wrote, "If the recent past is any guide to the political future, then the nation faces four more years of an increasingly reclusive, sometimes vindictive, and disturbingly uncommunicative Chief Executive."

As soon as the election was over, it became clear that any hope that the President planned to revive the Family Assistance Plan, or to do anything else for the poor, had been drastically misguided. In an interview given just before the election but published afterward, the President spelled out his thinking on the subject. Most of the Great Society programs of the nineteen-sixties, he said, were "massive failures"—a point he had not mentioned during the campaign. He said, "We are going to have to shuck off those programs and trim down those programs that have proved simply to be failures." And he said, "H.U.D., H.E.W., Transportation are all too fat, too bloated." As he saw it, in the nineteen-sixties there had been "a breakdown in . . . the leadership class of this country." By "breakdown" he meant a trend toward "permissiveness" in law enforcement and in welfare programs—the tendency to give people things for nothing and not to punish them enough. The "average American" was "just like the child in the family," he told the interviewer. "You give him some responsibility, and he is going to amount to something."



Throughout his first term, President Nixon had been convinced that a crisis of authority was hobbling the executive branch in its conduct of foreign affairs. Now he seemed to apply the same thinking to questions of domestic spending. Throughout his first term, he had vacillated between trying to establish expanded programs of social spending, such as the Family Assistance Plan, and trying to cut back on social spending. Now he seemed to have finally decided that an attitude of "toughness" was as necessary here as it was in every other sphere of government. In foreign affairs, the President had defied the "permissive" people who were in the "leadership class." Now he would defy the "permissive" members of the "leadership class" in domestic affairs, and stop them from continuing their "soft" practices of coddling criminals and handing out money to the spoiled children who he thought made up the American family. A new propaganda campaign was launched from the White House. A public-relations kit was put together called "The Battle of the Budget, 1973," and a new phrase was suddenly on the lips of the surrogates: "the big spenders." The big spenders were congressmen who supported programs that the President wanted to kill. Now the combined power of the White House public-relations machine and the White House reorganizational machine were brought to bear on the Congress, in an attack on its one major power that remained intact—the power of the purse. By cutting back social spending, the President could claim that he was reducing "big government," and thus give the appearance of voluntarily relinquishing a part of his own power. Actually, the cutback was part of the President's drive to concentrate the powers of the government in the White House, for only by cutting back on spending could the President make inroads into the Congress's spending power. A President who seeks to increase spending is at the mercy of Congress; in order to accomplish his aim he must secure the support of a majority in both houses. A President who wishes to cut back on spending, however, more often than not has Congress at his mercy, for the veto power enables the President to have his way if he can secure the support of just one-third of the members of one house—enough to sustain a veto. And even if Congress should override a veto of a money bill, the President could impound the funds voted—although the practice was of doubtful legality. (Three weeks after the election, the President did impound six billion dollars that the Congress had appropriated for projects to improve the environment.) By not spending money that Congress had authorized, the President would, it is true, shrink the spending power of the federal government; but he would hold all its shrunken power in his own hands. The technique of impoundment was one method of exercising an unreviewable Presidential veto. Another was the pocket veto—a veto that takes effect when, as frequently happens, legislation is passed within ten working days of a congressional adjournment and the President fails to act on the bill before Congress adjourns; the bill is then dead. (After Congress adjourned in October of 1972, the President employed the pocket veto on eleven bills that authorized or appropriated money.) The White House was proposing that the Congress grant the President a third form of unreviewable veto. It proposed that the Congress adopt a budget ceiling and then empower the President to cut the budget wherever he pleased, to bring it down to that ceiling in the event that Congress should exceed the ceiling in its appropriations. In the early fall, the House of Representatives passed such a bill. And the Senate, clearly demonstrating the power of the White House to define issues, responded to the proposal not by rejecting it outright as a violation of the Senate's own Constitutional appropriating power but by coupling a rejection of the Presidentially enforced budget ceiling with a proposal for another sort of budget ceiling, to be enforced by the Senate itself; that way, the Senate could not be included among those to whom the new tag "the big spenders" was being applied. Many senators were prepared to vote away their appropriating power if this alternative budget ceiling, which would protect the Senate against the White House propaganda campaign, was part of the bill. The President also resorted to still another form of unreviewable veto: sheer unilateral executive action in defiance of the will of Congress. In January, the President appointed a young administrator named Howard Phillips acting director of the Office of Economic Opportunity. Phillips' job, however, was not to run the O.E.O. but to liquidate it. In ordering the destruction of the O.E.O., the President defied the law by misusing the power he had been granted to execute the law: he used his power of appointment, granted him so that he could execute what Congress legislated, to terminate a program that Congress had authorized.

ON December 16th, a month after the Ninety-second Congress had adjourned, Henry Kissinger announced that the negotiations with the North Vietnamese were ninety-nine per cent complete—only one per cent of disagreement remained. That day, too, John Ehrlichman and Herbert Klein, the President's director of communications, released an assessment of the White House by the White House. "In the past four years, a new sense of calm and confidence has begun to grow up in America," it read, in part. "A nation that had grown skeptical, accustomed to promises which outran reality, has been learning to trust its institutions again. A nation that had fallen into shouting and posturing has started to lower its voices."

Two days later, Hanoi radio reported that "waves" of American planes were bombing the city and other parts of North Vietnam. (The bombing of North Vietnam had been halted when Kissinger announced that peace was "at hand.") The United States command in Vietnam refused to comment. In a press conference, Ronald Ziegler responded to questions about the bombing by saying that the raids "will continue until such time as a settlement is arrived at," but he would offer no explanation of why the bombing had been resumed. News filtering out of Hanoi told of B-52s in the hundreds "carpet-bombing" populated areas. It was the most intense bombing of the war. Around the world, the nearly unanimous reaction was amazement and outrage. Willy Brandt was reported to have called the bombing "disgusting and unfathomable." Prime Minister Olof Palme, of Sweden, said, "One should call things by their proper name. What is happening today in Vietnam is a form of torture." That same day, the United States told Sweden not to send a replacement for its departing ambassador, and directed the chargé d'affaires of the American Embassy in Stockholm, who was on vacation in the United States, not to return to his post. Sweden, it appeared, had been put on the enemies list. In France, *Le Monde* likened the attacks on North Vietnam to the bombing of Guernica by the Germans in 1937. In much of Europe, there were demonstrations and drives to raise relief funds for North Vietnam. The Canadian House of Commons voted unanimously to censure the bombing. Here and abroad, the raids were commonly referred to as "the terror-bombing." Soon it became clear that the bombing was not only the most intense of the war but also the most costly for the United States. Each day, one or two B-52s were shot down. At that rate of loss, the entire United States fleet of B-52s would be eliminated within a few months. The morale of the B-52 pilots was reported to have deteriorated badly and fast.

On December 30th, the bombing was halted above the twentieth parallel, which ran through the central part of North Vietnam. Some two thousand bombing runs had been flown. Ninety-three airmen were missing or dead. And still there was no explanation from the White House.

ON the first day of the bombing, the Administration resumed its attack on the press. In fact, action on all fronts of the first-term Presidential Offensive was apparently being stepped up. A man named Clay Whitehead, who operated the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy—an organization with vague duties which

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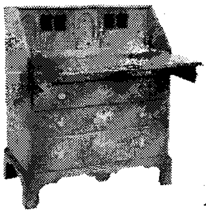

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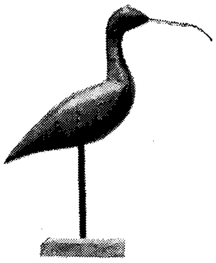

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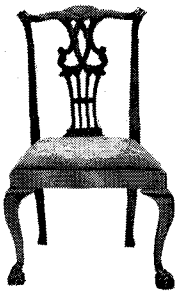

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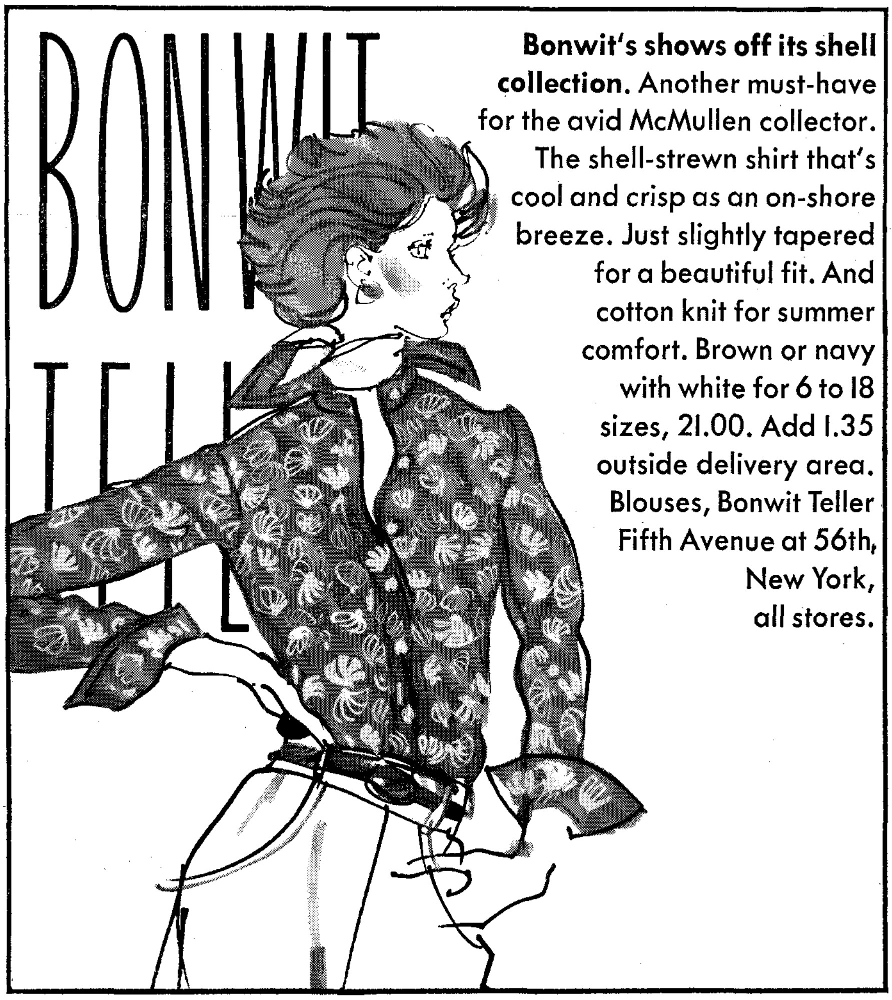

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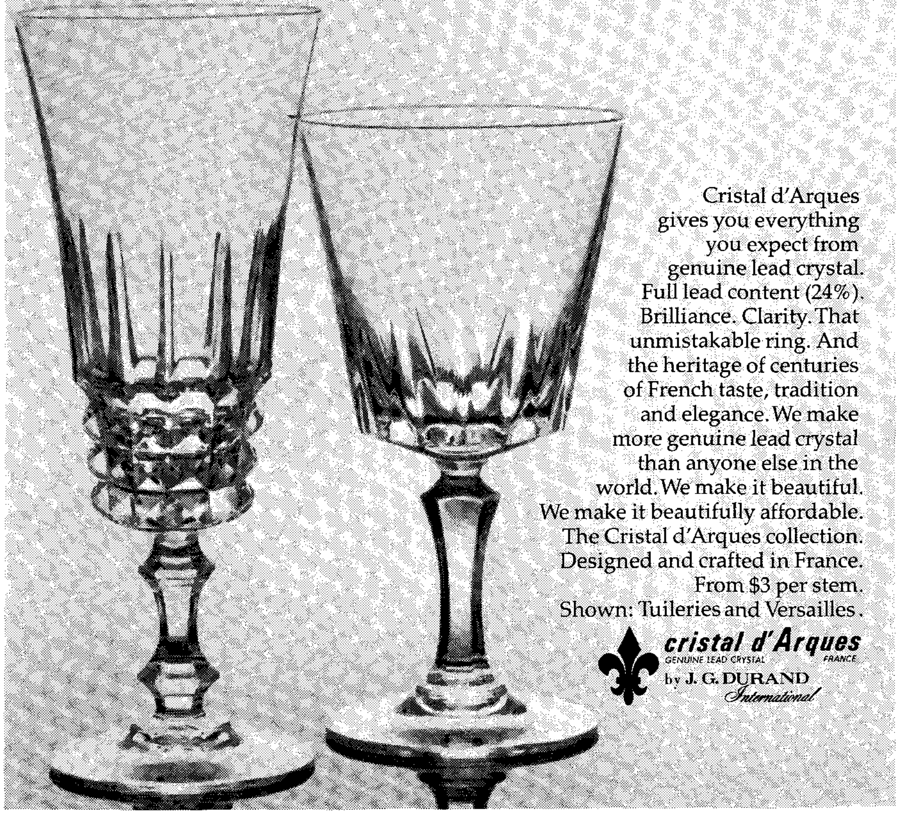

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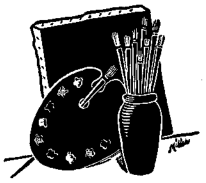
had been set up in 1970, during an earlier period of reorganization—assailed television news coverage in the most menacing language that anyone in the Administration had used thus far. He announced that the Administration intended to propose legislation under which local stations affiliated with the networks would be held responsible at license-renewal time for the content of the network news and all other network-supplied programming they broadcast—or about sixty per cent of their broadcast material. The Federal Communications Commission, he said, should impose requirements with "teeth" for the renewal of the license of a network-affiliated television station. The kind of thing that the affiliated stations would be held accountable for accepting from the networks, Whitehead said, was "ideological plugola" and "élitist gossip in the guise of news analysis." By implication, Whitehead was proposing direct government interference in the news. In the same speech, he advocated legislation that would strengthen the local stations' hold on their licenses. His basic idea was apparently to use the threat of government interference in the licensing of affiliates to induce the affiliates to pressure the networks into revising their news policies.

BY early January, when the Ninety-third Congress convened, virtually every power that Congress held under the Constitution was being subjected to heavy executive assault. There was brave talk of resistance as the Congress opened. The House Speaker, Carl Albert, declared that a revival of Congress's powers was the first order of business. *Time* organized a series of symposia around the country to inquire into the reasons that Congress had suffered such a drastic decline. *Newsweek* titled an article on the new Congress "Congress Throws the Gauntlet." "The battle was joined," the article asserted, in reference to a Senate vote requiring that the President's appointment of Roy Ash as director of the Office of Management and Budget be submitted to it for confirmation. "At bottom it was a Constitutional struggle to stop the steady erosion of power from Congress to the White House—and while Congress has huffed and puffed threats in the past, there were strong signs last week that determination and muscle had finally been found as well." The challenge that the members had before them was a curious one. The powers of Congress were fixed in the Constitution, and, since the congressmen were legislators, the remedy for the loss of their power which came most naturally to their minds was legislation. In other words, they were gathering their strength to spell out in legislation what was already spelled out in the fundamental law of the land. They were intent on *re-legislating* the Constitution. The fact that the battle with the executive branch was joined on this ground gave the White House a nearly insuperable advantage. The President could go ahead and break the law, and then simply veto any bills designed to bring him back into line. In other words, as long as he retained the support of one-third of either house of Congress, he not only could veto federal spending but could veto the Constitution itself. What was worse, the Congress, by setting out to legislate its powers back into existence, ran the risk of lending legitimacy to the President's lawlessness, since if it failed to muster the two-thirds vote of both houses needed to override his vetoes, it would be adding the authority of the legislative process to his usurpations. Therefore, it was dangerous for the Congress even to address itself to these matters through legislation. A perhaps sounder course was the one that some senators and representatives followed in seeking to release impounded funds: they filed a suit in the federal courts.



As Congress set about trying to recover its powers in the wake of total reorganization and the bombing of North Vietnam, the trial of the seven Watergate defendants got under way in U.S. District Court. In the months since the election, the issue of Watergate had faded, and the papers had devoted their front pages to other news. Shortly after the trial began, however, the front-page news was that all the defendants but two had pleaded guilty. In the courtroom, Judge John Sirica, who presided, found himself dissatisfied with the questioning of witnesses by the government prosecutors. The prosecutors now had a suggestion as to the burglars' motive. They suggested that it might be blackmail. They did not say of whom or over what. At the trial, the key prosecution witness, the former F.B.I. agent Alfred Baldwin, related that on one occasion he had taken the logs of the Watergate wiretaps to the headquarters of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. But this suggested nothing to the Justice Department, one of whose spokesmen had maintained when the indictment was handed up in September that there was "no evidence" showing that anyone except the defendants was involved. Sirica demurred. "I want to know where the money comes from," he said to the defendant Bernard Barker. "There were hundred-dollar bills floating around like coupons." When Barker replied that he had simply received the money in the mail in a blank envelope and had no idea who might have sent it, Sirica commented, "I'm sorry, but I don't believe you." When the defense lawyers protested Sirica's questioning, he said, "I don't think we should sit up here like nincompoops. The function of a trial is to search for the truth."

All the Watergate defendants but one were following the White House scenario to the letter. The exception was James McCord. He was seething with scenarios of his own. He hoped to have the charges against him dismissed, and, besides, he had been angered by what he understood as a suggestion from one of his lawyers that the blame for the Watergate break-in be assigned to the C.I.A., his old outfit, to which he retained an intense loyalty. There was some irony in the fact that McCord's anger had been aroused by an Administration plan to involve the C.I.A. in its crimes. McCord believed that Nixon's removal of C.I.A. director Richard Helms, in December of 1972—at the very time that McCord himself was being urged to lay the blame for Watergate at the door of the C.I.A.—was designed to pave the way for an attempt by the Administration itself to blame the break-in on the agency and for a takeover of the agency by the White House. He had worked for the White House, but he did not see the reorganizational wars from the White House point of view. He saw them from the bureaucrats' point of view; in his opinion, President Nixon was attempting to take over the C.I.A. in a manner reminiscent of attempts by Hitler to take control of German intelligence agencies before the Second World War. The White House, that is, belatedly discovered that it had a disgruntled "holdover" on its hands. And this particular holdover really was prepared to perform sabotage; he was prepared, indeed, to sabotage not just the President's policies but the President himself, and, what was more, he had the means to do it. McCord was putting together a scenario that could destroy the Nixon Administration. In a letter delivered to his White House contact, the undercover operative John Caulfield, McCord

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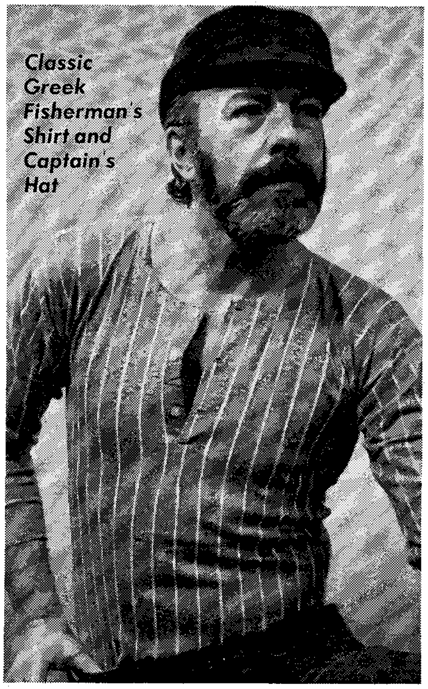

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pronounced a dread warning: If the White House continued to try to have the C.I.A. take responsibility for the Watergate burglary, "every tree in the forest will fall," and "it will be a scorched desert." Piling on yet another metaphor of catastrophe, he wrote, "Pass the message that if they want it to blow, they are on exactly the right course. I am sorry that you will get hurt in the fallout." McCord was the first person in the Watergate conspiracy to put in writing exactly what the magnitude of the Watergate scandal was. Many observers had been amazed at the extreme hard line that the President had taken since his landslide reëlection—the firings in the bureaucracies, the incomprehensible continuation of the attacks on Senator McGovern, the renewed attacks on the press, the attacks on Congress's power of the purse, the bombing of Hanoi. They could not know that at the exact moment when President Nixon was wreaking devastation on North Vietnam, James McCord was threatening to wreak devastation on him.

ON January 20th, in his second Inaugural Address, the President said, "When we met here four years ago, America was bleak in spirit. . . . As we meet here today, we stand on the threshold of a new era of peace in the world," and, continuing in the accents of self-praise that had become habitual with him, he gave a "historical" evaluation of his accomplishments. "Because of America's bold initiatives," he said, "1972 will be long remembered as the year of the greatest progress since the end of World War II toward a lasting peace in the world."

THREE days after the Inauguration, a peace agreement with the North Vietnamese was announced. Its main provisions were for the withdrawal of American forces from South Vietnam and the return of the American prisoners of war from Hanoi. There were also provisions for a political settlement in Vietnam, for a cease-fire, and for international supervision, but these were in truth only wistful hopes, or window dressing, since neither of the Vietnamese governments showed any signs of having the will to carry them out. The North Vietnamese forces would remain in the South, which is to say that the United States was withdrawing its forces unilaterally. In 1971, the President had said, "The policy of this government is for a total withdrawal, provided there is a withdrawal by the other side." Now our policy was withdrawal while they stayed in place. In 1965, when the United States first entered South Vietnam in force, a State Department White Paper had said that some twenty thousand North Vietnamese soldiers were operating in South Vietnam. In 1973, as the United States left, some one hundred and forty-five thousand were operating there. Along with the announced terms of the settlement, there were, as usual, terms that had not been announced. Both before and at the height of the Christmas bombing, President Nixon had sent President Nguyen Van Thieu, of South Vietnam, written assurance that the United States would "respond with full force" if the North Vietnamese should break the agreement.

The President's new strategy in Vietnam amounted to one of the purest applications of the American doctrine of credibility which had ever been attempted. The purpose of building credibility, whether in the nuclear sphere or in the sphere of limited war, was to deter foes from attacking the United States and its allies. In other words, by building a formidable image of power and of willingness to use it the government hoped to achieve ends that might otherwise have to be achieved through a large-scale use of force. For nearly a decade, the United States had battled to achieve its ends in Vietnam by using force in limited amounts. President Nixon, during his years in office, had, under severe public pressure, withdrawn American forces from Vietnam, but as he did so he had tried to build up American credibility, so that the diminution of forces would be compensated for by an increase in credibility. The invasion of Cambodia in 1970, the invasion of Laos in 1971, the mining of the ports of North Vietnam in mid-1972, and, finally, the terror-bombing of Hanoi in December of 1972 had all served to strengthen America's reputation as a nation still willing and able to launch sudden and unpredictable military attacks. The President apparently hoped that now that American forces were out of Vietnam the North Vietnamese would refrain from taking over the South for fear of other such spasms of military action by the United States. The bombing of Hanoi in the Christmas season of 1972, in particular, had been crucial to the effort to build up credibility. For by launching a savage military attack in the face of nearly unanimous political opposition at home and without consulting anyone in Congress, at a moment when his disagreement with the foe amounted to only one per cent, the President declared his freedom to do what he would in Indo-China, whether public opinion supported him or not. The message to the North Vietnamese was that in military affairs his will reigned absolute and it would be no use for them to try to rely on American public opinion for their safety. Nor was the President's message an implausible one in the winter of 1972, for if he should succeed in his total reorganization of the executive branch, in his drive to frighten the press into submission, and in his subjugation of the Congress, then he would indeed have an absolutely free hand in Indo-China—or anywhere else, for that matter. Then he would have broken free once and for all from the restraints on his power which had so deeply frustrated him in his first term; he would, in fact, have secured the power of a dictator.

ON January 27, 1973, the peace agreement was signed, and that evening the President attended a nationally televised religious service in Key Biscayne, at which a minister was seen and heard praising the President and his policies. "Thank God! We thank God that we have a President that realizes that peace does not come at any price!" the minister, who happened to bear a striking physical resemblance to the President, said to his congregation, which included the President. The President, in fact, was being publicly praised to his face by a clergyman for the third time since his reëlection. On a visit he made to New York in late November, his friend the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale had praised him at a Sunday-morning church service as "one of the great peacemakers," and at a White House prayer service in January, again, a rabbi had praised him as a "beautiful human being."

As the peace agreement was signed and the church bells were ringing in Key Biscayne, the order went out for American planes to cease their bombing runs over Vietnam and to begin runs over Cambodia.

LESS than a week after the signing of the peace agreement, Charles Colson, who had just left the White House to enter private law practice in Washington, wrote an Op-Ed piece in the *Times* attacking the "sell-out brigades" who, he said, had wanted to get out of Vietnam at any cost. "For four agonizing years, Richard Nixon has stood virtually alone in the nation's capital while little, petty men flayed him over American involvement in Indo-China," he said. And an as-

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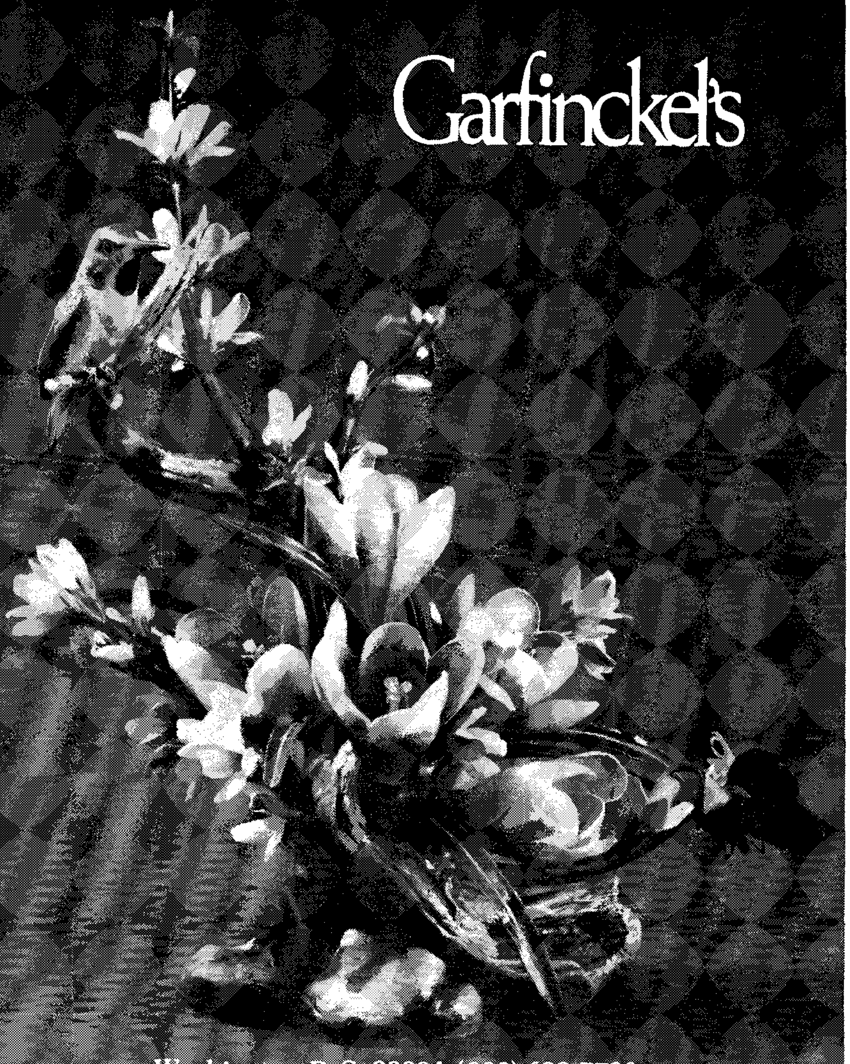

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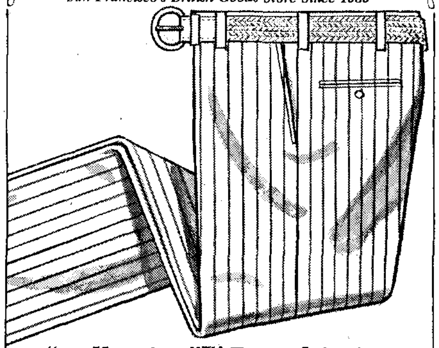

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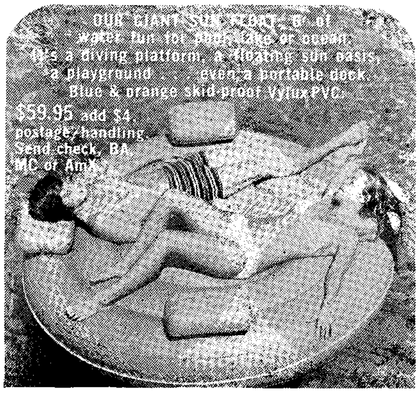

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sessment distributed that same week by Senator Goldwater, and reported to have been written at the White House, said, "No President has been under more constant and unremitting harassment." The war in Indo-China was, for the moment, over. The war at home continued.

ON February 7th, the Senate, by a vote of seventy-seven to none, established a Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities, to look into abuses in the Presidential campaign of 1972, including the Watergate break-in; and the Democratic leadership appointed Senator Sam Ervin, of North Carolina, the author of the resolution to establish the Select Committee, to be its chairman. Three days later, the Administration secretly convened a Watergate committee of its own, in California—at the La Costa Resort Hotel and Spa, not far from the President's estate in San Clemente, with John Dean, H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, and Richard Moore, a White House aide, in attendance. The meeting lasted for two days. Its work was to devise ways of hampering, discrediting, and ultimately blocking the Ervin committee's investigation.

ON February 17th, the President sent to the Senate the nomination of Patrick Gray—Acting Director of the F.B.I.—as its Permanent Director. On March 2nd, faced with a request to allow John Dean to testify at Senate Judiciary Committee hearings on Gray's nomination, the President refused by invoking the doctrine of "executive privilege," and a few days later, in a formal policy statement, Nixon asserted that executive privilege permitted a President to forbid any of his past or present aides to give testimony before the Congress. But, the President added, "executive privilege will not be used as a shield to prevent embarrassing information from being made available but will be exercised only in those particular instances in which disclosure would harm the public interest." Two days later, Dean refused to appear before the Judiciary Committee and cited the President's policy statement to justify his refusal. In the second week of April, Attorney General Richard Kleindienst expanded the executive-privilege claim. He told three Senate committees then jointly considering the issue of executive privilege that the President had the authority to prevent any or all of some three million civilian employees of the executive branch from giving testimony before the Congress. If the senators wanted some testimony that the President would not allow, Kleindienst said, then the Congress could impeach the President. The senators were amazed to hear such talk. The very sound of the word "impeach" seemed to shock them. Another White House move to impede the flow of information from the executive branch was to be found in the fine print of a Justice Department proposal for a bill revising the criminal code—a bill then pending in Congress. The Justice Department bill would make it a crime for a government employee to pass out "classified" information or for a reporter to receive it. Any government employee prosecuted under the provisions of the bill would also be prevented from challenging the reasonableness of the "classified" designation of any unauthorized release. And any government employee who only knew about an unauthorized release of classified information and failed to report it would be indictable. The penalties ranged up to seven years in jail and fifty thousand dollars in fines.

ON January 21st, Senator McGovern, speaking at Oxford University, warned that the United States was "closer to one-man rule than at any time in our history." He added, "We have experienced an exhaustion of important institutions in America. Today only the Presidency is activist and strong, while other traditional centers of power are timid and depleted." A few of his colleagues in the Senate were similarly apprehensive. But their concern was not widely shared, for the public, insofar as it still took any interest in politics at all, was preoccupied with two other matters: a precipitous rise in food prices—especially the price of meat—and the return of the prisoners of war from Hanoi. Housewives, in a burst of consumer activism, had organized a nationwide one-week boycott of meat. The return of the prisoners of war turned out to be a highly organized affair. They were flown from Hanoi to Clark Air Base, in the Philippines. There each released prisoner was joined by an "escort officer," who accompanied his charge back to the United States. Upon the arrival of a planeload at the airport in the United States, many of the debarking prisoners expressed their gratitude to President Nixon. None of the prisoners were allowed to meet with the press or the public, or, for the first few days, to stay with their families. Instead, they were whisked away to hospitals.

The President had won a landslide

reëlection victory, and his popularity stood high in the polls; in February, a Gallup poll showed the President to be popular with sixty-eight per cent of the public—a rating equal to the best he had received during his first term. His power had never been greater. His rivals were in disarray. The war, it seemed, was at last over for the United States. To an outsider's eye, these looked like propitious circumstances for the beginning of the President's second term. In actuality, the nation's exhausted calm posed a terrible danger to the President. Those on the inside could see that his popularity rating of sixty-eight per cent was based on public ignorance of the Administration's true record, and that if that record were to be made known the popularity could evaporate. The nation's calm was perilous to the President because it was a poor atmosphere for the progress of the coverup: the next stage of the coverup called for large amounts of that old stock in trade among the President's political strategies—national division. The President, in his actions since his reëlection, had given his political opposition plenty of cause to protest his policies, and so to divide the country. He had launched his attempt to take over the federal bureaucracy and to fashion it into an instrument of personal political power; he had begun his attacks on the remaining powers of Congress; his spokesman had openly recommended government management of television news; and he had carried out the terror-bombing of North Vietnam. Yet these moves had encountered virtually no opposition. In a meeting in February, John Dean warned the President that any congressional investigation into the Watergate affair would be very "partisan," as though that were something to be feared, but the President replied, "I frankly would say that I perhaps rather that they be partisan." He realized that only in a highly charged, contentious atmosphere could the men who might uncover the damning facts about his Administration be portrayed as irresponsible characters out to fabricate charges against him. The atmosphere of 1973, however, simply did not offer any opportunity for these tactics. The old targets of Presidential wrath had all disappeared from the scene. The Communists had been neutralized as such a target by the President's own visits to Russia and China. As for the hippies, demonstrators, and anarchists, they had been dropped from the official history of the Nixon years at the time of the Republican Convention; and, of course, by 1973 the days of demonstrations against the war were actually over, once and for all. Referring to these various supposed menaces, the Republican platform had read, "It is so easy to forget how frightful it was." The President's speechwriters might attempt to prop up the fallen McGovern and his "frenetic accomplices" in order to trample them once again, and Charles Colson might lash out at the "sell-out brigades" one more time, but these were bogies of the past. How could the President exacerbate "divisive issues," as he had done in preparation for the campaign of 1972, when he himself had laid all the divisive issues to rest? In the sedated mood of 1973, the Presidential Offensive came across merely as an oddity.

IN the second week of March, the President said that he would veto a string of bills, and that if his vetoes were overridden he would impound the funds appropriated in the bills. The brave talk about how Congress had thrown down the gauntlet was at an end. At the beginning of April, the Senate had failed to override a veto of an aid-to-the-handicapped bill, and the failure to override was interpreted by congressional leaders to mean that the President would be able to do with the budget what he wished. Senator Mike Mansfield, of Montana, the Democratic majority leader, remarked, "The President's in the driver's seat." What was more important, the failure to override meant that the attempt of the Congress to relegislate its Constitutional powers would most probably fail.

THE President's drive to take over the federal government was going well. By the end of March, those legislators who were worried about the possibility of a collapse of the Constitutional system were in a state of near-hopelessness. It seemed that the President would have his will, and Congress could not stop him; as for the public, it was uninterested in Constitutional matters. Senator Muskie had now joined Senator McGovern in warning against the dangers of "one-man rule," and he said that the Administration's proposal for preventing the release of "classified" information, no matter how arbitrarily the "classified" designation had been applied, could impose "the silence of democracy's graveyard." Senator William Fulbright, of Arkansas, had expressed fear that the United States might "pass on, as most of the world has passed on, to a totalitarian system." In the press, a new feeling seemed to be crystallizing that Congress had had its day as an institution

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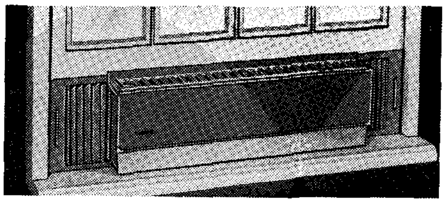

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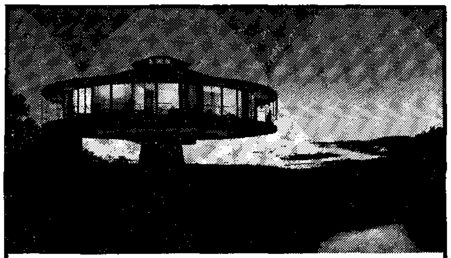

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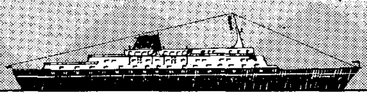

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of American life. Commentators of all political persuasions were talking about Congress as though it were moribund. Kevin Phillips, a political writer who had played an important role in formulating "the Southern strategy," and who had once worked in John Mitchell's Justice Department, wrote, in an article in *Newsweek* called "Our Obsolete System," that "Congress's separate power is an obstacle to modern policymaking." He proposed a "fusion of powers" to replace the Constitution's separation of powers. "In sum," he wrote, "we may have reached a point where separation of powers is doing more harm than good by distorting the logical evolution of technology-era government." In *The New Republic*, the columnist TRB, who, like Senator McGovern and Senator Muskie, was worried that "one-man rule" was in prospect, wrote, "President Nixon treats Congress with contempt which, it has to be admitted, is richly deserved. We have a lot of problems—the economy, inflation, the unfinished war, Watergate—but in the long run the biggest problem is whether Congress can be salvaged, because if it can't, our peculiar 18th-century form of government, with separation of powers, can't be salvaged." And he wrote, "A vacuum has to be filled. The authority of Congress has decayed till it is overripe and rotten. Mr. Nixon has merely proclaimed it." At the Justice Department, Donald Santarelli, who was shortly to become head of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, told a reporter, "Today, the whole Constitution is up for grabs." These observers took the undeniable fact that the Congress was impotent as a sign that the Congress was obsolete. And the executive branch, having helped reduce the Congress to helplessness, could now point to that helplessness as proof that the Congress was of no value.

THE coverup and the takeover had merged into a single project. For four years, the President's anger at his "enemies" had been growing. As his anger had grown, so had that clandestine repressive apparatus in the White House whose purpose was to punish and destroy his enemies. And as this apparatus had grown, so had the need to control the Cabinet departments and the agencies, and the other branches of government, because they might find out about it—until, finally, the coverup had come to exceed in importance every other matter facing the Administration. For almost a year now, the coverup had been the motor of American politics. It had safeguarded the President's reëlection, and it had determined the substance and the mood of the Administration's second term so far. In 1969, when President Nixon launched his Presidential Offensive, he had probably not foreseen that the tools he was developing then would one day serve him in a mortal struggle between his Administration and the other powers of the Republic; but now his assault on the press, the television networks, the Congress, the federal bureaucracy, and the courts had coalesced into a single, coördinated assault on the American Constitutional democracy. Either the Nixon Administration would survive in power and the democracy would die or the Administration would be driven from power and the democracy would have another chance to live. If the newly reëlected President should be able to thwart investigations by the news media, the agencies of federal law enforcement, the courts, and Congress, he would be clear of all accountability, and would be above the law; on the other hand, if the rival institutions of the Republic should succeed in laying bare the crimes of his Administration and in bringing the criminals to justice, the Administration would be destroyed.

Although the coverup was still unknown to the public, it had left no part of American political life untouched. The coverup was composed of concentric rings of participants, of which the innermost had a high degree of awareness of the truth and the outer layers had progressively less awareness. At the center was the hard core of the conspiracy: the men who knew everything except what they had deliberately chosen not to know. In the ring surrounding these men were men in government who knew a part of the truth and whose duty it was to find out more, but who did not, and allowed themselves to be used as instruments in the hands of the main conspirators. This ring included officials of the C.I.A. such as Richard Helms and Vernon Walters, and officials of the Justice Department such as Patrick Gray and Henry Petersen. Petersen, for example, had been informed by John Dean on December 22, 1972, that Gray had received material from Hunt's safe, and Petersen had not asked Gray about it until some two months later. Gray had denied the story, and Petersen had made no further investigation until another two months had elapsed and the coverup was blowing apart. Gray was one degree nearer the innermost ring than

Petersen was, for he had knowingly lied to help the coverup along. He was one of many men who had suddenly been raised to prominence by the Nixon Administration and had then been asked to engage in criminal or improper activities. When Gray was first informed of his appointment as Acting Director of the F.B.I., he had been so surprised that he thought it was a joke. Vernon Walters, too, had been swiftly raised by the Administration from relative obscurity to his high post, and when he balked at carrying out White House instructions designed to advance the coverup, Ehrlichman suggested to Dean that Walters be reminded "where he came from." Petersen had likewise been promoted to his relatively high position by the Nixon Administration, and it was this fact that prompted Dean to remark to the President that one reason for Petersen's coöperativeness was that "this Administration has made him." In manipulating men like Petersen, the President employed both promises of promotion and threats of exposure of their involvement in the coverup. In early April, when the President began to receive grand-jury information directly from Petersen, he dangled the post of Director of the F.B.I. before him, and at the same time he reminded him of the impropriety of his having given grand-jury information to Dean in the summer and warned him that exposure of that fact could damage him badly. "I've got Petersen on a short leash," the President told Ehrlichman and Ziegler. In the ring outside Petersen and those like him were men in the Republican Party and elsewhere who had no special knowledge of the coverup but allowed themselves to be used as instruments or spokesmen of the conspirators. These were the men who angrily denied charges against the Administration without having any way of knowing whether their denials were true. In this ring, too, were all those who had no personal involvement in the coverup but kept silent out of fear of retaliation by the White House.

Finally, in the outermost ring were most of the press, most political figures in the country, and most of the public. This ring was absolutely essential to the success of the coverup, and it took in nothing less than the mood of the whole nation. If it is true that some Republican politicians parroted the White House line uncritically until the very last moments of the coverup, it is also true that by election time the public, including members of the opposition party, was in possession of a large body of facts that were, to say the least, sus-

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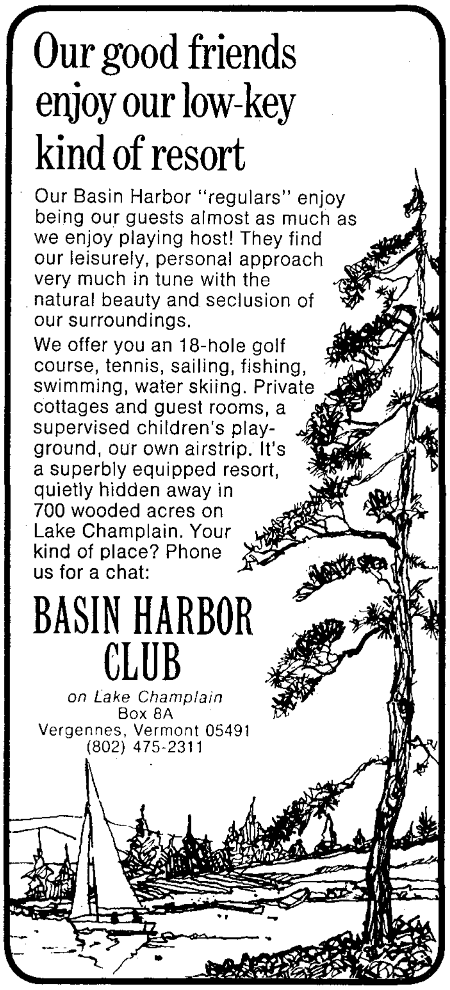

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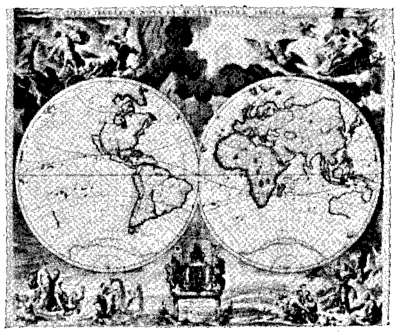

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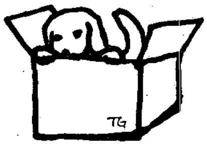
picious, and that the public nevertheless returned the Nixon Administration to office by a landslide vote. The country's demoralized state was a complicated phenomenon, with a history that stretched back at least to the beginnings of the Vietnam war. It was compounded of a mistrust of all politicians, a feeling that citizens were helpless to change things, and a drastically lowered standard of conduct for public figures. The word "coverup" suggests conspiratorial action by a few people to deceive a multitude. It would be closer to the truth to say that the Watergate coverup was primarily a national atmosphere in which millions of people who had had nothing to do with the coverup in any narrow sense were able to make decisions that allowed the truth to go undiscovered—that the coverup was a temporary tacit national agreement to let the truth remain concealed and the conspirators stay in office.



But if the coverup encompassed the entire political nation, so did the investigation. At the core of the investigation were the men in the Senate, in the House, in the judiciary, and in the news media whose specific duty it was to discover the facts and to bring the criminals to justice, but in this endeavor, too, the mental state of the whole public—its hidden reserves of indignation and of loyalty to Constitutional principles—would have a decisive role. The Watergate conspirators themselves would to some extent be forced by the demands of the investigation to assume Constitutional obligations, for they, too, as officials of the government, were expected to pursue wrongdoers, and so were required, against their will, to take actions that might be their own undoing. Even the President, around whom the conspiracy revolved, was under obligations he could not wholly avoid to—in effect—bring himself to justice. In other words, in the ordeal that lay ahead not one of those involved was wholly an investigator and not one was wholly a conspirator. All were influenced in some degree by both the imperatives of the attempt to uncover the truth and the imperatives of the attempt to keep the truth concealed.

President Nixon understood perfectly that, in the absence of a mood of division, a mood of political enervation and numbness in the country as a whole could be as important to the success of the coverup as anything that Anthony Ulasewicz might do in his phone booths, and therefore the President took positive steps to worsen the moral climate of the country still further. It became his aim not just to defame specific members of the opposition but to defame whole generations of American politicians. Of all the White House efforts to "discredit" one group or another, this was the most comprehensive. It was an attempt to discredit American history. The President's plan took the form of a public-relations campaign whose purpose was to show not that the Nixon Administration was innocent of the crimes of which it was accused but that all American politicians committed such crimes and always had. By creating an unfavorable image of American politics as a whole, President Nixon hoped to produce an atmosphere in which damaging revelations about his Administration would not seem shocking. (Similarly, his strategy in the 1972 Presidential campaign had been to degrade the opposition rather than to ennoble himself.) He was aided in this effort by his own apparently unfeigned low conception of American politics. It was, after all, this low conception that had allowed him to imagine in the first place that "enemies" of his were doing to him the things he really wanted to do to them. "Goldwater put it in context," he told Dean on September 15, 1972. "He said, 'Well for Christ's sake, everybody bugs everybody else. We know that.' " And the President added, "It's true. It happens to be totally true." Later, he asked Dean, "Don't we try to get schedules? Don't you try to disrupt their meetings? Didn't they try to disrupt ours?" As he saw things, there was a double standard in operation: misbehavior by the opposition was overlooked, but misbehavior by him was thoroughly investigated. And if this was the case, he thought, then all he had to do was to publicize the misbehavior of the opposition, and the public would become so demoralized that it would no longer care what his Administration or any other Administration might have done. In fact, in his estimation the public was already indifferent to political crimes. On March 13, 1973, he told Dean that Patrick Buchanan had been "viewing with alarm the . . . great crisis in the confidence of the Presidency, and so forth," and he went on to ask, "How much of a crisis?" Speaking in the loose, disconnected manner that was apparently habitual with him in this period, he answered, "I mean it'll be, it'll be in a newspaper . . . but the point is that everything is a crisis. I mean Christ, we've had—screw around with this thing for a while . . . it'll be mainly a crisis among the upper intellectual types . . . you know, the softheads, soft—our own, too—Republicans, Democrats, and the rest. Average people won't think it is much of a crisis unless it affects them." Then he added, ruefully, "But it'll go on and on and on." Dean agreed with the President, as he so often did. Dean had already said, on another occasion, that they were going to "put this thing in, in, in, uh, the funny pages of the, of the history books rather than anything serious." One man who the President thought might be helpful in damaging the reputations of past Presidents was William C. Sullivan, the man he hoped to use to "destroy Hoover's image." Sullivan, he believed, might have information showing that Lyndon Johnson and perhaps other Presidents had engaged in wiretapping for political purposes. Dean remarked that if such information could be brought out, it would "tarnish . . . the F.B.I. and a former President." "Fine," the President replied. Such revelations would "change the whole atmosphere of the Watergate hearings," Dean thought. The President wondered aloud whether Sullivan would be willing to coöperate with the Administration. Dean answered, "I think the quid pro quo with Sullivan is that he wants someday back in the Bureau very badly." "That's easy," the President said. He was willing to reward Sullivan with a high post in the F.B.I. for destroying the F.B.I.'s image. However, none of this information was in hand, and a few moments later the President noted regretfully that he had "nothing on the Democrats, and nothing, nothing on what the previous three Administrations did."

ON March 24th, Hugh Scott, the Senate minority leader, emerged from a meeting with the President and reported that the President had told him, "Hugh, I have nothing to hide. The White House has nothing to hide. I repeat we have nothing to hide, and you are authorized to make that statement in my name."

IN April, *U. S. News & World Report* printed an article on the way the President was now conducting White House business. "His 'inner circle' has narrowed," it noted. "Fewer people are getting assignments direct from the President. He is concentrating on strict discipline, exercised through channels of command. Cabinet meetings are being further downgraded. The atmosphere in the White House, never really casual, tends to be more formal than ever. 'What this means,' said an aide, 'is that the strong men of the first Nixon Administration are even stronger now.'" And the article noted that the President, in accord with a policy of establishing a mood of "peace at the center," was "seeing even his 'inner circle' a little less than before," and that the change left him with more time for "reflective reading"—all of which was "in keeping with his 'sense of history.'"

WHILE the President was laying plans for a public-relations assault on the totality of American political life in recent years, the strictly legal end of the coverup was approaching a crisis. The President had always had difficulty grasping the coverup's legal implications. To him, it was above all an exercise in politics and propaganda. "That's what this is, public relations," he had told Dean in September. For that matter, there was almost nothing he had done during his years in office which he had not seen in one way or another as public relations. The coverup, however, was in trouble far less with public opinion than with the law. In March, three distinct threats to the coverup had emerged. One was the confirmation hearings before the Senate Judiciary Committee on the nomination of Patrick Gray as Director of the F.B.I. For the Senate, these hearings were a first chance to probe the scandal, and for the Administration they were an opportunity to experiment with strategy, to test the mettle of the Congress, and to get the machinery of the coverup in good working order for a more serious confrontation with the Ervin committee. It was in the Gray hearings, for instance, that the President tried out his assertion of an executive privilege that would cover all Presidential aides, including former aides. The decision to nominate Gray as Director had been a calculated risk. On the one hand, it could be very important for the success of the coverup to have one of the conspirators heading the F.B.I., and Gray's corruptibility had already been put to the test and had not been found wanting. On the other hand, there was some danger that the Gray hearings would give the senators a look at the coverup story. The second threat to the coverup was the Ervin committee, which was scheduled to open hearings in May. President Nixon regarded this threat as the most dangerous, because it was the proceeding over which he had least control, and because it could have a strong impact on the all-important area

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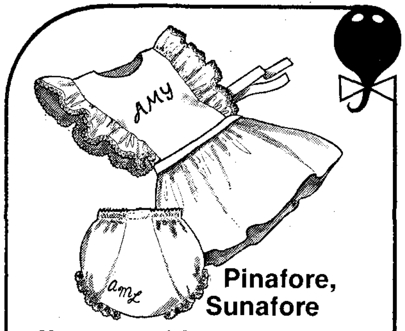

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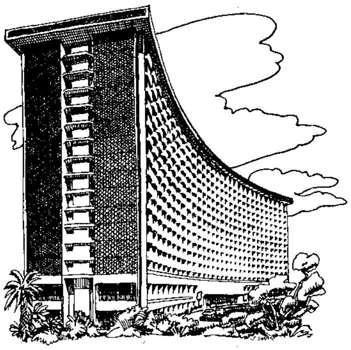

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of public relations, particularly if its sessions were to be televised. Indeed, he told John Dean in March that he would far rather have his aides go before a grand jury in secret, despite the legal dangers there, than have them go before the Ervin committee in public. This, to be sure, was partly because he believed he could manage grand-jury proceedings to a considerable extent. ("We've got much more control there," he pointed out to Haldeman and Dean.) The third threat to the coverup came from Judge Sirica, who had deferred the sentencing of the Watergate defendants until March 23rd, and had said that the amount of coöperation a defendant gave the authorities would be taken into account at sentencing time.

In the latter part of March, the pace of events in this area of the coverup quickened. Under the pressure of the pending sentences, two of the conspirators were breaking ranks: James McCord and Howard Hunt. McCord, who had been threatening the White House with exposure since December, now wrote a letter to Judge Sirica telling what he knew of the coverup. Hunt, for his part, was angry because he and the other defendants and their lawyers had not been paid as much money as they wanted in return for their silence. In November, 1972, he called Charles Colson to remind him that the continuation of the coverup was a "two-way street," and shortly after the middle of March he told Paul O'Brien, an attorney for the reëlection committee, that if more funds weren't forthcoming immediately he might reveal some of the "seamy things" he had done for John Ehrlichman—an apparent reference to the break-in at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Shortly thereafter, O'Brien informed Dean of Hunt's demand. These events on one edge of the coverup had an immediate influence on the chemistry of the whole enterprise. On March 21st, John Dean, convinced now that the coverup could not be maintained, met with the President and told him the story of it as he knew it from beginning to end. The President's response was to recommend that the blackmail money be paid to Hunt. "I think you should handle that one pretty fast," he said. And later he said, "But at the moment don't you agree that you'd better get the Hunt thing? I mean, that's worth it, at the moment." And he said, "That's why your, for your immediate thing you've got no choice with Hunt but the hundred and twenty or whatever it is. Right?" The President was willing to consider plans for limited disclosure, and the meeting ended with a suggestion from Haldeman, who had joined the two other men: "We've got to figure out where to turn it off at the lowest cost we can, but at whatever cost it takes."

Dean's session with the President put the President in a peculiarly difficult position. The conspirators in a coverup are caught in a web of powerful opposing forces. On the one hand, they need to keep themselves as closely informed as possible about the crimes that are being covered up and about the coverup itself, in order to be able to plan their moves. On the other hand, they need to keep themselves as ignorant as possible of these same matters, since the knowledge of crimes, if it is not reported to the responsible authorities, is itself a crime—misprision. When the conspirators are men in government with a special obligation to investigate and prosecute crimes, the tension between the need to know and the need not to know is particularly acute. In such a case, the multiplicity of roles assumed by each conspirator gives rise to a complexity of motivation so great as to befuddle even the conspirator himself. The conspirator who is a public official not only must know the facts, in order to get on with the coverup, while seeming not to know the facts, in order to escape indictment for misprision, but also must, in his public role as investigator, seem actively to seek the facts while secretly making sure he does not find them. When the sleuth and the criminal are united in one person, as they were in the person of the President during the Watergate coverup, one is presented with the spectacle of a man following his own footsteps in circles while taking care never to discover where they lead. President Nixon was well aware of the importance of remaining ignorant of some matters, and in late February, he said to Dean, "The main thing, of course, is also the, the isolation of the President from this." (There had been much discussion in recent years about the isolation of American Presidents from reality, but no one had suggested that a President might deliberately cultivate such isolation.) Now Dean, by laying out the story of the coverup in detail, was forcing the President to take some action, because if the President did not now act, Dean would be a witness to the crime of the President's inaction.

The defection of Hunt and McCord had upset the delicate balance of roles demanded by the coverup. Information that had to be kept secret began to flow in a wide loop through the coverup's various departments. Not only Hunt and McCord but Dean and Magruder began to tell their stories to the prosecutors. The prosecutors, in turn, relayed the information to Attorney General Kleindienst and Assistant Attorney General Petersen, who then relayed it to the President, who then relayed it to Haldeman and Ehrlichman, who in this period were desperately attempting to avoid prosecution, and were therefore eager to know what was happening in the Grand Jury room. Any defections placed the remaining conspirators in an awkward position. In order to get clear of the collapsing coverup, they had to become public inquisitors of their former subordinates and collaborators. Such a transformation, however, was not likely to sit well with the defectors, who were far from eager to shoulder the blame for the crimes of others, and who, furthermore, were in possession of damaging information with which to retaliate.

Notwithstanding these new tensions, the President sought to continue the coverup. In the weeks following his meeting with Dean on March 21st, his consistent strategy was what might be called the hors-d'oeuvre strategy. The President described the strategy to Haldeman and Ehrlichman after a conversation with Dean on April 14th by saying, "Give 'em an hors d'oeuvre and maybe they won't come back for the main course." His hope was that by making certain public revelations and by offering a certain number of victims to the prosecutors he could satisfy the public's appetite, so that it would seek no more revelations and no more victims. (This technique, which Ehrlichman, on another occasion, called a "modified limited hang-out," was also what Haldeman had had in mind when he suggested that they should "turn it off at the lowest cost" they could.) Hors d'oeuvres of many kinds came under consideration. Some were in the form of scapegoats to be turned over to the prosecutors, and others were in the form of incomplete or false reports to be issued to the public. By now, the country's appetite for revelations was well developed, and in the White House it was decided that no less a man than Mitchell was needed to satisfy it.

As Ehrlichman explained the new plan to the President, Mitchell would be induced to make a statement saying,

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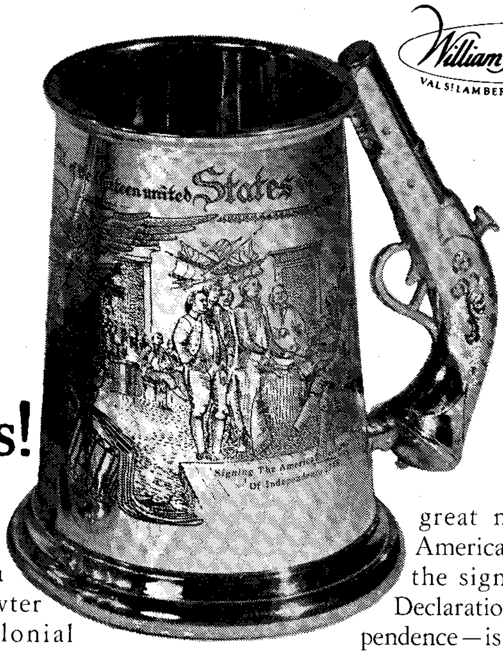

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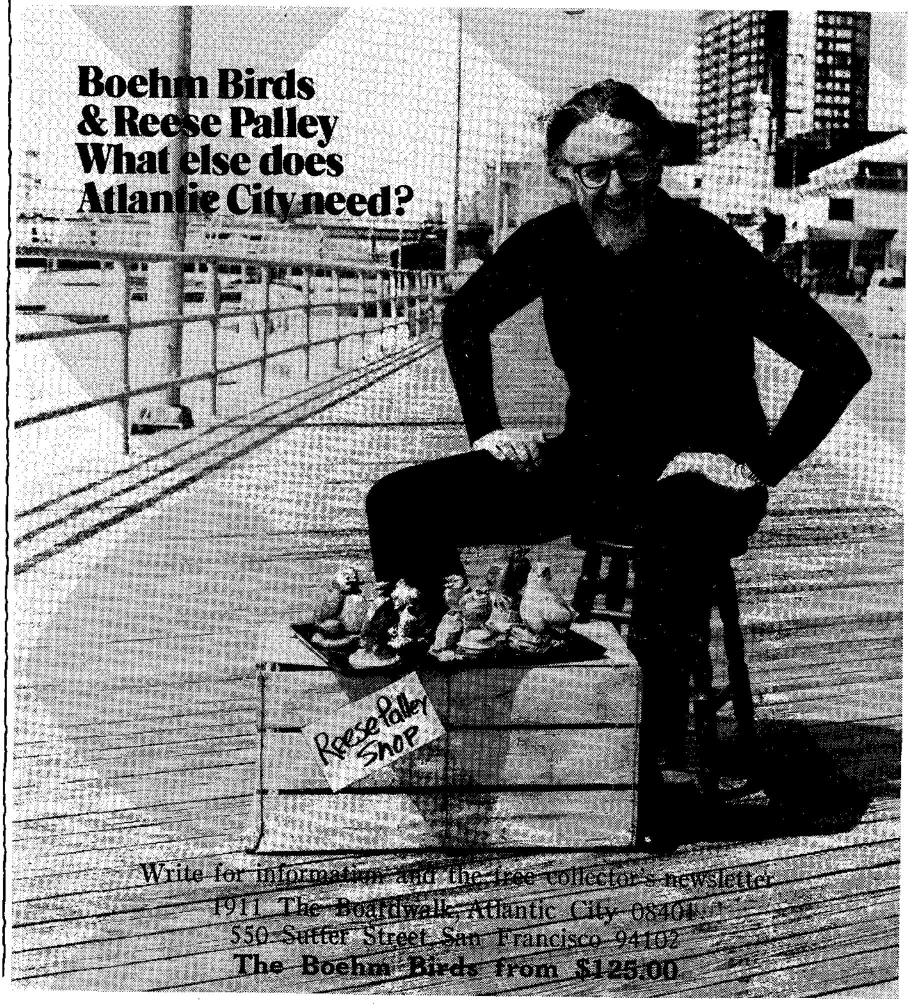
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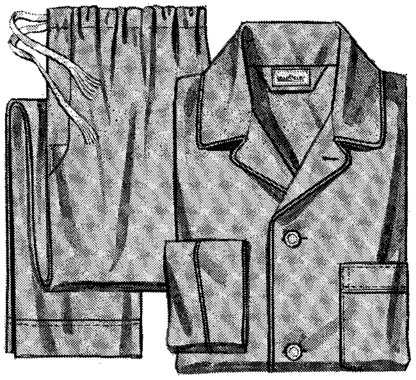

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"I am both morally and legally responsible."

"How does it redound to our advantage?" the President asked.

"That you have a report from me based on three weeks' work," Ehrlichman replied, "that when you got it, you immediately acted to call Mitchell in as the provable wrongdoer, and you say, 'My God, I've got a report here. And it's clear from this report that you are guilty as hell. Now John . . . go on in there and do what you should.' "

That way, the President could pose as the man who had cracked the conspiracy.

◆ ◆ ◆

Shortly thereafter, Mitchell was called down to the White House, and Ehrlichman proposed the plan. Mitchell did not care for it. He not only maintained his innocence but suggested that the guilt lay elsewhere; namely, in the White House. Ehrlichman told the President when Mitchell had left that Mitchell had "lobbed, uh, mud balls at the White House at every opportunity." Faced with Mitchell's refusal to play the scapegoat, the President, Haldeman, and Ehrlichman next invited Dean to step into the role. Soon after Ehrlichman's unsatisfactory experience with Mitchell, the President met with Dean and attempted to induce him to sign a letter of resignation because of his implication in the scandal.

The President approached the subject in an offhand manner. "You know, I was thinking we ought to get the odds and ends, uh . . . we talked, and, uh, it was confirmed that—you remember we talked about resignations and so forth," he said.

"Uh huh," Dean replied.

"But I should have in hand something, or otherwise they'll say, 'What the hell did you—after Mr. Dean told you all of this, what did you do?' " the President went on.

Again Dean answered "Uh huh."

The President then related that even Henry Petersen had been concerned about "this situation on Dean," and Dean once more answered with an "uh huh."

"See what I mean?" the President asked the uncommunicative Dean.

"Are we talking Dean, or are we talking Dean, Ehrlichman, and Haldeman?" Dean finally asked.

"Well, I'm talking Dean," the President answered.

But Dean, like Mitchell before him, was talking Ehrlichman and Haldeman, too, and would not resign unless they also resigned. He did not want to be an hors d'oeuvre any more than Mitchell did. And since Dean was in possession of highly detailed information that implicated not only Haldeman and Ehrlichman but the President as well, the President was unable to "bite the Dean bullet," as he put it, until he was also willing to let Haldeman and Ehrlichman go. Their turn came quickly. By now the President was under intense pressure to act soon. If he did not, he could hardly pose as the man who had cracked the case. On April 17th, the day after the unproductive conversation with Dean, the President said to Haldeman and Ehrlichman, "Let me say this. . . . It's a hell of a lot different [from] John Dean. I know that as far as you're concerned, you'll go out and throw yourselves on a damned sword. I'm aware of that. . . . The problem we got here is this. I do not want to be in a position where the damned public clamor makes, as it did with Eisenhower, with Adams, makes it necessary or calls—to have Bob come in one day and say, 'Well, Mr. President, the public—blah, blah, blah—I'm going to leave.' " But Ehrlichman was not willing to throw himself on a sword. The person he was willing to throw on a sword was Dean. "Let me make a suggestion," he responded. It was that the President give Dean a leave of absence and then defer any decision on Ehrlichman and Haldeman until the case had developed further. However, the President pursued the point, seeming at times to favor Haldeman's and Ehrlichman's resignation, and finally Ehrlichman did what McCord, Hunt, Mitchell, and Dean had done before him. He lobbed mud balls at the White House—which in this case meant the President.

If he and Haldeman should resign, Ehrlichman observed, "we are put in a position of defending ourselves." And he went on, "The things that I am going to have to say about Dean are: that basically that Dean was the sole proprietor of this project, that he reported to the President, he reported to me only incidentally."

" 'Reported to the President'?" the President inquired.

A moment later, speaking in his own defense, the President said, "You see the problem you've got there is that Dean does have a point there which you've got to realize. He didn't see me when he came out to California. He didn't see me until the day you said, 'I think you ought to talk to John Dean.' "

At this point, Ehrlichman retreated into ambiguity, and said, "But you see I get into a very funny defensive position then vis-à-vis you and vis-à-vis him, and it's very damned awkward. And I haven't thought it clear through. I don't know where we come out."

The hors-d'oeuvre strategy had now been exhausted. No one was willing to take on the role. Likewise, after considering several possible reports to serve the same purpose (such as a report by John Dean, a report that would reveal the origins of Segretti's crimes but not the origins of the Watergate coverup, a report to the public by Ehrlichman), and after considering possible forums to head off the Senate investigation (such as a specially convened grand jury, a Presidential panel that would look into the facts of the scandal, a special prosecutor who could perhaps be controlled by the White House), the President, as the coverup came apart, could not offer the public anything. Dragged down by the weight of his co-conspirators, he had been unable to change himself from criminal into investigator. He had told John Dean that he wanted to "take the credit" for Magruder's decision to talk to the prosecutors, but Dean had responded that he himself was the more responsible party. And the President had said to Dean, "You're to say, 'I told the President about this [the coverup]. . . . And the President said, "Look, I want to get to the bottom of this thing, period." ' See what I'm driving at?" But he had actually said nothing of the sort to Dean at the time, and now Dean had answered only "Uh huh." To Henry Petersen the President had said, "Let me say this. The main thing, Henry, we must not have any question, now, on this, you know, I am in charge of this thing. You are and I am. . . . You know, I want to stay one step ahead of the curve. You know what I mean?" Petersen had responded only with a noncommittal "I understand."

On April 17th, the President made a short statement saying simply that there had been "major developments in the case concerning which it would be improper to be more specific now." He was unable to offer any diversionary reports or propitiatory victims to deflect the public's wrath at the forthcoming disclosures. He and his aides had talked over countless schemes, but all of them had foundered on the unwillingness of any of the aides to sacrifice themselves for him—or for "the Presidency," as he had asked them to do. The coverup was all one piece, and it cohered in exposure just as it had cohered in concealment.

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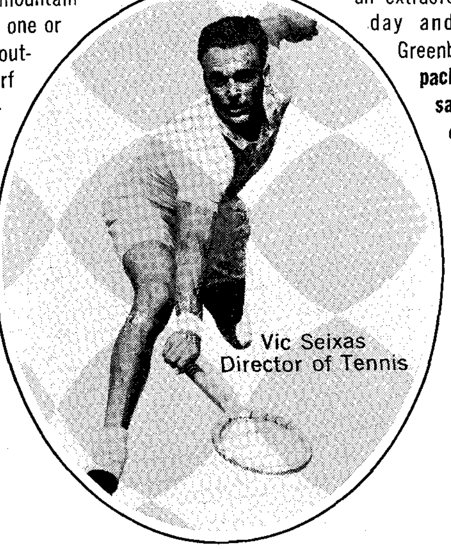

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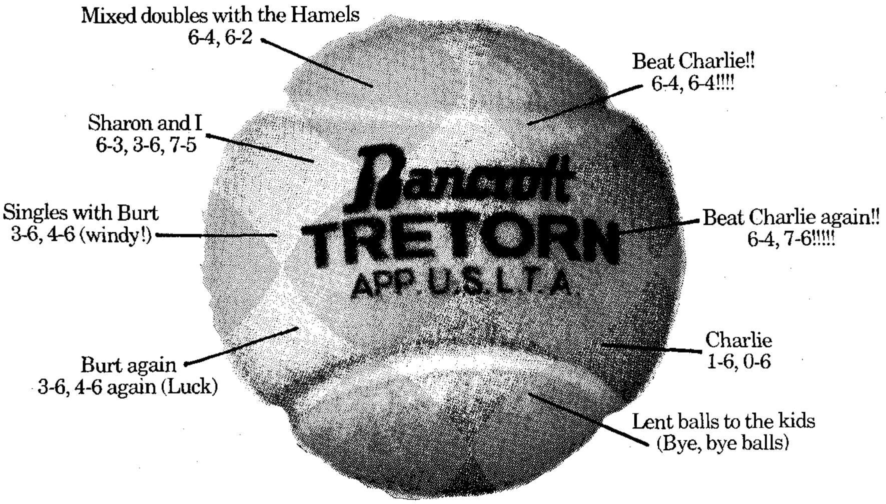
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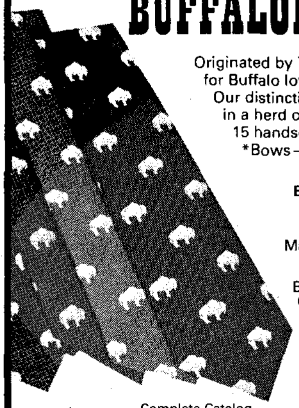

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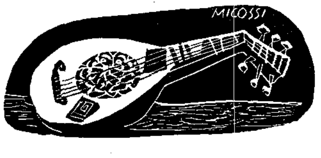
the eyes of the public, they had apparently served to establish his innocence in his own eyes. He and Haldeman and Ehrlichman had spent the better part of their time over the past eight months doing what they had been best at doing for more than four years: making up scenarios. The scenario they were looking for this time was a false overall version of events which combined real and invented occurrences into a plausible story demonstrating their own innocence. As the state of the evidence before the prosecutors changed, the scenario also had to change, to take the new facts into account. Soon the three men had to improvise new stories almost hourly. At times, the President was put in the awkward position of having to inquire of his fellow-scenarists what his own actions and thoughts had supposedly been.

"How has the scenario worked out? May I ask you?" the President inquired of Haldeman the day before the public announcement.

"Well, it works out very good," Haldeman answered. "You became aware some time ago that this thing [the Dean "report"] did not parse out the way it was supposed to and that there were some discrepancies between what you had been told by Dean in the report that there was nobody in the White House involved, which may still be true."

"How do I get credit for getting Magruder to the stand?" the President inquired shortly afterward. And a moment later he asked, "Why did I take Dean off [the case]?" Then, having been told that the scenario had him on record as having alerted the Attorney General to the coverup, he was obliged to ask, "This is very good now. How does that happen?"



What is perhaps even more surprising than the President's ability to make up stories in a steady, unbroken stream was his seeming ability to believe each of them almost instantaneously. It was one thing for him to tell Henry Petersen that "Dean was the one who told us throughout the summer that nobody in the White House was involved when he himself apparently was involved," for that statement could have been a simple lie. It was another matter altogether for him to ask, in a phone conversation with Ehrlichman late at night, whether it was right to "fire a guy for a mistake"—namely, Haldeman—when Ehrlichman knew very well that the real moral question was whether the President was willing to fire a man for the President's own mistake. On this occasion, the President seemed to have thrown himself so wholeheartedly into his false role that in his private conversations he had begun to agonize over moral questions that were appropriate to the false role but wholly inappropriate to his real role. The President had apparently forgotten what his real role was. At one point in March, Ehrlichman had called a White House aide to ask for his "recollection" of the meeting at which Ehrlichman was said to have ordered Dean to tell Hunt to get out of the country, and the aide had answered, "I'll recollect anything you want me to." The President, too, had become adept at recollecting whatever was needed at a particular moment. By April of 1973, he and his aides were spending most of their time making up history out of whole cloth to suit the needs of each moment. Unfortunately for them, the history they were making up was self-serving history, and by April their individual interests had grown apart. Each of them had begun to "recollect" things to his own advantage and to the detriment of the others. As their community of interests dissolved under the pressure of the investigation, each of them was retreating into his own private, self-interested reality. The capacity for deception which had once divided them from the country but united them with one another now divided them from one another as well.

In the White House, the fabric of reality had disintegrated altogether. What had got the President into trouble from the start had been his remarkable capacity for fantasy. He had begun by imagining a host of domestic foes. In retaliating against them, he had broken the law. Then he had compounded his lawbreaking by concealing it. And, finally, in the same way that he had broken the law although breaking it was against his best interests, he was bringing himself to justice even as he thought he was evading justice. For, as though in anticipation of the deterioration of his memory, he had installed another memory in the Oval Office, which was more nearly perfect than his own, or anyone else's merely human equipment: he had installed the taping system. The Watergate coverup had cast him in the double role of conspirator and investigator. Though the conspirator in him worked hard to escape the law, it was the investigator in him that gained the upper hand in the end. While he was attempting to evade the truth, his machines were preserving it forever.

AT the moment when the President announced "major developments" in the Watergate case, the national process that was the investigation overwhelmed the national process that was the coverup. The events that followed were all the more astounding to the nation because, at just the moment when the coverup began to explode, the President, in the view of many observers, had been on the point of strangling the "obsolete" Constitutional system and replacing it with a Presidential dictatorship. One moment, he was triumphant and his power was apparently irresistible; the next moment, he was at bay. For in the instant the President made his announcement, the coverup cracked—not just the Watergate coverup but the broader coverup, which concealed the underground history of the last five years—and the nation suffered an inundation of news. The newspaper headlines now came faster and thicker than ever before in American history. The stories ran backward in time, and each day's newspaper told of some event a little further in the past as reporters traced the underground history to the early days of the Administration, and even into the terms of former Administrations. With the history of half a decade pouring out all at once, the papers were stuffed with more news than even the most diligent reader could absorb. Moreover, along with the facts, non-facts proliferated as the desperate men in the White House put out one false or distorted statement after another, so that each true fragment of the story was all but lost in a maze of deceptions, and each event, true or false, came up dozens of times, in dozens of versions, until the reader's mind was swamped. And, as if what was in the newspapers were not already too much, television soon started up, and, in coverage that was itself a full-time job to watch, presented first the proceedings of the Ervin committee and then the proceedings of the House Judiciary Committee, when it began to weigh the impeachment of the President. And, finally, in a burst of disclosure without anything close to a precedent in history, the tapes were revealed—and not just once but twice. The first set of transcripts was released by the White House and was doctored, and only the second set, which was released by the Judiciary Committee, gave an accurate account of the President's conversations.

As the flood of information flowed

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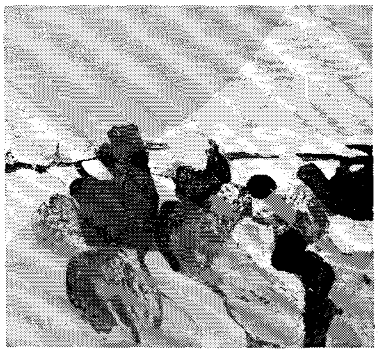
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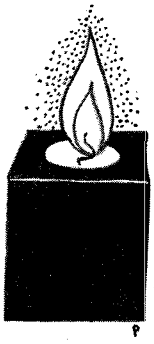
into the public realm, overturning the accepted history of recent years, the present scene was also transformed. The Vice-President was swept from office when his bribe-taking became known, but so rapid was the pace of events that his departure was hardly noticed. Each of the institutions of the democracy that had been menaced by the President—and all had been menaced—was galvanized into action in its turn: the press, the television networks, the Senate, the House of Representatives, and, finally, in a dispute over release of the tapes, the Supreme Court. The public, too, was at last awakened, when the President fired the Special Prosecutor whom he had appointed to look into the White House crimes. In an outpouring of public sentiment that, like so much else that happened at the time, had no precedent in the nation's history, millions of letters and telegrams poured in to Congress protesting the President's action. The time of letters sent by the President to himself was over, and the time of real letters from real people had come. No one of the democracy's institutions was powerful enough by itself to remove the President; the efforts of all were required—and only when those efforts were combined was he forced from office.

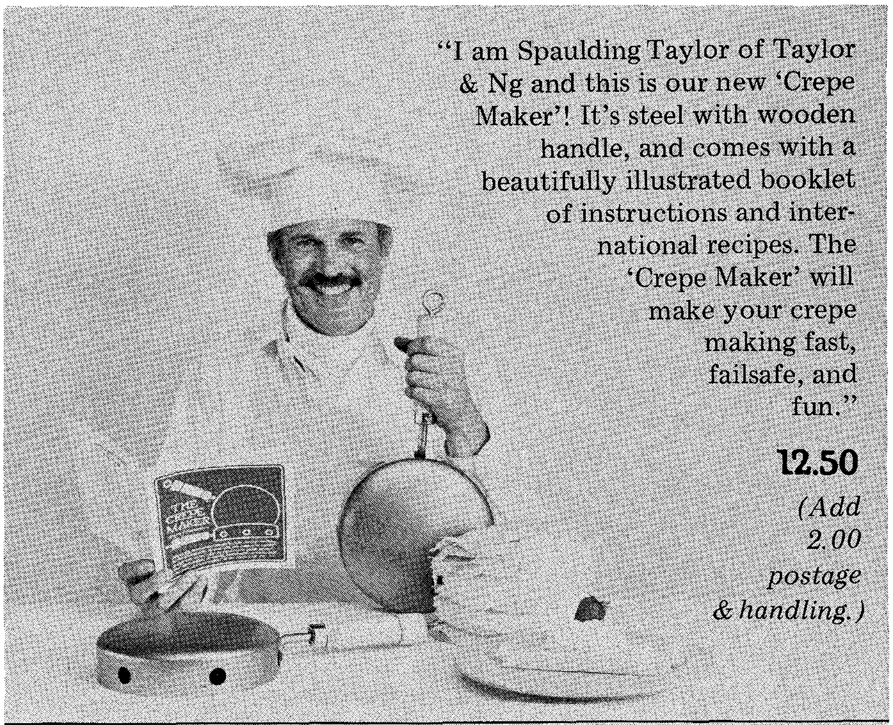
The struggle between the Nixon Administration and the other principal institutions of the Republic carried the policies of the Nixon Administration to a strange fulfillment. He had brought his own worst nightmares to life. Soon after taking office, he had become convinced that the Presidency was threatened with impotence by the machinations of unscrupulous domestic "enemies," who gathered under the banner of "the Establishment." To deal with this supposed threat, he had launched what he called his Presidential Offensive, in which he sought to wrest power from "the Establishment," and so destroy it. He did to his opposition the things he had imagined that his opposition was doing to him. When he came to believe that the Senate was employing un-Constitutional power against him by rejecting two of his Supreme Court nominations, he retaliated by asserting un-Constitutional powers himself. When he came to imagine that the press was out to destroy him, he retaliated by trying to destroy the press. In reality, the "enemies"—the press, the television networks, the courts, the Congress, the federal bureaucracies, the non-profit foundations—had had little stomach for opposing him, and his power had grown steadily at their expense. As for removing him from office by any means other than defeating him in an election, the mere idea was outside the pale of respectable consideration throughout his first term. But by April of 1973, although neither he nor his "enemies" quite knew it, he was in fact threatened with a terrible fall at the hands of those "enemies." By his own actions, he had given substance to his worst imaginings. Now the Senate, the House, the courts, the television networks, and the press, merely by doing what they normally should do under the Constitution, really did threaten his Administration with destruction. Other actions of his Presidency fell into the same pattern of nightmare brought to life. For example, he despised left-wing extremism, yet in the 1972 Presidential campaign he sent out his men to promote it, the better to destroy the politically dangerous Democratic center. In another move that gave substance to his worst imaginings, he invaded Cambodia in order to check what he saw as a rise in "anarchy" at home—although the United States had been calming down at the time—and in so doing he provoked something like real anarchy into existence all across the nation. The President's fantasy was father to the fact. What the President imagined to be true soon was true, as the result of his own actions.



The Nixon men used the language of the theatre—"scenario," "script," "players," "orchestration"—to describe the way they ran the country, but perhaps the most apt analogy would be to the state of dreaming. From the human faculty of dreaming, it can be seen that every person has the power to invent a wholly imaginary world that is indistinguishable to him from the real world. A waking person confronts a world that is given, but a dreamer confronts a world that is of his own creation. He is the author not only of his own actions but of the world in which he acts. In him are united subject and object. It is he who arranges to be attacked from behind and he who jumps in surprise. The beast that chases after and the "I" who runs away are the products of a single mind. President Nixon, using the great powers of his office, organized his waking life on the same principle. His methods of propping up his surrogate world were various. Sometimes he would block a fact out of only his own awareness; sometimes he would attempt to block it out of the awareness of the whole nation; and sometimes he would simply wipe the offending fact off the face of the earth in a B-52 raid. The President was becoming the author of his own environment. He manufactured events and then he "responded" to them. He invented enemies and then he went to war against them. He gave the speeches and then he applauded them. He threw the rocks and then he ducked. He invented crises and then he made "great decisions" to resolve them. As for the rest of us, it became our fate to live for a half a decade inside the head of a waking dreamer.

On one occasion, shortly after his reëlection, President Nixon described to a reporter how he reacted when he received news directly from the outside world on his television set. "The great decisions in this office require calm," he said, and he went on, "I could go up the wall watching TV commentators. I don't. . . . I never watch TV commentators or the news shows when they are about me." He added, "The major weakness of inexperienced people is that they take things personally, especially in politics, and that can destroy you." And by early 1973 it was true that facts that might appear on television could literally destroy him, for by then the investigations into the Watergate scandal had begun. But until these facts intruded he lived in a closed world in which he rarely had any experiences he had not arranged for himself. As in a dream, some of the experiences he arranged were pleasant and some were unpleasant, some were gratifying and some were frightening. What he could not endure were unplanned experiences that came from without, and it was these which his television set brought before his eyes. Had he remained in power much longer, he would surely have put an end to such disruptions once and for all. Then no unexpected sights would have offended his gaze. What he saw would no longer have sent him up the wall. It would no longer have destroyed him. His communion with himself would then have continued uninterrupted, and the world he saw would have been coextensive with his thought processes. There would have been only the sound of the programmed enemies and the sound of the surrogates praising him in words of his own devising. And, at the center, a perfect closed circle in which he talked to his tapes and his tapes talked to him. —JONATHAN SCHELL

(*This is the fifth part of a six-part article.*)



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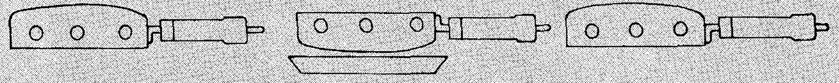

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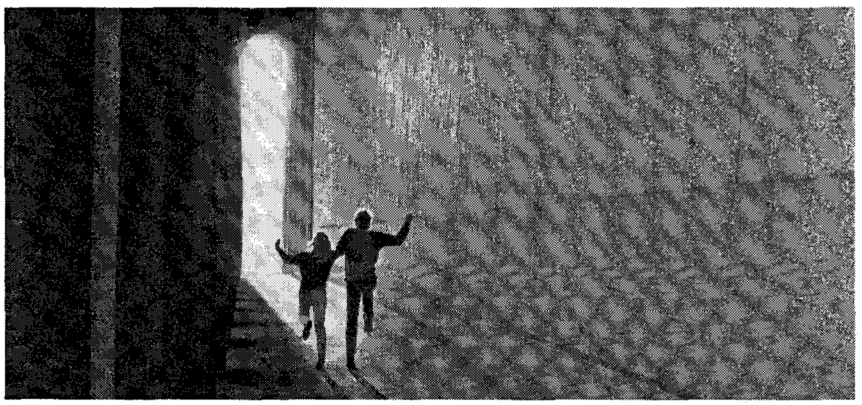

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THE RACE TRACK

A Tiara for Ruffian

WHAT more can I say (this department has run out of superlatives) than that Ruffian continued her triumphant progress at Belmont Park last Saturday, leading from start to finish in the Coaching Club American Oaks and taking home the New York Racing Association's Triple Crown for Fillies. The finish was not as spectacular as her thirteen-and-a-half-length victory in the Mother Goose Stakes three weeks before—she won the Oaks by only two and three-quarter lengths—but her performance was just as impressive. As she had in the shorter Acorn and Mother Goose Stakes, the other races in the trilogy, she made the occasion look less like a race than an exhibition of even, effortless action, in which she was the star. The statuesque dark-bay lady went down the backstretch with the six other starters strung out behind her like lampposts on a suburban road, but Vasquez gave her a breather passing the far turn, and the field moved up. As they swung into the stretch, Equal Change challenged sharply, and Vasquez had to do a bit of hand riding, which he is good at, but at the end of the mile and a half Ruffian was an easy winner, and for the tenth successive time. Let Me Linger was third, nine lengths farther behind.

Ruffian never looked better as she towered over the other starters at saddling time, and she got a cheer from the crowd when she cantered past the stand on her way to the post—and a bigger one when she sailed under the wire. Her share of the Oaks purse was $66,720, bringing her earnings to $313,429, and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Janney, who own her, received an extra trophy to help them remember how their pride and joy made a clean sweep of the Triple Crown. Her backers got five cents on the dollar whether they bet straight, place, or show, and they ran up a minus pool on the race that cost the management $45,430.

As everyone looks forward to her match a week from Sunday with Foolish Pleasure, who will be ridden by Baeza, here are a couple of items for horseplayers to ponder. The time for the Oaks was 2:27⅘, which is as fast as the race has been run since the distance was increased to a mile and a half, five years ago. It is interesting to compare the time with that of the Belmont Stakes a fortnight before, in which Foolish Pleasure finished a neck behind Avatar in 2:28⅕. The fractions for the Belmont were 0:23⅖, 0:48, 1:12⅖, 1:36⅗, 2:02, 2:28⅕. Those for the Oaks were 0:24⅘, 0:49, 1:13⅖, 1:38, 2:03⅕, 2:27⅘. As everybody knows, the track for the Belmont wasn't at its best, because a cloudburst the day before had given it a going over, while the footing for the Oaks was, as they say, lightning fast. So punters to whom the time of races is a fetish have something to think about. Slaves of the tube should be glad to hear that CBS, which does things well, will cover the race. And if you're a Ruffian rooter you can get a bumper sticker with "Ruffian a Matchless Kentuckian" printed on it by writing to Thoroughbred Breeders of Kentucky, P.O. Box 4158, Lexington, Kentucky 40504. It's free.

I WAS surprised that a crowd of no more than thirty thousand came out to see Ruffian run, for the weather was fine and the other races on the card were interesting. In one of them, Wajima, a three-year-old who cost $600,000 at the 1973 yearling sales, won at a mile in a lively 1:35⅕. It was his fourth victory in seven starts, and he has already earned about a tenth of his purchase price.

Attendance for the second Sunday of racing at Belmont was thirty-two thousand—about eight thousand fewer than for the first. The seventy-seventh running of the Fashion Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, at five and a half furlongs, was the main event, and Richard Bailey's Dearly Precious, by Dr. Fager out of Imsodear, led all the way to win it by a couple of lengths from Honey Pot, who was up in the last few strides to beat Quintas Vicki by a neck for the place. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Unless something is done soon, taxpayers in Suffolk County will be asked to pay for the proposed replacement to the Charles Street Jail. As one of those taxpayers, I ask, as does the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals, "Have all alternatives to incarnation been explored?" —*Letter to the Boston Globe.*

Good question.

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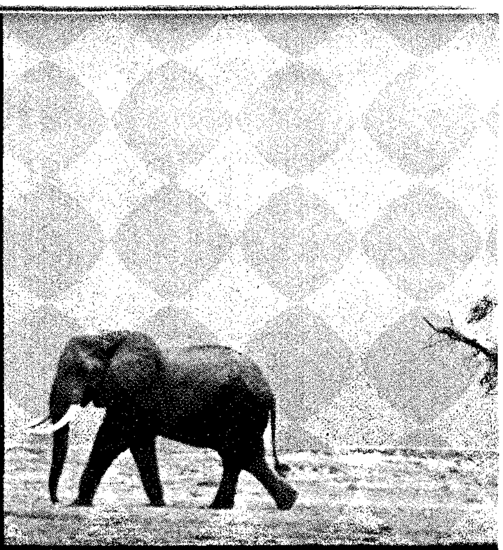
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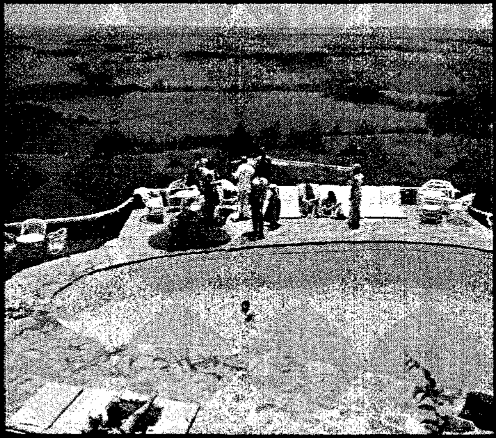
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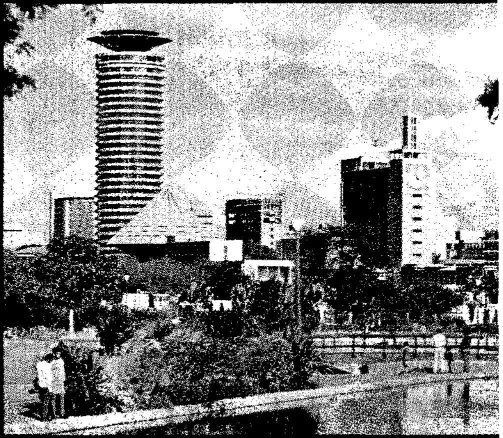
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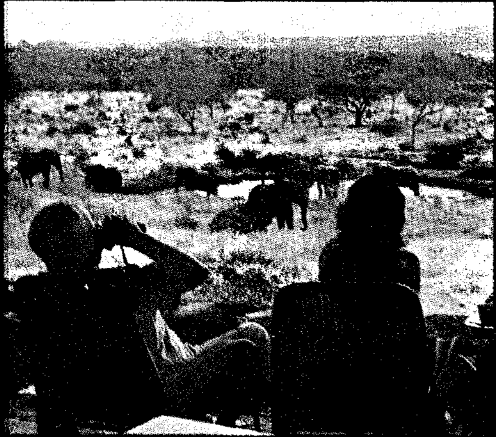
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THE PINBALL PHILOSOPHY

J. Anthony Lukas is a world-class pinball player who, between tilts, does some free-lance writing. In our city, he is No. ½. That is to say, he is one of two players who share pinball preëminence—two players whose special skills within the sport are so multiple and varied that they defy comparative analysis. The other star is Tom Buckley, of the *Times*. Pinball people tend to gravitate toward Lukas or Buckley. Lukas is a Lukasite. He respects Buckley, but he sees himself as the whole figure, the number "1." His machine is a Bally. Public pinball has been illegal in New York for many decades, but private ownership is permitted, and Lukas plays, for the most part, at home.

Lukas lives in an old mansion, a city landmark, on West Seventy-sixth Street. The machine is in his living room, under a high, elegant ceiling, near an archway to rooms beyond. Bally is the Rolls-Royce of pinball, he explains as he snaps a ball into action. It rockets into the ellipse at the top of the playfield. It ricochets four times before beginning its descent. Lukas likes a four-bounce hold in the ellipse—to set things up for a long ball. There is something faintly, and perhaps consciously, nefarious about Lukas, who is an aristocratic, olive-skinned, Andalusian sort of man, with deep eyes in dark wells. As the butts of his hands pound the corners of his machine, one can imagine him cheating at polo. "It's a wrist game," he says, tremoring the Bally, helping the steel ball to bounce six times off the top thumper-bumper and, each time, go back up a slot to the ellipse—an awesome economy of fresh beginnings. "Strong wrists are really all you want to use. The term for what I am doing is 're-inforcing.' " His voice, rich and dense, pours out like cigarette smoke filtered through a New England prep school. "There are certain basics to remember," he says. "Above all, don't flail with the flipper. You *carry* the ball in the direction you want it to go. You can almost cradle the ball on the flipper. And always hit the slingshot hard. That's the slingshot there—where the rubber is stretched between bumpers. Reinforce it hard. And never—never—drift toward the free-ball gate." Lukas reinforces the machine just as the ball hits the slingshot. The rebound comes off with blurring speed, striking bumpers, causing gongs to ring and lights to flash. Under his hands, the chrome on the frame has long since worn away.

Lukas points out that one of the beauties of his Bally is that it is asymmetrical. Early pinball machines had symmetrical playfields—symmetrical thumper-bumpers—but in time they became free-form, such as this one, with its field laid out not just for structure but also for surprise. Lukas works in this room—stacks of manuscript on shelves and tables. He has been working for many months on a book that will weigh five pounds. It will be called "Nightmare: The Dark Side of the Nixon Years"—a congenially chosen title, implying that there was a bright side. The pinball machine is Lukas's collaborator. "When a paragraph just won't go," he says, "and I begin to say to myself, 'I can't make this work,' I get up and play the machine. I score in a high range. Then I go back to the typewriter a new man. I have beat the machine. Therefore I can beat the paragraph." He once won a Pulitzer Prize.

The steel ball rolls into the "death channel"—Lukas's term for a long alley down the left side—and drops out of sight off the low end of the playfield, finished.

"I have thought of analogies between Watergate and pinball. Everything is connected. Bumpers. Rebounds. You light lights and score. Chuck Colson is involved in almost every aspect of the Watergate story: the dirty tricks, the coverup, the laundered money—all connected. How hard you hit off the thumper-bumper depends on how hard you hit off the slingshot depends on how well you work the corners. In a sense, pinball is a reflection of the complexity of the subject I am writing about. Bear in mind, I take this with considerable tongue-in-cheek."

With another ball, he ignites an aurora on the scoreboard. During the ball's complex, prolonged descent, he continues to set forth the pinball philosophy. "More seriously, the game does give you a sense of controlling things in a way that in life you can't do. And there is risk in it, too. The ball flies into the ellipse, into the playfield—full of opportunities. But there's always the death channel—the run-out slot. There are rewards, prizes, coming off the thumper-bumper. The ball crazily bounces from danger to opportunity and back to danger. You need reassurance in life that in taking risks you will triumph, and pinball gives you that reaffirmation. Life is a risky game, but you can beat it."

Unfortunately, Lukas has a sick flipper. At the low end of the playfield, two flippers guard the run-out slot, but one waggles like a broken wing, pathetic, unable to function, to fling the ball uphill for renewed rewards. The ball, instead, slides by the crippled flipper and drops from view.

Lukas opens the machine. He lifts the entire playfield, which is hinged at the back, and props it up on a steel arm, like the lid of a grand piano. Revealed below is a neat, arresting world that includes spring-loaded hole kickers, contact switches, target switches, slingshot assemblies, the score-motor unit, the electric anti-cheat, three thumper-bumper relays, the top rebound relay, the key-gate assembly ("the key gate will keep you out of the death channel"), the free-ball-gate assembly, and—not least—the one-and-a-quarter-amp slo-blo. To one side, something that resembles a plumb bob hangs suspended within a metal ring. If the bob moves too far out of plumb, it touches the ring. Tilt. The game is dead.

Lukas is not an electrician. All he can do is massage the flipper's switch assembly, which does not respond—not even with a shock. He has about had it with this machine. One cannot collaborate with a sick flipper. The queasy truth comes over him: no pinball, no paragraphs. So he hurries downstairs and into a taxi, telling the driver to go to Tenth Avenue in the low Forties—a pocket of the city known as Coin Row.

En route, Lukas reflects on his long history in the game—New York, Cambridge, Paris—and his relationships with specific machines ("they're like wives"). When he was the *Times*' man in the Congo, in the early sixties, the post was considered a position of hardship, so he was periodically sent to Paris for rest and rehabilitation, which he got playing pinball in a Left Bank brasserie. He had perfected his style as an undergraduate at Harvard, sharing a machine at the *Crimson* with David Halberstam ("Halberstam is aggressive at everything he does, and he was very good"). Lukas's father was a Manhattan attorney. Lukas's mother died when he was eight. He grew up, for the most part, in a New England community—Putney, Vermont—where he went to pre-prep and prep school. Putney was “strait-laced,” “very high-minded,” “a life away from the maelstrom”—potters’ wheels, no pinball. Lukas craved “liberation,” and developed a yearning for what he imagined as low life, and so did his schoolmate Christopher Lehmann-Haupt. Together, one weekend, they dipped as low as they knew how. They went to New York. And they went to two movies! They went to shooting galleries! They went to a flea circus! They played every coin-operated machine they could find—and they stayed up until after dawn! All this was pretty low, but not low enough, for that was the spring of 1951, and still beyond reach—out there past the fingertips of Tantalus—was pinball, the ban on which had been emphatically reinforced a few years earlier by Fiorello H. LaGuardia, who saw pinball as a gambling device corruptive of the city’s youth. To Lukas, pinball symbolized all the time-wasting and ne’er-do-welling that puritan Putney did not. In result, he mastered the game. He says, “It puts me in touch with a world in which I never lived. I am attracted to pinball for its seediness, its slightly disreputable reputation.”

On Coin Row, Lukas knows just where he is going, and without a sidewise glance passes storefronts bearing names like The World of Pinball Amusement (“SALES—REPAIR”) and Manhattan Coin Machine (“PARTS—SUPPLIES”). He heads directly for the Mike Munves Corporation, 577 Tenth Avenue, the New York pinball exchange, oldest house (1912) on the row. Inside is Ralph Hotkins, in double-breasted blazer—broker in pinball machines. The place is more warehouse than store, and around Hotkins, and upstairs above him, are rank upon rank of Gottliebs, Williamses, Ballys, Playmatics—every name in the game, including forty-year-old antique completely mechanical machines, ten balls for a nickel, the type that Mayor LaGuardia himself destroyed with an axe. Hotkins—a prosperous man, touched with humor, not hurting for girth—got his start in cigarette machines in the thirties, moved up to jukeboxes, and then, in 1945, while LaGuardia was still mayor, to game machines. He had two daughters, and he brought them up on pinball. They were in the shop almost every afternoon after school, and all day Saturday. One daughter now has a Ph.D. in English literature and the other a Ph.D. in political science. So much for the Little Flower. In this era of open massage and off-track betting, Hotkins has expected the ban to lift, but the courts, strangely, continue to uphold it. Meanwhile, his customers—most of whom are technically “private”—include Wall Street brokerage houses where investors shoot free pinball under the ticker, Seventh Avenue dress houses that wish to keep their buyers amused, the Circus Circus peepshow emporium on West Forty-second Street, many salesrooms, many showrooms, and J. Anthony Lukas.

“Yes, Mr. Lukas. What can we do for you?”

Lukas greets Hotkins and then runs balls through a few selected machines. Lukas attempts to deal with Hotkins, but Hotkins wants Lukas’s machine and a hundred and fifty dollars. Lukas would rather fix his flipper. He asks for George Cedeño, master technician, who makes house calls and often travels as far as Massachusetts to fix a pinball machine. Cedeño—blue work smock, white shoes, burgundy trousers, silver hair—makes a date with Lukas.

LUKAS starts for home but, crossing Forty-second Street, decides on pure whim to have a look at Circus Circus, where he has never been. Circus Circus is, after all, just four blocks away. The stroll is pleasant in the afternoon sunlight, to and through Times Square, under the marquees of pornographic movies—“Valley of the Nymphs,” “The Danish Sandwich,” “The Organ Trail.” Circus Circus (“GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! LIVE EXOTIC MODELS”) is close to Sixth Avenue and consists, principally, of a front room and a back room. Prices are a quarter a peep in the back room and a quarter to play (two games) in the front. The game room is dim, and Lukas, entering, sees little at first but the flashing scoreboards of five machines. Four of them—a Bally, a Williams, two Gottliebs—flash slowly, reporting inexperienced play, but the fifth, the one in the middle, is exploding with light and sound. The player causing all this is hunched over, concentrating—in his arms and his hands a choreography of talent. Lukas’s eyes adjust to the light. Then he reaches for his holster. The man on the hot machine, busy keeping statistics of his practice, is Tom Buckley.

“Tom.”

“Tone.”

“How is the machine?”

“Better than yours, Tone. You don’t realize what a lemon you have.”

“I love my Bally.”

“The Bally is the Corvair of pinball machines. I don’t even care for the art on the back-glass. Williams and Gottlieb are the best. Bally is nowhere.”

Buckley, slightly older than Lukas, has a spectacled and professorial look. He wears a double-breasted blazer, a buff turtleneck. He lives on York Avenue now. He came out of Beechhurst, Queens, and learned his pinball in the Army—in Wrightstown, New Jersey; in Kansas City. He was stationed in an office building in Kansas City, and he moved up through the pinball ranks from beginner to virtuoso on a machine in a Katz drugstore.

Lukas and Buckley begin to play. Best of five games. Five balls a game. Alternate shots. The machine is a Williams Fun-Fest, and Buckley points out that it is “classic,” because it is symmetrical. Each kick-out well and thumper-bumper is a mirror of another. The slingshots are dual. On this machine, a level of forty thousand points is where the sun sets and the stars come out. Buckley, describing his own style as “guts pinball,” has a first-game score of forty-four thousand three hundred and ten. While Lukas plays his fifth ball, Buckley becomes avuncular. “Careful, Tony. You might think you’re in an up-post position, but if you let it slide a little you’re in a down-post position and you’re finished.” Buckley’s advice is generous indeed. Lukas—forty-eight thousand eight hundred and seventy—wins the first game.

It is Buckley’s manner to lean into the machine from three feet out. His whole body, steeply inclined, tics as he reinforces. In the second game, he scores fifty thousand one hundred and sixty. Lukas’s address is like a fencer’s *en garde*. He stands close to the machine, with one foot projecting under it. His chin is high. Buckley tells him, “You’re playing nice, average pinball, Tony.” And Lukas’s response is fifty-seven thousand nine hundred and fifty points. He leads Buckley, two games to none.

“I’m ashamed,” Buckley confesses. And as he leans—palms pounding—into the third game, he reminds himself, “Concentration, Tom. Concentration is everything.”

Lukas notes aloud that Buckley is “full of empty rhetoric.” But Lukas, in Game 3, fires one ball straight into the death channel and can deliver only thirty-five thousand points. Buckley wins with forty. Perhaps Lukas feels rushed. He prefers to play a more deliberate, cogitative game. At home, between shots, in the middle of a game, he will go to the kitchen for a beer and return to study the situation. Buckley, for his part, seems anxious, and with good reason: one mistake now and it's all over. In the fourth game, Lukas lights up forty-three thousand and fifty points; but Buckley's fifth ball, just before it dies, hits forty-four thousand two hundred and sixty. Games are two all, with one to go. Buckley takes a deep breath, and says, "You're a competitor, Tony. Your flipper action is bad, but you're a real competitor."

Game 5 under way. They are pummelling the machine. They are heavy on the corners but light on the flippers, and the scoreboard is reacting like a storm at sea. With three balls down, both are in the thirty-thousand range. Buckley, going unorthodox, plays his fourth ball with one foot off the floor, and raises his score to forty-five thousand points—more than he scored in winning the two previous games. He smiles. He is on his way in, flaring, with still another ball to play. Now Lukas snaps his fourth ball into the ellipse. It moves down and around the board, hitting slingshots and flippers and rising again and again to high ground to begin additional scoring runs. It hits sunburst caps and hole kickers, swinging targets and bonus gates. Minute upon minute, it stays in play. It will not die.

When the ball finally slips between flippers and off the playfield, Lukas has registered eighty-three thousand two hundred points. And he still has one ball to go.

Buckley turns into a Lukasite. As Lukas plays his fifth ball, Buckley cheers. "Atta way! Atta way, babes!" He goes on cheering until Lukas peaks out at ninety-four thousand one hundred and seventy.

"That was superb. And there's no luck in it," Buckley says. "It's as good a score as I've seen."

Lukas takes a cool final look around Circus Circus. "Buckley has a way of tracking down the secret joys of the city," he says, and then he is gone.

Still shaking his head in wonder, Buckley starts a last, solo game. His arms move mechanically, groovedly, reinforcing. His flipper timing is offhandedly flawless. He scores a hundred thousand two hundred points. But Lukas is out of sight. —JOHN MCPHEE

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

How Long Does It Take to (a) Fill a Hydrotherapy Chamber; (b) Empty Your Head?

(a) If the displacement capacity of Paul Newman and Gail Strickland treading water in a large flooded hydrotherapy chamber is 167,200 cubic centimetres, what is the time required for hot-water and cold-water taps running, respectively, and simultaneously, at 5 pints per 2½ seconds and 12 pints per 2 seconds to immerse the bodies up to the noses, given that the noses are an average of 5¼ inches below the tops of the foreheads, given that the overflow drain is clogged with 7½ lbs. of the clothes of the persons, given that the dimensions of the chamber (sealed) are 40′ by 40′ by 35′, and given that Paul Newman can't (1) turn off the taps when underwater or (2) remove the clothing from the overflow drain?

(b) When the water has risen up to Paul Newman's nose, and a sealed door out of the flooded chamber onto a 4-foot-wide passage is therefore opened to save the life of the male star, and no one turns off the taps or removes the clogging clothes, explain to an audience why the flood crashing out of the chamber (which is still nearly full to ceiling height) suddenly dribbles to a stop.

(c) Calculate whether the opener of the door will be killed by the pressure of water pouring out of the chamber, given that he is not played by a star.

THE sort of arithmetic problems that exhausted us all at school are much the most interesting questions arising from the key scene in "The Drowning Pool," directed by Stuart Rosenberg. Paul Newman, an intelligent actor whose capacity for being quizzical and humane sometimes emerges even in this artificial film, plays a private eye involved in the Deep South with an opulently pretty, conspiratorially amused woman (Joanne Woodward) with whom he had an affair six years ago. He has been called in to solve a case of gangsterism among some lazy-voiced gluttons and intolerants of the oil industry and of rich Southern estates. His motive is not only money (a hundred and fifty dollars a day, plus expenses) but the memory of his idyll with the Joanne Woodward character.

The film is poor, apart from the climactic water problems and apart from an implausible but engaging *grande-dame* appearance by Coral Browne as an eccentrically dogmatic Southern grandmother who looses a broadside against her daughter-in-law for borrowing her gardening hat. We are in a transplanted and very steamy version of the world of Lady Bracknell: servants, much *luxe*, pitiless élitism, epigrammatic repartee, with the addition of drinking, sexual blackmail, and an example of the amoral, mildly psychopathic little Lolita figure who has become a familiar of seventies films. Much the most pungent element in the picture is the trace of the affair between Miss Woodward's character—married to a blustery boozer—and the determinedly unattached detective played by Mr. Newman. They share the memory with an instantly recognizable intimacy, using a light, quick irony that signifies a whole vocabulary in common. The couple play together wonderfully, with wit and manners. They should be in Restoration comedy. They also have the unstressed humor and underlying readiness for risk to be in Shaw, who is commonly and mistakenly thought to demand, more than anything else, acerbity and armor-plated rationalism.

It is a shame to see Paul Newman caught in playing the muscular loner who is the American male-star stereotype now. Won't anyone any longer write a part for a big male star unwaveringly in love with not a doll but a woman as deft-minded and charming as Joanne Woodward is? People of her sort were our heroines—and the heroines of film heroes—four decades ago (Katharine Hepburn, Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy). Why not now? Has women's lib unwittingly maneuvered itself into a gender ghetto? Apart from the superbly witty and quick Stockard Channing in Mike Nichols' "The Fortune," who has escaped the ghetto lately? What was the last American film that endowed an appealing woman with the mind and stamina to make a male character love her, instead of showing him leading the life of a solitary: a spy, a cowboy, a private eye, a vigilante, or some other elaboration on Tarzan? There is a whole forgone world of conviviality and sexual companionship which for the moment our cinema doesn't seem to want to regain.

THE futility and invention in sorrowful malevolence possessed by the husband and wife in Pierre Granier-Deferre's "Le Chat"—written by him and Pascal Jardin from the Georges Simenon novel—are chronic and consuming. She is an aging acrobat named Clémence (Simone Signoret), limping as a result of an accident long ago, who crochets rebukingly opposite her silent husband as if she were handworking a noose for his neck. He is a halt old man named Julien (Jean Gabin), who makes a point of exclusively loving an endearing Dickensian pickpocket of a cat that she jealously detests. She drinks booze in random nips, often in front of her husband but always without him. (In Simenon, on the other hand, she is a fragile and timorous character who drinks only doses of a reviving cordial.) In riposte—or maybe in provocation, for the origins of this domestic combat have long been lost—he cooks himself onions, whose smell she fastidiously makes plain is an offense. Their treaty of doing without conversation is unbroken, full of loathing, and rank with competitiveness. The pitiful thing is that neither of them has enough command over the deadly entente to rewrite the rules. They are like a pair of children seeing which can hold his breath the longer, turning blue, and scared to admit they are scared: quite soon the fruitless obstinacy is going to make one or the other black out. Clémence and Julien once loved each other, we are told, but they have spent their hermetic lives shaping a passionate affair of perfect hatred. The only affection they can voice is for remnants: when they look at old photographs, or when Clémence asserts in extremity that she is someone not to be despised: that she can play seven instruments, that she can train horses and care for wild animals, that she has only to take a telephone call to go back to the circus and summon up better days. Julien cruelly calls her sexual longings grotesque at her age, and communicates with her in their front room by writing vicious small missives on pieces of paper, which he flicks into her lap with one finger. At night, he sleeps in a separate bed with his back turned to her, and mocks her mourning for her failing body, as if no kilo of it represented anything that he had ever loved. Her revenge—on herself as much as on him—is to make herself as dowdy as possible.

There isn't much vestige of the nature of the original Simenon story here. He was describing, with his usual lean compassion, a love gone wrong; the picture sourly describes neurotic attachment to the wrongness. This is a psychiatric casebook of a film. It often seems thin-spirited, because it is generalized; it also seems sentimental, because the scale of the melodrama is unsuited to the proportions of the suffering. We are not in the presence of some piteous depiction of two people who, like figures in Strindberg, have driven themselves into corners because they love each other. We are watching what seems to be a very mechanical demonstration of love-hate, played out by manipulated characters whose ignoble deceptions and reprisals are seen not so much with the fiction writer's natural charity toward his characters' predicaments as with the cliché-riddled mind of an advice columnist dispensing penny-in-the-slot psychoanalysis. Marriage is sadomasochism, says the film of "Le Chat" with trite entrancement; marriage is the mark of one person's teeth on someone else's slashed wrists. The film suffers from the sort of wanton and unintentionally comic glumness that is often taken to be a necessary burden of "art cinema," like the mood of manic self-sacrifice which brought Pasolini's "Teorema" to its knees. The fact that "Le Chat" decks itself out with symbolism is typical. The couple are threatened with an eviction order from their house. Demolition is going on all around them. What does the film choose to do? Show the characters taking the countermeasures of common sense—turning up a gramophone record or the radio, or quitting the place together? No, foreseeably. Instead, a quite arbitrary cinematic daintiness takes over which has nothing to do with the force of the characters, or with the violence and din of homes being demolished. Softly and elegantly, like a pendulum in a costly antique clock, the wrecking ball of the demolition system swings in silenced slow motion against the houses still standing around the couple's harsh fortress. This is the sort of lyric fib in which the film deals. We all, except the film, know that bulldozers and destruction equipment do their work very noisily, very fast, and not at all prettily. We all, except the film, know that unhappy people who have ever loved each other do not behave like wrecking equipment: that they have choices; that they remember the existence of a better life and so can often transform the present by recall or prevision, and that human personalities are, luckily, subtler and more capacious than this picture shows them to be. The degrading craftiness of the Simone Signoret and Jean Gabin characters—who are nonetheless played with great dignity—is not at all suffused with what it more poignantly means in so many real-life marriages. Their puniness never seems a matter of wear and tear that they have found, in the end, to be bearable because less important than their wish to be with each other. It is not the cost of the fact that the couple's vacillating, afflicted resolves have proved long out of reach. It is a demonstration of the determinist view that people cannot control the attrition of love into mere destructive need.

Granier-Deferre's "Le Chat" is nowhere near the center of Simenon's terse and aching art. The film loathes the flesh of the husband and wife, whereas the book looks kindly on it. The film takes a naïve and distant interest in exhibiting sadomasochism, as if it told us something of the condition of intimacy, which it doesn't; the book is gently concerned with the last-ditch condition in which the couple live, discerning in it an intimacy gone berserk because the partners can find no way of coming out of the positions in which they are embattled. The film's style has the folly and rigidity to seem knowing; the book has the benevolence and pliancy to be questing. Simenon is an aging and particularly Gallic writer, plagued by thoughts of God, the flesh, and the Devil, but the film is full of juvenile cynicisms, and there is very little grown-up sense of trouble. The difference is exemplified in the treatment of the characters' deaths. In the film, they occur as abrupt and sentimental narrative climaxes. Simenon has his own sort of dark, bony genius, and it is a genius that accommodates the idea of extinction; death hovers over his pair of characters all the time in their distress about the ugly edifice built for their lives, a windowless fort that they know themselves to have made, and in which they have allowed themselves fewer and fewer options. It is not really salutary to achieve what the film of "Le Chat" does, which is to show us two malign temperaments regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; but it is a great deal to conceive what Simenon does, which is to describe two locked souls fearing their common mortality. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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DEPARTMENT OF DELICACY

[*From "Bibliography of Books and Pamphlets on the History of Agriculture in the United States 1607-1967," by John T. Schlebecker*]

258. Caldwell, Erskine P. *Tobacco Road.* New York: Scribners, 1932. 281 pp. Novel. Several later editions.

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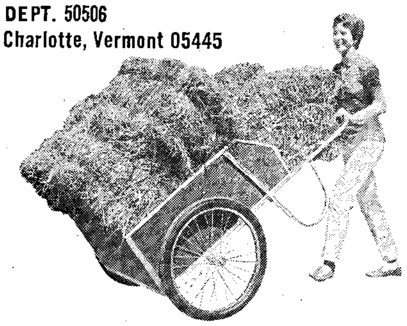

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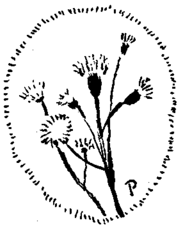
DANCING

Congregations, Criticism, and a Classic

THE idea that dancing is an art of entertainment, and an extremely popular one, is making one of its periodic returns this season. As in former seasons, it coincides with a congestion of bookings in the big cities. The media scouts, naturally, make no distinctions in quality; to read them, one would think that an appetite for serious good dancing could be sated as well at the Bolshoi as at the New York City Ballet as at the Stuttgart. The dance audience, admittedly a growing one, is always being represented as wildly eclectic, when in fact it is divided into as many sects as nineteenth-century American Protestantism. Only the critics go to everything, and to sustain themselves in their exhaustion critics can get into a habit of condescending to audiences—of thinking, Well, this isn't for me, but it's all right for *them*, and then writing as if their personal reactions didn't matter. However, if you can't take dancing personally, chances are you can't take it at all. Most people take it very personally indeed, and when someone tells me how much he loves the ballet and then mentions something he's seen at the Stuttgart, I become very gloomy, because I imagine a pro-Stuttgart position to be at least as deeply held as my own anti-Stuttgart one. To suggest further that some dancers aren't as good as others is an affront to personal taste. The sensations of the theatre are such that often one is in the grip of a helpless attraction, and it's painful to have the beloved ripped apart on technical points. But sometimes it seems that there's a conspiracy not to mention technical points. Everyone can see the superiority of a Baryshnikov; as for the others, they're all great fellows, great girls. Analyzing dancers is like cutting up their bodies. We tell ourselves that we're free to enjoy dancers now that we've suppressed puritanism. However, it's indecent to enjoy some dancers more than others, because this seems to imply that some bodies aren't as good as others. In our age of inverted prudery, when you attack the body you attack the self.



Then, since we also live in the age of the supereminent choreographer, it is presumed that bodies on the stage are largely the creations of the choreography; that dancers aren't really responsible for the way they look. This is a partial truth. No dancer can look consistently bad who is not a bad dancer. Recently, we have had two productions of "Daphnis and Chloe," both awful. John Taras's for the New York City Ballet had Peter Martins and Nina Fedorova in the leads; Glen Tetley's for the Stuttgart Ballet had Richard Cragun and Marcia Haydée. Martins and Fedorova were used about as appreciatively as two mannequins; Fedorova really is a mannequin, but Martins really is a dancer—a fine one. Cragun and Haydée are performers with a big following in this country, but I'm unable to take them seriously as dancers. Cragun is an acrobat with a facility in turns, and all his dancing is light, facile, and dull. By "facile" I mean that he works off the top of his strength, not through the center of it. His celebrated prowess in multiple turns has no fascination for me because it has none for him. It looks like rotework. Watching dancers like Cragun in the same season as dancers like the New York City Ballet's Martins and Tomasson or the Bolshoi's Vasiliev and Gordeyev, I've begun to think that a dancer's center of strength is seated in his imagination. Maybe it's the ability to imagine the full shape of the dance their strength can produce which makes these men dancers while Cragun remains a turner. (I once took a friend, an athlete and a man who loved social dancing, to see Villella. I thought he would enjoy the full-bodied force that Villella had, and started to speak of it afterward, but my friend, suddenly bright-eyed, said "He has it *here!*" and tapped his temple.) Yet in all the Stuttgart casts I saw Cragun was working harder and more effectively than anybody else. Egon Madsen looked sadly untoned and spiritless. Joyce Cuoco is a female Cragun in the making (she also turns), and Birgit Keil a female Madsen. However, if you must see the "Swan Lake," she is the company's best Odette.

As for Haydée: she is the house ballerina and I never saw a more bedraggled one. Haydée's homeliness, like Barbra Streisand's, is possibly what endears her to the crowd. Chinless, pigeon-breasted, bottom-heavy, she produces an even trill on point and about a dozen impossible angles up above, but no matter; she always wins a round of applause. I prefer Haydée funny on purpose, so I went this time to see "The Taming of the Shrew," hoping my bad memories of it were an overreaction to the culture shock of the Stuttgart's first New York visit, six years ago, but after the second of the slapstick pas de deux I had to leave. Haydée and the choreographer, John Cranko, had done it again. Why do people sit in an opera house squeezing themselves in delight over what they'd yawn through if they saw it on television? Any Carol Burnett show is funnier, and in ballet relentless, emotionless farce just doesn't work. The farce formula for Haydée is that she walks a lot on her heels and keeps her knees apart. Her timing is good, her chickeny run is good (better here than in "Romeo and Juliet"!); but this Kate has no wit, no womanhood, no pride for Petruchio to wound. She's a little ogress and one hell of a spunky performer. Often at the Stuttgart I feel that what I'm seeing is not a vision of ballet but an idea of what ballet could be as a Broadway show. In a ballet of "Shrew," the comedy, to be really funny, would have to be serious at its core, worked out in terms of the characters and their emotions. Cranko worked it out in terms of routines.

"Daphnis and Chloe," by Tetley, with designs by Willa Kim, was pretty as a picture. In fact, it *was* a picture, as flat and expressionless as one of those Tonight The Ballet ads for perfume in magazines of the forties. Tetley, who took over the direction of the company after Cranko's death, two years ago, makes dancing look linear in much the same way Cranko did. It's the opposite of plasticity; the shape and contour of a phrase don't count, the continuity does. The dancers become animated line drawings who never stop bending and twisting, and the perspective of the stage flattens into a neutral backdrop. Without depth, the images can't be felt, they can only be seen. Well-designed dancing—dancing that occupies and affects space—exerts a force that passes through the spectator's muscle sense. The instinct for it in a choreographer corresponds to a dancer's correct deployment of energy, and the loss of this mutual instinct for form in big companies like the Stuttgart is a tragedy of modern ballet. Neither Tetley nor his dancers can make a ballet a more than visual event. Sometimes powerful dancers can salvage weak choreography—as Martine van Hamel very nearly does in Tetley's "Gemini" at American Ballet Theatre—but I watched "Daphnis" and Tetley's "Voluntaries" and Cranko's "Initials R.B.M.E." on the stage of the Met and it might as well have been a movie screen. Looking for drama (since there was no dance), I kept seeing lifts and more lifts—solemnly portentous ones, with the women supine on a fortissimo climax, or real maulers, where their bodies were twisted and wrung like hemp. No company surpasses the Stuttgart in the strained ingenuity of their lifts. One keeps hoping they'll put out a catalogue. Leatherbound.

PAUL TAYLOR'S new ballet "Esplanade," set to the music of Bach, is twenty-eight minutes of dancing without a single dance step. The dancers walk or run, shifting direction with a light hop; there is one section composed of mimelike gesture, another in which the boys take the girls up in cradling lifts, to dandle or swing them through the air. The choreography looks as though it could be done by anybody with a little daring and bounce and with a knack for virtuoso timing; all other forms of virtuosity have been ruled out. Sometimes the dancers are on all fours, clustering like sheep; at other times they are flat on the floor, lying there or rolling convulsively. For this simplified vocabulary, the movement invents a silly-simple logic that keeps turning hidden corners. A boy lies on his side and a girl walks all over him, stepping from ankle to knee to hip to shoulder as from peak to peak of a mountain range. Then she steps off him, turns, and steps right back on. A little scherzo for Carolyn Adams is filled with pit-terpat runs suddenly broken by a leap into Elie Chaib's arms. Or the logic accumulates a tidal force that pounds steadily at a single effect, as in the finale, which is a paroxysm of falls and rolls across the floor. When you think about it technically—about the materials it is made of—"Esplanade" involves the same negation of professional dance expertise that has preoccupied certain radical choreographers in the past decade. But "Esplanade" doesn't *force* you to think about it technically, whereas "minimalist" dance—or "people dance," to use a term in recent circulation—does, because it's often so cryptic. It's so grayly modest, so "pure," that it leaves out the reason it was made. Taylor's piece engages the audience completely, so that we never have to think about what has been left out, and we know exactly why it was made. It has pristine beauty, elementary drive, democratic appeal—all of that. But when I left the Lyceum Theatre, where it had its New York première, I wasn't thinking, How beautifully minimal! I was thinking that I'd seen a classic of American dance.

The simple progression of the piece freshens the vision. After the opening walks and runs, which clear a space in our minds for the action that is to come (hence, I think, the ballet's title), we pass to another set of basics, in which we are shown how, by lengthening or shortening the phrase line on which an arm is extended or a head turned, gesture is made to assume the color of drama. There is no story here, just as the differently accented walks and runs had no practical objective. Taylor is demonstrating the fundamentals of expression in choreography—a heavy thing to say, but he has found the lightest way of doing it. At moments, he gets a little light-*headed*—Taylor's blending of the blithe and the serious is one of the most volatile compounds in the theatre—and yet it is just this giddiness, paradoxically, that steadies him through the succession of tours de force that constitute "Esplanade." For the final two sections of the work he uses the Largo and Allegro of the Double Violin Concerto in D Minor—the music of Balanchine's "Concerto Barocco." Does he crack that barrier? I think he does—primarily by producing nothing remotely like "Concerto Barocco" or any other ballet. His invention, his gift for sheer rhythmic propulsion have never been more exciting.

The single program for the week's engagement—which was a sellout—also included some of Taylor's best pieces: "Sports and Follies," "3 Epitaphs," the duet from "Lento," and "Private Domain." Taylor himself did not dance, but the rest of the company performed with exceptional intensity. Playing to full houses every night seemed to have sharpened them. They are very attractive in their new popularity, with an unreal vitality, like cartoon animals. The new audience for Taylor didn't resemble the audience for any other company; yet another congregation has sprouted on the rim of Broadway. Its heartiest applause went to "Esplanade," which may become the most popular work in the general repertory since Alvin Ailey's "Revelations" but, unlike parts of "Revelations," isn't slick studio art. It confers a mythic dimension on ordinary aspects of our daily lives—it's unfaked folk art. The dancers, crashing wave upon wave into those falls, have a happy insane spirit that recalls a unique moment in American life—the time we did the school play or were ready to drown in the swimming meet. The last time most of us were happy in that way.

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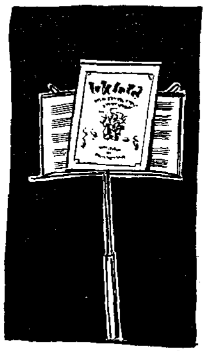
MUSICAL EVENTS

Violetta in Virginia

I THINK I have never before seen an opera so eagerly and enthusiastically welcomed as "La Traviata," the second production of the new-founded Virginia Opera Association, was in Norfolk, the week before last. The enthusiasm was not misplaced. Three young principals—Diana Soviero, from the New York City Opera, Raymond Gibbs, from the Metropolitan, and Jake Gardner—gave talented and touching accounts of their roles. The town had evidently taken the visitors to its heart, but the local pride could be in a carefully rehearsed production, achieved not so much "around" them or "for" them as *with* them. The scenery and costumes were hired, but the chorus, orchestra, and dancers and the nine singers of the smaller roles were Virginian, and already there was the feeling of a company working together. Virginia Opera—after an all-local "Elisir d'Amore" last year, which was apparently something of a false start—began operations in earnest last January with a "Bohème" based on a similar combination of visiting principals and resident support. Its success persuaded the organizers that Norfolk was hungry for "real opera;" an artistic director was appointed on a regular basis; and this "Traviata" is the result. "La Bohème" and "La Traviata" were each given twice; for next season, three operas, each played thrice, are planned.

Not having witnessed much home-based small-town opera in this country—or, for that matter, Boris Goldovsky's touring productions, or the Opera Company of Boston's troupe that settles to work in small communities—I have no basis for comparative assessment of the Norfolk achievement. On a similar scale (and, in fact, in the same stock scenery, memorable only because a well-known portrait of Malibran hangs in Violetta's salon), the New York Grand Opera put on a "Traviata," earlier this season, in the Harkness Theatre. It was a lusty but pretty routine performance, with just two points of interest: the score was played uncut, and the heroine, Norma French, is an artist of some temperament and ability. It was hardly the necessary contribution to New York's cultural life that the Virginia Opera's "Traviata" so evidently was to Norfolk's. The latter was done with the standard "theatre cuts" and in the standard reduced orchestration by Giuseppe Bamboschek (with single flute, oboe, bassoon, and trombone). The cuts mean that each of Violetta's arias is reduced to its first strophe, the tenor's and the baritone's cabalettas are dropped, the second section of the duet "Parigi, o cara" is halved, and its cabaletta is truncated; thereby about twelve minutes are gained—and then twenty or more are usually wasted on an intrusive and dramatically destructive interval between the two scenes of Act II. Regrettable—but perhaps forgivable in the case of a young company in its first season. (In any case, the cuts are built into the Bamboschek parts, so "opening" them would need a good deal of work by an orchestrator and by copyists.)



Peter Mark, the artistic director of Virginia Opera, made his début as an operatic conductor with this "Traviata." He has sung the Shepherd Boy in "Tosca" and the young Prince Feodor, in "Boris Godunov," at the Metropolitan; I knew him before only as a viola player, admirable soloist in the fine Viola Concerto composed for him by Thea Musgrave. As conductor, he showed an easy command both of the score and of his forces, and inspired confidence. If, again and again, I felt an urge to seize the baton to set slower and more flexible tempi (an allegretto for the brindisi that would be lilting and graceful, at which the small notes had time to sparkle, like little bubbles breaking; an andantino for "Un dì felice" that ebbed and flowed and did not fetter the vocal line to a precision-beat *one*-two-three), well, that is no special criticism of Mr. Mark, since I feel it at nine of every ten modern "Traviata" performances—as must everyone who has studied interpretations of the piece by artists closer to Verdi's day than to ours. Listen, I want to say, to the way "Ah, fors'è lui" was sung by Gemma Bellincioni, whose Violetta Verdi himself admired, and whom Professor Edward Dent, not a man to think a singer more important than her song, deemed unforgettable in the role. Listen to "De' miei bollenti spiriti" sung by Fernando De Lucia. Listen not simply in order to copy but to discover a style of execution appropriate to the music. Listen intently, after making all due allowance for individual eccentricities. Performers of eighteenth-century music work hard to wring secrets of contemporary performing practice from written evidence; for the late nineteenth century, documents in sound exist and are all too often ignored. Young American singers, and most modern conductors, are shy of portamento and rubato, and hesitate to depart any further from the written notes than what they see printed, petrified, in the Ricci volumes of "Traditional Variations and Cadenzas." Like most good things, portamento, rubato, and personal melodic embellishment can of course be abused; they should not therefore be eschewed. And when Verdi marks the first three notes to the words "unico raggio di bene" (in Violetta's duet with Germont) with a slurred staccato, and then draws a full slur over the next three, the soprano who does not sound the dropping, then rising, seventh of "raggio di" in one unbroken span is plainly at fault. Maybe Melba went too far, with her emphatic, lingering portamento at this point (though I don't think so). But, in Norfolk, Miss Soviero positively separated "rag-" and "-gio," not carrying the tone down from the C to the D.

Mr. Gardner, the Norfolk Germont, showed the fullest command of the rhythmic, timbral, and dynamic finesses that bring the music to life. Moreover, he has a baritone of very beautiful quality, more French than Italianate in its clarity of focus, firm on the note, and not "enriched" with vague, spreading resonances. (Most of Verdi's late baritone roles—Posa in both versions of "Don Carlos," the revised Boccanegra, Iago, and Falstaff—were created by Frenchmen; Paul Lhérie, the first Don José in "Carmen," as a baritone sang Posa in the première of the revised "Don Carlos" and two years later, at Covent Garden, was a successful Germont to Nordica's Violetta.) Miss Soviero, an impassioned and appealing young heroine, had both the artistry to sing phrases very softly, *estremamente piano*, *con un fil di voce*, wherever Verdi called for it and the ability to project these very soft lines into the house so that every detail in them could be clearly heard. (The house was the Center Theatre, an eighteen-hundred-seater, initiated as a W.P.A. project and opened in 1942 as a U.S.O. theatre. Norfolk has a larger and more elegant auditorium,

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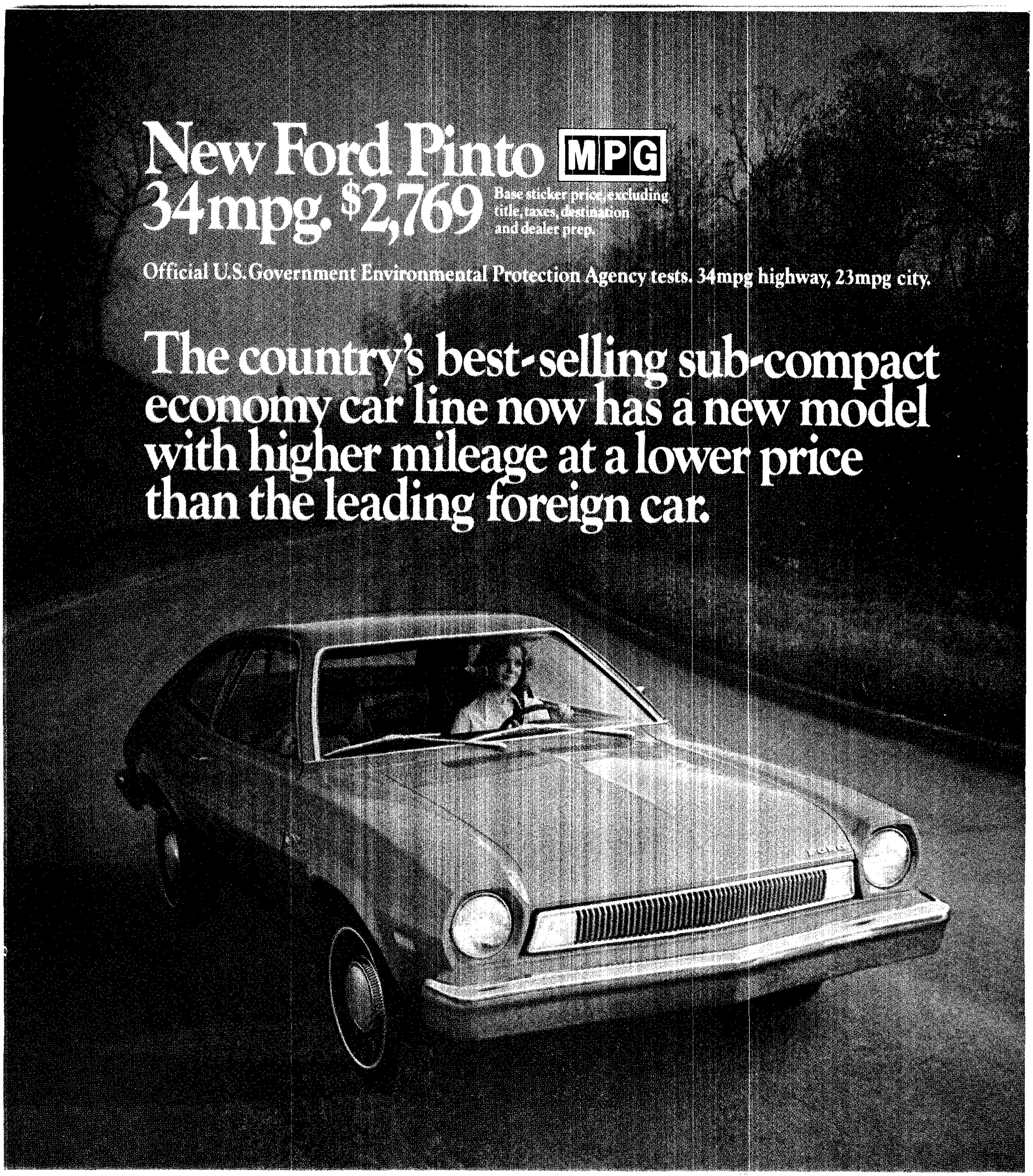

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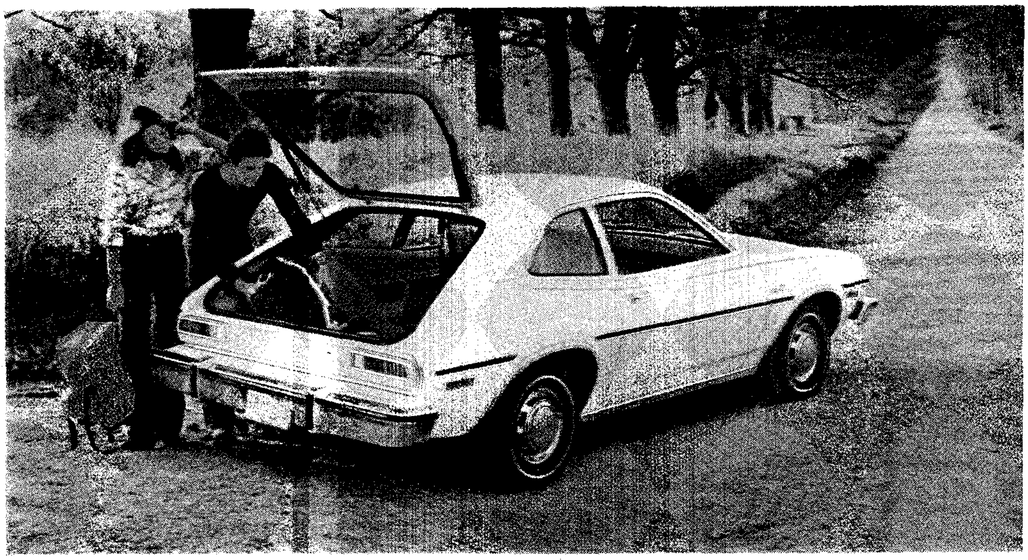

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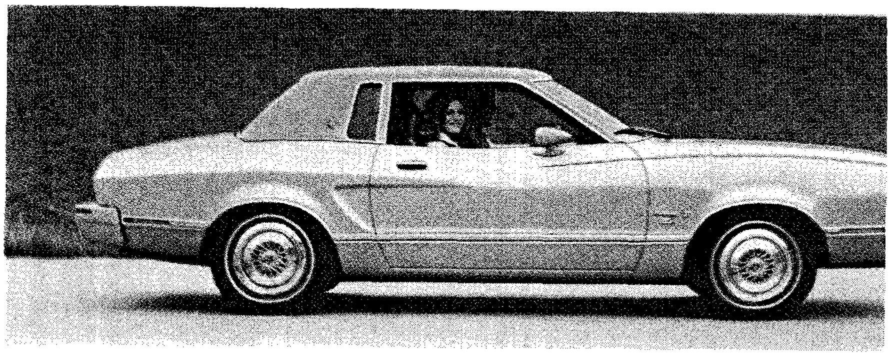

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the Chrysler Hall Theatre for the Performing Arts, beside Pier Luigi Nervi's dome; but its acoustics are reputedly poor, while those of the simple, unpretentious Center are satisfactory.) Many sopranos start "Addio del passato" well; most of them then spoil things by launching a crescendo far too early, when the A-minor music moves into C major at "l'amore d'Alfredo." But Miss Soviero sustained the pianissimo, with poignant effect, and held back the crescendo to the place where the composer asks for it, at the Schubertian tonic major on "della traviata." Mr. Gibbs, the Alfredo, has a small tenor of tight and somewhat charmless timbre, but charm of manner and appearance and a keenly intelligent grasp of the role told in his favor. Joan Evans's Flora and Nancy Boling's Annina had character.

Directing an amateur chorus and supporting cast requires special gifts, and I have known directors who possessed it more fully than David Farrar. Neither in an "Elisir d'Amore," earlier this season, for the Bronx Opera nor in this "Traviata" did he achieve that easy matching of assignments to abilities which, in a production conceived for the forces available, can make an amateur chorus as convincing as professionals. His direction was a curious mixture of beginner's blunders and bright effectiveness. Alfredo came in from the garden and put his muddy boots up on the sofa. Violetta's guests began waltzing during the brindisi, making nonsense of the text (toast comes first, dancing next; "Would you not *now* like to dance?" says the hostess when, after the brindisi, the band strikes up in an adjoining room). Worse, Violetta and Alfredo were required to sing the third verse while themselves twirling and spinning. The curtain went up on Act III with Violetta and Annina *both* recumbent—a faintly comic effect (the stage directions make it clear that the servant has fallen asleep in a chair). On the other hand, the staging of the soprano-baritone duet was sensitive, and the soprano-tenor dialogue in the Act II finale—the conversation that starts "Mi chiamaste? che bramate?"—was both enacted and sung with uncommon urgency. Mr. Mark and Mr. Farrar were at one in their quick, passionate, emotionally tense approach to the work, but both made the mistake of pushing too hard. "La Traviata" becomes more, not less, moving when there is time for all the nuances to be sounded. Nevertheless, it was a lively, arresting, considered performance that could grip both someone meeting the work for the first time and a connoisseur who had heard it a hundred times before. Virginia Opera has started well. I question only two things: its commitment to stock repertory (a choice of three from "Tosca," "Rigoletto," "Lucia," and "Il Barbiere" is announced for next season—though "La Sonnambula" is also being discussed, and that would be just a shade more adventurous), and its use of Italian. Opera performed in a tongue not that of the audience and executants can never be the real thing, or put down roots, but remains "an exotic and irrational entertainment" (Dr. Johnson's definition not of opera but of opera played in Italian to Englishmen).

THE Bronx company is rightly committed to opera in English, but its "Elisir"—which I saw as the inaugural performance in the auditorium of the Harry S. Truman High School, in Co-op City—was, for mingled reasons of economy and convenience, played not in the best existing translation but in the one most readily and inexpensively available and most widely known to singers in this country. Its infelicitous jingles are the kind of thing that brings opera in English into disrepute. The second production of the New York Grand Opera, a "Nabucco," again in the Harkness Theatre, was put on in a manner that brings opera itself into disrepute among serious musicians. The gap between the fully equipped productions of the Metropolitan, the City Opera, and the Juilliard and brave enterprise in a tiny hall seems unbridgeable—though the Bronx Opera is a promising development, and I remember with pleasure Brooklyn College Opera Theatre's thoroughly adept presentation of Robert Starer's "Pantagleize," two years ago. In New York, presumably only in a pipe dream could some enterprising company afford to hire an opera house, the Philharmonic or the Philadelphia Orchestra, Lorin Maazel to conduct, John Dexter to direct, and Ming Cho Lee to design, and mount in style two performances of Szymanowski's "King Roger," but in poverty-stricken London the New Opera Company has just managed something roughly equivalent. Over there, the music society of John Lewis, a large department store, promotes an opera each season, professionally conducted, directed, and designed (materials from the stockrooms), orchestrally accompanied, and cast with a mixture of guests and store personnel; and in that way works like Bizet's "Don Procopio," Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche," Dvořák's "The Peasant Rogue," Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose," and Weber's "The Three Pintos" can reach the stage in deft performances. What about it, Macy's, Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor?

But enough of possibly odious comparisons. From the New York season's mass of shoestring operatic endeavor so far unrecorded in these pages, let me single out, and register mild gratitude for: Verdi's "I Due Foscari" put on in an enthusiastic concert performance, in Town Hall, by the Riverside Orchestra; the American première of "Garni Sands," a clumsy but energetic Australian opera by George Dreyfus, clumsily and energetically performed by Bel Canto Opera in the parish hall of Madison Avenue Baptist Church; and Wolf-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna," done with piano accompaniment, in the hall of the Church of the Covenant, by the Stuyvesant Opera Company. The last had a soprano and a tenor, Alice Kolb and R. Mack Miller, with the ability to bring the drama to life despite the rudimentary presentation. Something came through. One could enjoy the fine workings of Wolf-Ferrari's mind, even when applied to this lurid subject matter. New Yorkers got a chance to see and hear, after a fashion, an opera that left the boards of the Metropolitan in 1927. Two talented young singers got a chance to perform. But they, the audience, the work itself all deserved more than this hole-and-corner, pinchpenny show. What about it, Gimbels, B. Altman, Bonwit Teller?

—ANDREW PORTER

U.S. JOURNAL: UNION CITY, N.J.

OBSERVATIONS WHILE EATING CARNE ASADA ON BERGENLINE AVENUE

I ONCE met a man who had been wandering around the world for thirteen or fourteen years waiting for his turn at the Land of Opportunity. It was in London, in the late fifties. He lived in Earls Court, in one of those old row houses that had been carved into bed-sitting-rooms to provide roosts for secretaries from Southern Rhodesia and engineering students from Lahore and clerks from New Zealand and assorted Commonwealth wanderers—the sort of place that keeps the landlady busy forwarding mail. He was an Armenian, from the area that had been split off the Ottoman Empire to become Soviet Armenia. Shortly after the war, his older sister had married an American Air Force sergeant and flown off to California. Apparently because of a law that permitted war brides to bring in members of their immediate families, she had been able to take her parents along—and could have taken her brother as well if only he had not been a mere four or five months too old to qualify as a minor. Just one legal channel of immigration had been left open to him, he told me—the quota for Soviet Armenians. I shuddered. The very phrase sounded like a joke. As I envisioned the quota for Soviet Armenians, it was barely large enough to accommodate Anastas Mikoyan's visits to the United Nations. But my Armenian acquaintance had not given up hope; he thought, in fact, that his time was near. He carried a picture of his sister and parents—standing outside a neat white bungalow, smiling into the California sun. He knew a lot about California; in fact, he knew a lot about the United States. As I remember it, he had taken the trouble to learn something about baseball—a subject not easily accessible to an Armenian living in Earls Court.

I was, of course, sympathetic. Even before he showed me the picture, I was sympathetic. I told him that many Americans believed the quota system to be a particularly nasty and stupid way of deciding who was to be permitted in the United States. In fact, I said, sooner or later it was bound to be repealed.

"Oh, no!" he said, looking horrified. "Then all those Turkish Armenians would get in."

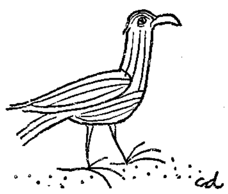
A quick learner.

IN the United States, one of the traditional greetings from immigrants to those immigrants who follow them has been "Go back where you came from." (A remarkable number of them have. For every three Italians who came to the United States between 1902 and 1924, J. C. Furnas points out in "Great Times," two went back to Italy—thus adding to the list of characteristics that had made them unwelcome in the first place the sin of "undervaluing God's country.") There are now, by percentage, more Cubans in Union City, New Jersey, than in any other city in the United States, according to the Miami *Herald*, which ought to know. When they arrived, they were not told to go back where they came from—a break with tradition so drastic that the reasons behind it have been the subject of some theorizing. One theory is that Cubans were not told to go back where they came from because if they had there would have eventually been no one left in Union City. When the Cubans began arriving in large numbers, in the early sixties, the city had been losing population gradually for years. Many of the stores on Bergenline Avenue, its main shopping street, were empty. Union City was then predominantly Italian, Italians normally being the last of the immigrants to abandon a city, but even the Italians were leaving. The present mayor, an Italian-American named William Musto, says that when he returned to practice law in Union City after the Second World War, so many of his friends were moving to the suburbs that his legal specialty became real-estate closings. Union City has never been a hard place to tear yourself away from. It is one of a half-dozen cities in northern Hudson County that are, except for some arbitrary and invisible lines drawn every mile or so, one mass of blue-collar sprawl running along the Hudson, just across from midtown Manhattan. Even as its population fell, Union City remained one of the four or five most densely populated cities in the country—a distinction it attained without benefit of many high rises through the simple device of putting up with hardly any grass within the city limits. Its houses show the influence of that mystery man I have always believed to have been the urban-design consultant in many New Jersey towns early in the century—a secret agent hired by the lumber interests to make certain that each community included in its houses a selection of the ugliest bricks from every region of the land, as a sort of counter-advertisement for wood façades. The Cubans are often spoken of as having "saved" Union City from certain death. Bergenline Avenue is now fully rented and bustling, although bustling mainly in Spanish. The Cuban contribution to the economy and vitality of Union City has not been unappreciated. In 1970, when Union City had apparently regained its position as the most densely populated city in the country and Cuban immigration to its crowded and deteriorating housing was thought by some to have reached a point of diminishing returns, the mayor—an Irishman then—did not tell Cubans to go back where they came from. He merely asked them to tell their relatives not to join them.

WHAT social scientists call "the host community" often seems to take a liking to immigrants in inverse proportion to how many of them there are. I once spent some time in Fiji, where the native Fijians are outnumbered by descendants of Indian immigrants, and where the prevailing cliché among Fijians and Europeans was that Indians are by nature grasping, miserly, humorless, cunning, and, most of all, untrustworthy. Those are more or less the same characteristics often attached to the large concentrations of Chinese in some countries of Southeast Asia, but in Fiji, where there were only a few thousand Chinese, they were spoken of by everyone as the kind of industrious and responsible citizens that any country would be proud to welcome. An immigration that eventually grows to sixty-five per cent of the population might seem threatening in a Midwestern county seat surrounded by farmland. But Union City is surrounded by people. If the Cuban population is roughly sixty-five per cent in Union City and West New York—West New York being a contiguous city that is distinguishable from Union City mainly by having higher numbers on the same avenues—the Cuban community in that part of northern Hudson County is about seventy-five thousand people. But, to the extent that Union City and West New York are part of the New York sprawl, that means not seventy-five thousand people out of one hundred and fifteen thousand but seventy-five thousand out of fifteen million. There are said to be more Greeks than that in Astoria, and more Haitians somewhere in Brooklyn. I once read in the *Times*, to my astonishment, that there are sixty thousand Dominicans in New York; I hadn't known there were any. Most New Yorkers go about their business unburdened with the knowledge that they are part of a host community for thousands of foreigners from countries they may not have heard of. The lesson is clear: if President Ford wants to end the public debate about the Vietnamese refugees, all he has to do is send them to Queens.

AN American travelling abroad may try to summon up some tolerance for the regrettable custom many foreigners have of speaking their own language in their own country, but listening to foreign languages in the United States of America is a different matter. It is true that in the middle of the nineteenth century one of the two cities that were later consolidated to form Union City carried on its public meetings in German, but at the time there was nobody but Germans around. The non-Cuban minority in Union City—the people the Cubans refer to simply as Americans—are not without complaints about the new immigrants, and a remarkable number of those complaints have something to do with the Spanish language. A housewife who has shopped on Bergenline Avenue for years without benefit of multilingualism may resent having to carry on a transaction in a store in which she seems to be the only dimwit incapable of reading the signs. Non-Spanish-speaking teachers are concerned that their jobs may be affected by a new state law requiring school districts with significant numbers of foreign students to teach some classes in the students' first language. Some non-Spanish-speaking students are concerned that their classmates are talking about them in a language they can't understand. How many native-born Americans can be broadminded about feeling left out in Union City, New Jersey?

When the *Dispatch*, a northern-Hudson County daily published in Union City, announced last fall that it would begin running a page of news in Spanish every day—a service that has since been cut back to a weekly supplement—a number of its readers phoned or wrote the editor to object. "What are we in this part of our beloved country coming to?" a reader named John Francis Zanelli wrote. "How, in the name of heaven and hell, are these favored and privileged Hispanics ever going to learn English? All of my people migrated from Italy and whatever they learned and got they did by sweat, blood, and guts. Isn't it about time these so-called Hispanics did likewise?" A lot of complainants apparently shared the view of Americanization reflected in Zanelli's letter—the view that becoming an American requires a process that cannot be short-cut, more or less like the process of pledging a college fraternity. No laws on bilingualism in the schools were passed when the schools were full of children who could speak only Italian. Nobody printed a page of the *Dispatch* in Yiddish for the Jews who paused in Union City for a while on their way to the Bergen County suburbs, or a page in Armenian for the Armenians who did the same (yes, enough Armenians to leave a neighborhood called the Dardanelles). If America is a fraternity to be pledged, there is no doubt what the reaction of the newest members would be to any suggestion that the requirements of pledging be made less stringent because of changing times: "If I had to run errands for three months and memorize all ninety-two articles of the fraternity creed, how can you let them in with any less?"



THE Cubans in Union City and West New York are sometimes compared publicly to earlier immigrants. Not to the Germans, who have by now been assimilated without a trace, but to the Irish and the Jews and the Armenians and, especially, the Italians. Although the vast majority of Cubans were originally thought of as refugees rather than immigrants, the founders of the community were immigrants who came to the United States several years before the Castro revolution for the traditional reason of economic opportunity. The stories of how most Cubans got to Union City—stories about being helped by cousins or finding brothers or being taken in by uncles—sound like stories of how most of the Italians or Armenians got there. The stories about Cuban immigrant parents distraught because their daughters want to go dancing without chaperons sound like stories about Jewish immigrant parents distraught because their daughters wanted to go dancing on the Sabbath.

But comparisons to earlier immigrants from Europe are not really the comparisons that seem to interest "the Americans" in Union City. The alternative to Cuban immigration, after all, is not Irish immigration or Armenian immigration. Hoboken has Puerto Ricans. Jersey City has blacks. When people in Union City say how fortunate it is that the Cubans are mainly middle-class, they mean middle-class not compared to the Italians who came in 1910 but compared to the Puerto Ricans who could come anytime. The Cubans are celebrated not merely for revitalizing the stores but for staying out of the streets. Until Cubans in Elizabeth, fifteen miles away, started demonstrations against the police department recently, there was reason for "the Americans" in Union City to believe that no Cuban migrants ever got truly angry at any unit of government more local than the United Nations or the Organization of American States. The fact that Union City is filled to bursting with Cubans means, among other things, that it has no room for blacks. People in Union City talk about the Cubans having saved the town from dying, but in fact a city that straddles the approach to the Lincoln Tunnel does not die in the sense of disappearing, the way a Western town that lost its silver mine might die. It becomes the South Bronx. In conversations about Cubans in Union City, Hoboken is often mentioned. It could be that what Cubans are really seen as saving Union City from is not death but Puerto Ricans.

WHO could do better at making a group of immigrants feel at home in a city than a regular Democratic-machine politician? The Democratic machines, after all, more or less invented the art of immigrant-welcoming as we know it today. Bill Musto—the mayor of Union City, and also the area's state senator—is a regular, and proud of it. The Mayor is a short, voluble man who talks with a strong Hudson County accent and both hands. He despises reformers—or "guys on white horses," as he calls them. Reformers, he says, are interested only in polarizing people or indicting people. The Mayor has never been indicted himself—a condition nearly rare enough among politicians in Hudson

County these days to constitute a campaign slogan—but not, he says, through any lack of attempts by the guys on white horses. ("They've spent millions investigating a Bill Musto.") They have failed, he says, because he is guilty of nothing, even though the reformers try to make names for themselves by finding sin in old customs of patronage and political contributions that have been the rules of the game for years. "I'm in this business thirty years, and I've never taken a payoff in my life," he told me recently. "Anyone who forces a contractor to pay him ought to be put in jail. *Forces* him. But in this American way of life . . ."

The mayor who told Cubans to discourage their relatives from coming to an already overcrowded Union City was a reformer. Mayor Musto tells them they are Americans; he says that his constituents are not Italians or Cubans or Irish but a bunch of "Yankee Doodle dandies." There is still not a large Cuban vote in Union City—only recently have Cubans in large numbers begun to attain citizenship and register—but most of what there is goes for Bill Musto. The Mayor provides the same kind of service for Cubans that Irish mayors once provided for Italians. A couple of Cuban assistants maintain an office that helps people fill out citizenship papers and sort out troubles with landlords and answer letters from the immigration authorities. There are Cuban housing inspectors and Cuban switchboard operators. One of Musto's assistants, Robert Menendez, is a twenty-one-year-old Cuban who is also a member of the school board. Menendez wrote a college political-science paper in which he concluded that reformers do not do much reforming. When the reformers were in power in Union City, they apparently hired people who lived as far away as New York—which to a regular is like the Vatican handing out patronage jobs to Baptists. "If someone's your friend and he lives in town and he's qualified," Menendez says, "he should get the job."

A quick learner.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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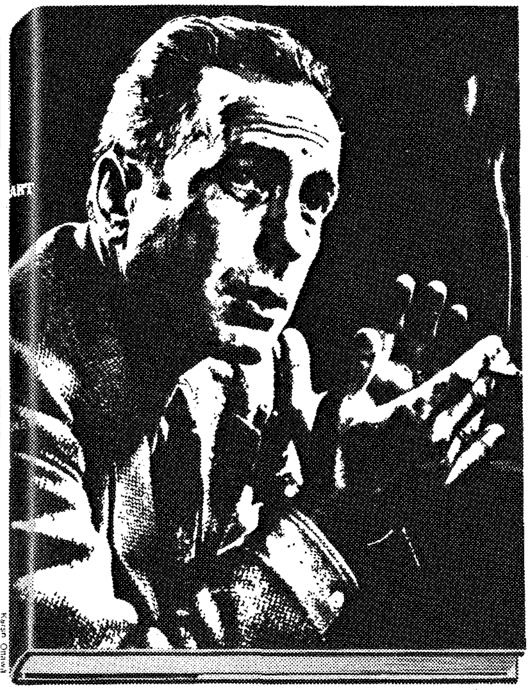

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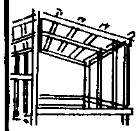

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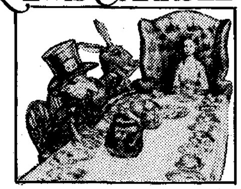

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VIKING

BOOKS

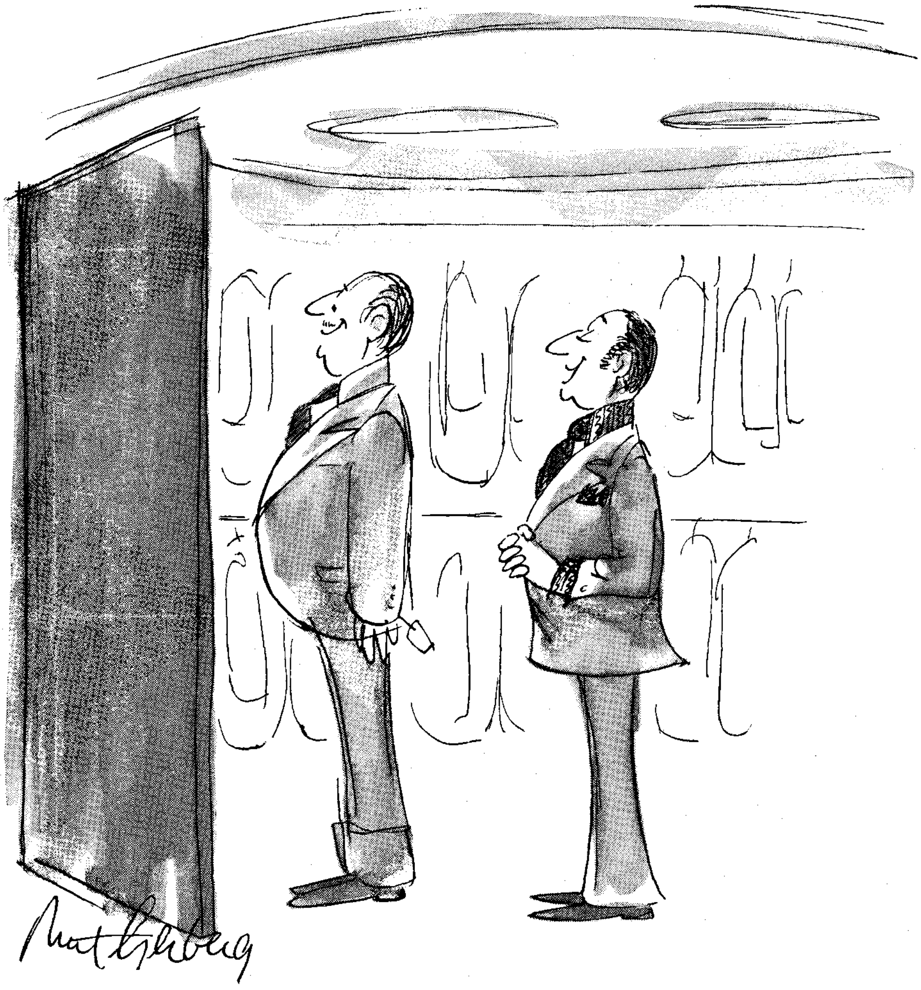
Civil War

"A CITY IN TERROR—1919—THE BOSTON POLICE STRIKE," by Francis Russell (Viking), is n impassioned and readable account of ow an accumulation of human-relaons errors was transformed into a nall, historic tragedy. It is also a textook that teaches, by specific example, ow authority ought not be exercised. he most important point at issue in the rike—whether some kinds of worker ould be allowed to strike at all—reains a sore one to this day: strikes by achers, hospital workers, transport orkers, internes, garbage collectors oke an anger and an anxiety that her strikes do not.

Russell begins by recalling that his ther, one of the many Bostonians ho volunteered to replace the striking lice, managed to create unparalleled affic jams during his brief service. here is no further nostalgia or wry nusement in the book, for Russell rites with anger at the injustices done the police, with exasperation at e nation's misinterpretation of their rike, and with fury that the least derving figure in the affair, the govnor of Massachusetts, Calvin Coolge, was rewarded for his ignoble role ith the Vice-Presidency in 1920 and, time, with the Presidency.

No one person was wholly to ame; ethnic animosity was almost as portant as the actions of any single dividual. In 1885, the Protestant ankee Massachusetts Legislature took ntrol of the Boston police away from oston's first Irish mayor and created police commission appointed by the vernor; in 1906, the commission was placed by a single commissioner. The ty of Boston remained responsible for licemen's pay and working condions, and the Boston politicians, since ey had no say in the management the police, ignored the men's reests for any improvements. The only ason this administrative imbecility orked, Russell says, was that the mmissioner, Stephen O'Meara, who ld the post from 1906 until his sudn death, in 1918, was a remarkle, forceful personality who led his en to national distinction. Under 'Meara, the Boston police took no ibes and carried no nightsticks. His hievements are the only heartening formation in the book. If you believe e proverb that what man has done an can do, O'Meara's work proves at a big-city police force can be free of dishonesty and brutality. But the Boston policemen's working conditions deteriorated toward the intolerable, and inflation, which began during the First World War and continued after it, reduced their income toward the laughable. Policemen's pay ranged from twenty-five cents an hour for an eighty-three-hour week to twenty-one cents an hour for a ninety-eight-hour week. Commissioner Edwin U. Curtis, who succeeded O'Meara, was a man of principles, though too many and inapplicable. He was, besides, a Yankee Protestant who disliked the Irish, and the police force was largely Irish. Curtis managed to engineer a ridiculously small raise for the patrolmen, and when the mayor, Andrew J. Peters, said he could do no more, Curtis counselled forbearance; nothing in the book suggests that he felt the police were *his* men. Unlike, for example, Marlborough, who could march an army halfway across Europe to Blenheim because he saw that his soldiers always had shoes and bread, Curtis treated the police as if he were illustrating Rochefoucauld's maxim that we all have the strength to bear other people's troubles.

In September of 1919, the police went on strike. Throughout the summer and down practically to the moment the strike began, there leaps from Russell's narrative one opportunity after another to avert it. The needlessness of the event must account for some of the irritation in Russell's writing. His step-by-step details demonstrate how a group of men can be goaded into action they do not wish to take. I found myself sharing Russell's anger, and he made me remember the anger I had felt when Governor Rockefeller decided not to go to Attica. I suppose what was infuriating in both cases was the confusion of mere inflexibility with principle to the point of forgetting to think about consequences, even when the consequences might be a lot of dead bodies. The principles by



"Notice how the lapels reflect Wall Street's bold expectations for an economic upswing in the latter part of the year."

which the Massachusetts authorities abided in 1919 produced an appalling civic eruption: gangs of men, often drunk, looted, raped, robbed, and beat up other citizens, and took command of the central city and some slum areas. They mostly held their position for the next two days. Then the State Guard suppressed the riot.

Nobody—least of all the striking policemen—expected this outbreak; Russell notes, however, that some earlier police strikes in other cities (in Liverpool, for instance) had produced similar catastrophes. He also notes that when the Montreal police struck in 1969, that city was shredded. This may be the saddest or most unpleasant or even most repellent truth his book puts forward—a lesson nobody wishes to learn, or, having learned, wishes to remember: there is a population in every big city that is restrained from violence only by the presence of the police. We probably do not want to think about this population because it frightens us. We tend to fit it into a conceptual framework—political, psychological, or ethnic—in order to escape the knowledge that all of us human beings can be dangerous animals. And framework-fitting was precisely the nation's response to the Boston upheaval. The framework was at hand; the strike came when the United States was having a Red Scare, and so the strike and the riot were put into the category of Bolshevism or Anarchy. Since the end of the First World War, left-wing groups had been setting off bombs all over the country and promising revolution, and a tiny Bolshevik group in Boston even hailed the strike as the onset of the revolution. Everybody got frightened. The Boston trade unions withdrew their support of the strike—"ratted" would not be an inaccurate verb—and the press everywhere assailed the strikers and praised the authorities who had driven them to strike. All the strikers—some eleven hundred men—were fired. It was to a plea by the head of the A.F.L., Samuel Gompers, that the strikers be reinstated that Coolidge made his famous response "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time." This may be the only unambiguous statement Coolidge made during the whole sorry business; while the strike was brewing, he avoided involvement, and he waited to call out the State Guard until he was certain that public opinion had turned against the strikers. Long afterward, in 1931, the State Legislature authorized the reinstatement of the strikers, but the then police commissioner refused to take any of them back. Russell points out that, twelve years after the event, most of the men did not expect to return to the force anyway; they were only asking for something like vindication. His book must serve instead.

It is a story with no bright side. It begins badly and ends worse. But it is a story that needs retelling, for the miserable mistakes that caused so much suffering seem to me to be of a kind that the public and the politicians can easily learn not to make.

There is a footnote to all this that is literary rather than political. Mayor Peters, the least effectual man on the scene in 1919, was a Yankee Protestant who had been elected as the candidate of one Boston Irish faction at odds with another. Peters was never reëlected, and he disappeared from public life. He returned to the headlines in 1931. Some years earlier, he had seduced an eleven-year-old distant relative, Starr Wyman Faithfull, by giving her ether, and had maintained an intermittent relationship with her of ether and sex. After the unhinged young woman committed suicide, the newspapers discovered the relationship. Her life and death, of course, were the germ of John O'Hara's "Butterfield 8," in which the doomed heroine's seducer, Joab Ellery Reddington, who does not greatly resemble Peters, is a savage (though credible) portrait of a hypocritical New England puritan. The young reporter in the story (he may stand for O'Hara) talks of being a second-class citizen because he is Irish. Is Reddington an Irishman's revenge? Or can it be that, fracture it as we try, American culture is more of a piece than we admit? That all of us, set down side by side, inspire each other with every kind of feeling, from fear to admiration, and sometimes it comes out art? —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A SUMMER TO DECIDE, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Scribners). An intelligent, if creakily paced, novel—it is actually the third volume of a trilogy and was published originally in England in 1948—about the baroque love lives of a small, stickily incestuous upper-middle-class London family in the years after the Second World War. This concluding volume disposes of Helena, the mother and leading light of the first two volumes, in its opening pages. She seems to die of a cold. The rest of the book is about her daughter Charmian, an attractive young woman who masochistically sticks by and supports a worthless rake of a husband and his false, impossible mother; and Claud, her half brother, a kind, indecisive, middle-aged art connoisseur and the narrator of the book. This is the sort of novel in which the mother-in-law is called "*belle-mère*," romantic crises and family disasters are discussed over delicious little teas, and the depth of a character's reaction to something or someone upsetting can be gauged by the non-directness of his or her response, as when Charmian, who is being bullied by her mother-in-law, "got up, lit a cigarette and set herself violently to the task of rearranging a rack of books." Literate people, lots of faintly absurd action—the sort of thing you might like to have handy under a beach umbrella.

BEHIND A MASK: THE UNKNOWN THRILLERS OF LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, edited and with an introduction by Madeleine Stern (Morrow). The editor, a biographer and rare-book dealer, explains that the author of the famous, lucrative, and wholesome "Little Women" had earlier tried her hand at other kinds of writing, among them quasi-gothic romances. Most of these were published under pseudonyms, because she did not wish to imperil her reputation. ("Hospital Sketches," her recollections of her experiences nursing in a Union hospital during the Civil War, had won her a footing, if not a livelihood, in respectable literary circles. Finding copies of these thrillers was a difficult, long-term effort. Was it worth it? Yes, indeed. In the four romances republished here, Louisa May Alcott shows herself a writer of absolutely superb junk—far better than any such junk nowadays. And she also shows herself to have been quite right to conceal her authorship, for her casts include powerful, magnetic, and very naughty women, whose carryings-on would have shocked Marmee, not to mention Louisa's good friend Mr. Emerson.

GENERAL

UNDREAMED SHORES: ENGLAND'S WASTED EMPIRE IN AMERICA, by Michael Foss (Scribners). This book deals with English exploration in the Americas in the sixteenth century—the dozens of expeditions led by men such as Thomas Stukeley, Humphrey

Gilbert, and Walter Raleigh, every one of which came a cropper. Not one Tudor monarch, from Henry VII to Elizabeth, was able to add one square mile of New World land to his realm in a century that ended with England undisputed mistress of the seas. In adducing the causes of this sorry show, Mr. Foss, a man of learning, wit, and style, chronicles in detail some of these great and ill-starred adventures, ending with the compelling and heartbreaking story of Raleigh's Virginia colony. He concludes that it was not for want of boldness, energy, enterprise, or acquisitiveness that sixteenth-century Englishmen were no match for the Spaniards and the Portuguese at empire building; what the exploiters failed to understand was written down for them, at home, by Francis Bacon, but was unheeded: "Planting of countries is like planting of woods; for you must take account to lose almost twenty years' profit, and expect your recompense in the end." Many of the illustrations are from the wonderful watercolor drawings of John White, onetime governor of Raleigh's lost colony.

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PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL OCEANOGRAPHY

The Application of Love Waves to the Study of the Ocean Bottom. Part I. Detection of Buried Objects. Part II. The Method for the in situ Determination of the Shear Modulus of the Bottom of the Sea.

Albert A. Hudimac, Robert I. Walsh, and Gary Koopmann. Scientific Research Associates Inc Rockville Md 28 Jun 74, 48p 74-2
AD-787 686/5WO PC$3.75/MF$2.25

A suitably stratified ocean bottom will propagate a Love wave. If an object lies on the bottom, or even is buried in it, Love waves incident upon it will be scattered. Some of these are coupled to the water.—*Weekly Government Abstracts of the National Technical Information Service.*

Come, now, those are waves of Lust.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Maine Townsman*]

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The essays in FROM UNDER THE RUBBLE say much about the world as it is today and is going to be tomorrow. **As the New York Review of Books sums it up: "An important event." "Powerfully written, moving, sometimes lyrical, occasionally sad, but ultimately hopeful," writes Carl Keyser in the Boston Herald American: "it is certain to be one of the most important books of the decade."**

FROM UNDER THE RUBBLE

Alexander Solzhenitsyn

and Mikhail Agursky
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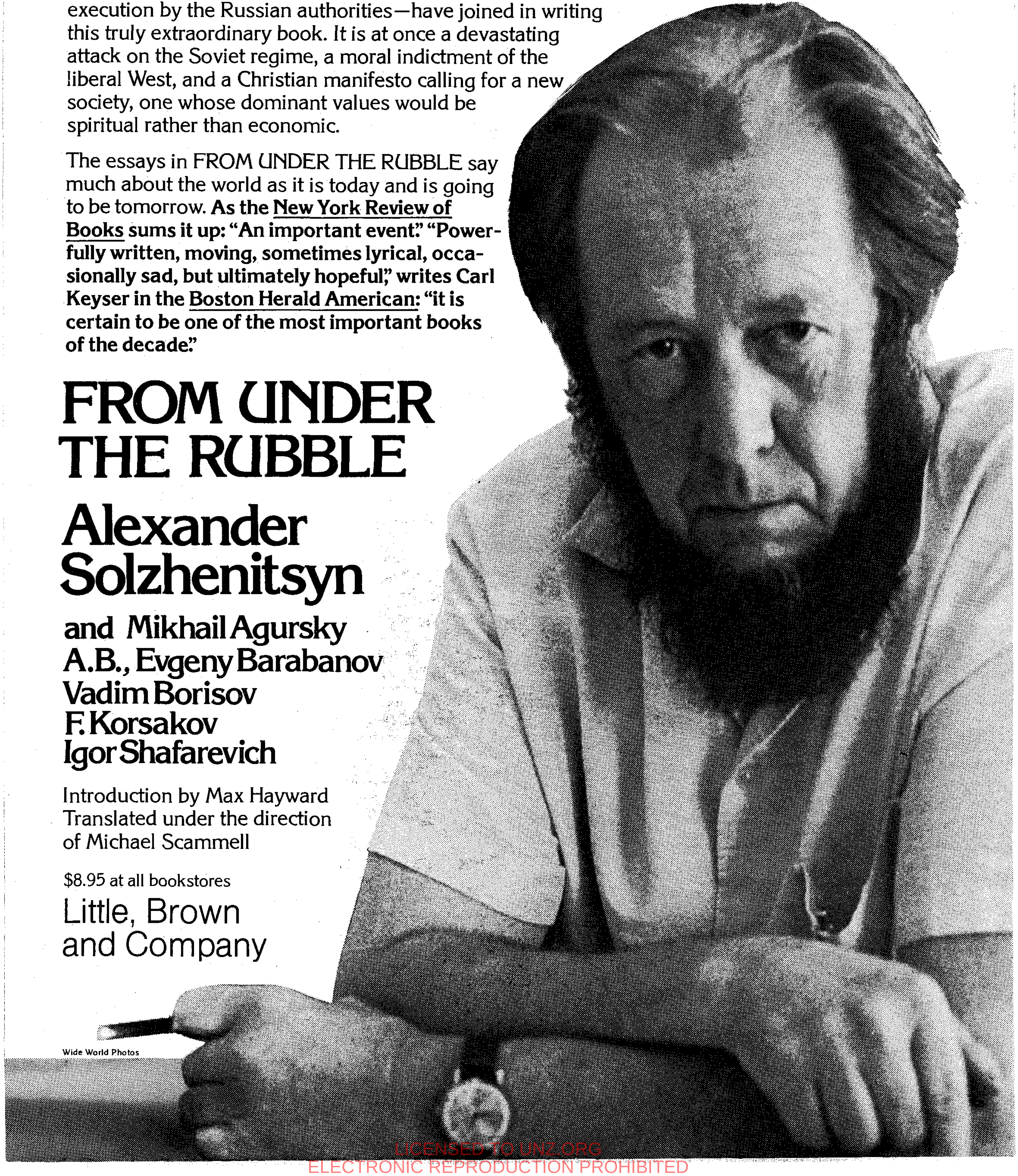

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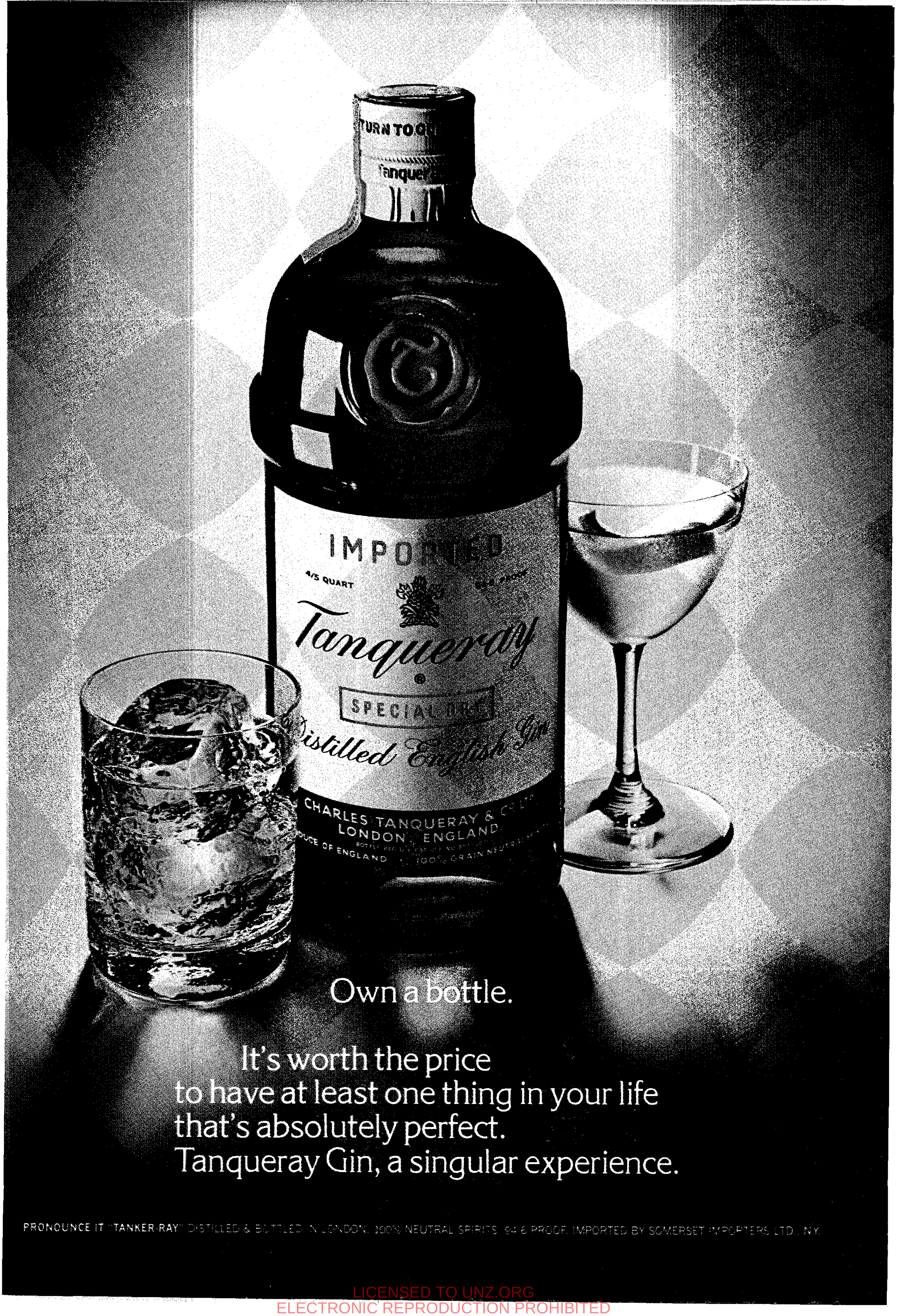
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